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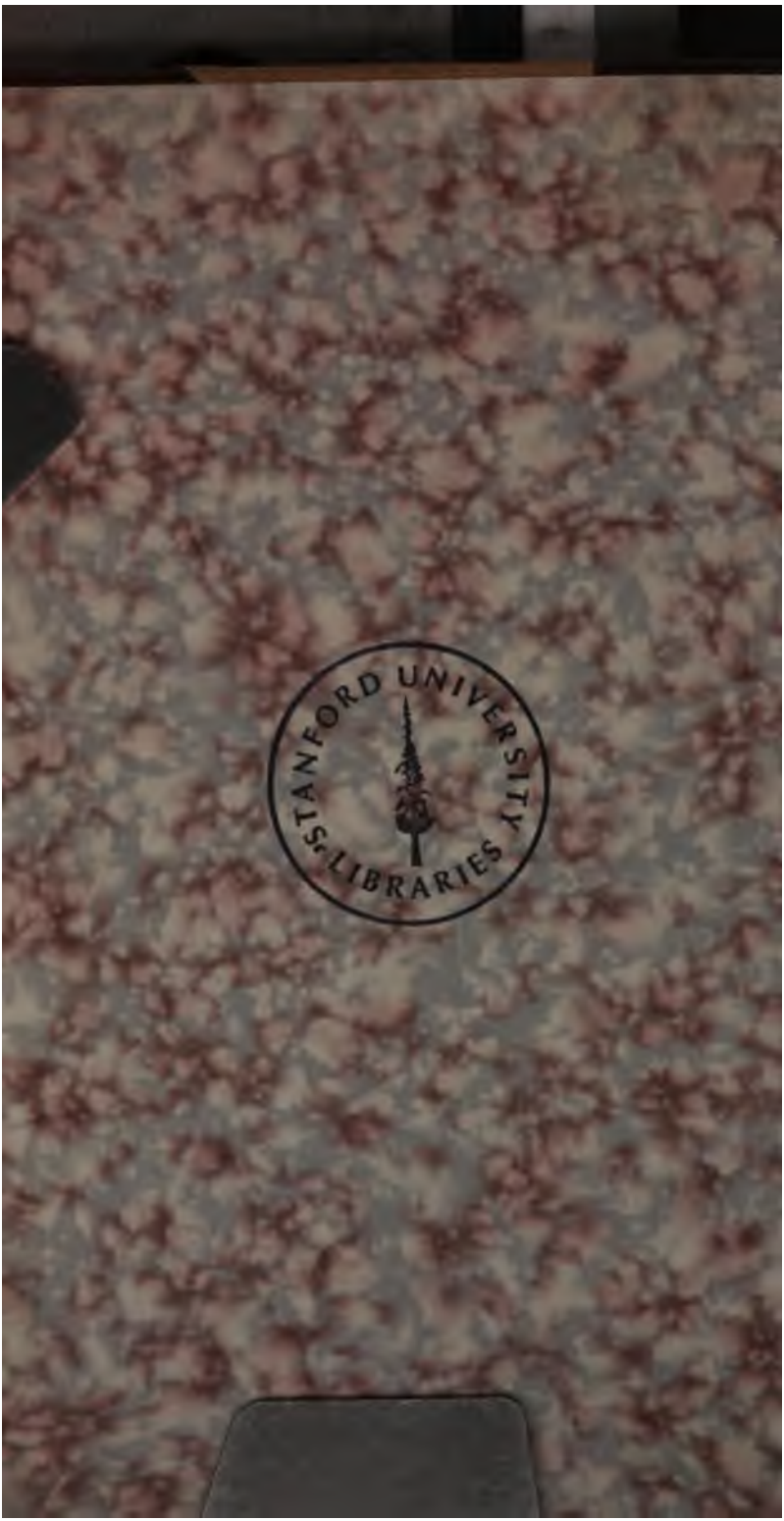
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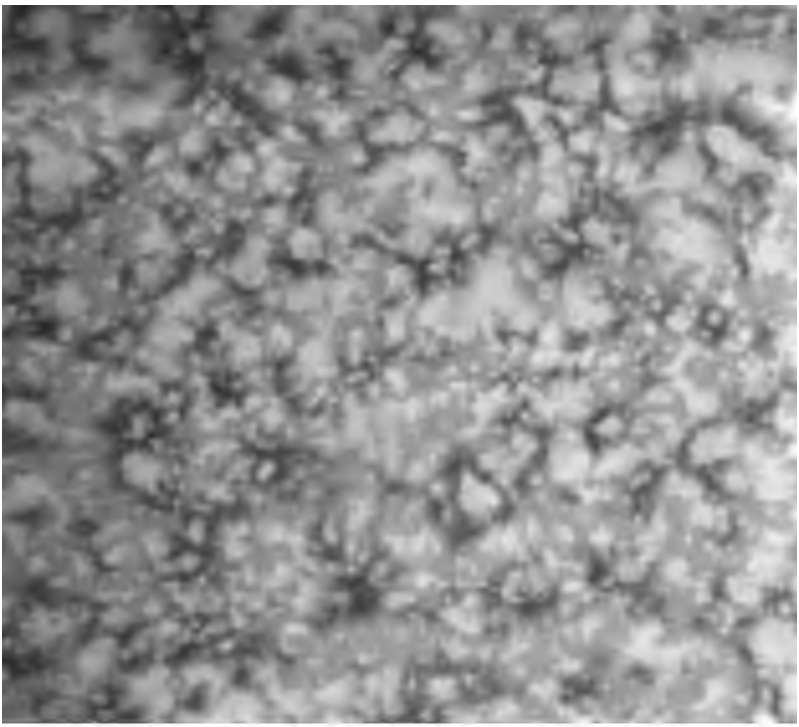

LETTERS FROM IRELAND.

PRINTED BY
L. AND G. SEELEY, THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

LETTERS FROM IRELAND

MDCCCXXXVII.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Charlotte Elizabeth Browne Tonna

PUBLISHED BY R. B. SEELEY AND W. BURNSIDE;
AND SOLD BY L. AND G. SEELEY,
FLEET STREET, LONDON.
MDCCCXXXVIII.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages would have appeared six months earlier, but for various hindrances which delayed the work of filling up what was but a brief outline. That they should appear at all may be deemed by some readers matter of apology also; but at a period when such strenuous efforts are made to place in different and opposing lights the country and the people referred to, it seemed desirable to add to the collection even such a sketch as this, taken recently from the life. Facts, rather than inferences, are adduced: and if it be objected, that too much of a private and personal nature is interspersed with what concerns the public, it may be pleaded in excuse that not a small portion of English readers are still misled by prejudice or mistake, in their calculations regarding the Irish character. The writer has had many discussions with friends who, desirous of seeing and judging for themselves of this most debateable land, were deterred from gratifying that laudable

wish by a degree of bodily fear. Their imagination represented a succession of perilous obstacles, of which the least formidable menaced highway robbery, or submersion in an unfathomable bog. Not a few really pathetic remonstrances were used to dissuade her from so daring an undertaking as that of traversing from south to north the dreaded country: exacting, at the same time, a distinct promise that, if permitted to return with life, she would publish a full and true account of every hair-breadth 'scape; together with a correct transcript of the impression made on her mind by an attentive view of existing circumstances. That promise is now redeemed; and happy will she be if these familiar 'Letters' tend to remove an unfounded apprehension, or unjust suspicion, as to this lovely country and its interesting inhabitants; or to arouse a spirit of more impartial inquiry, where the judgment may have been prematurely biassed in matters deserving of the most serious, most patient, and most scrutinizing investigation. When Englishmen learn to view Ireland as she is, the first great step will be achieved towards making Ireland what she ought to be.

July, 1838.

CONTENTS.

Letter.		Page
I.	County Wexford - -	1
II.	County Wexford - -	26
III.	County Wexford - -	56
IV.	Wicklow—Dublin - -	85
V.	County Westmeath - -	129
VI.	Westmeath to Down - -	154
VII.	County Down - - -	187
VIII.	County Down - - -	222
IX.	County Down - - -	263
X.	County Armagh - -	294
XI.	County Down - - -	322
XII.	Londonderry - - -	342
XIII.	County Donegal - -	376
XIV.	Conclusion - -	405

LETTERS FROM IRELAND.

LETTER I.

COUNTY WEXFORD.

June, 1837

You will not be much surprised at the date of this letter, knowing how anxiously I have been seeking an opportunity to take flight westward. That I have been permitted so to do, is a matter of thankfulness and joy. A long absence from Ireland, with a watchful eye constantly turned towards it, has prepared me to make the most of the short period allowed for this visit: and here I am, all alive to the delight so earnestly coveted.

It would be a grave speculation, worthy of some calculating English head, to ascertain how far the public health has been affected by the locomotive improvements of the age. I do not refer to the impregnation of our atmosphere with gas and steam, but to the serious increase of maladies requiring change of place. Formerly,

and within our recollection, the privilege of being too delicate to stay at home was reserved for those whose abundant wealth and superabundant leisure enabled them to encounter a cost of money and time, far beyond the means of their neighbours. Now it is astonishing what an indispensable necessity has fallen upon the bulk of our countrymen, and still more of our countrywomen, to migrate. How our grandsires and grandames contrived to attain the robust old age that we have admired to see, without an annual flitting to other climes, is a problem indeed. I can shrewdly guess at some of the attractions which irresistibly impelled you towards the far north: but I will not excite your tender sympathy by recapitulating the ailments that rendered my journey almost a matter of life and death. I believe they might, however, be summed up in the Swiss disorder, *Malade-du-pays*. Ireland, to be sure, is not my native country; but if all her children loved her as I do, the migratory propensity would here be little known. The rich would stay at home, and the poor would be fed.

My route hither was from London, *via* Bristol and Waterford: my travelling companions two blithesome boys, in all the exuberance of joyous freedom from school restraints. One delighted to conduct a guest to his paternal dwelling—his

own loved Irish home; the other all expectation of what he was to see and to hear and to enjoy in the land for which he is led to pray as constantly as the morning breaks upon his English abode. I think the habit of statedly, and by name, praying for Ireland in the family worship, tends more than any thing else to keep alive the flame of Christian love, which, I bless God, does not waver or fail in my bosom towards her.

We had been advised to take our passage on board the Nora Creina, Waterford steamer; but while waiting her arrival from Bristol, we were attracted by the handsome, spacious appearance of a rival vessel, the St. Patrick, lying just below us. We strolled on board, and finding every thing within answerable to the exterior, with the prospect of a rapid passage, and the unconscionably low fare of half-a-guinea each, instead of the £1. 17s. that was demanded before a lively competition reduced it, we shipped our luggage, secured our berths, and became the staunch partizans of St. Patrick against all the world. It is marvellous how the selfish principle operates in these matters; and I think peculiarly so in naval concerns. Whatever vessel you may make choice of for a trip, where choice is allowed, becomes immediately the safest, the fleetest, the best navigated in the service. Nay, should the kind-

ness of a friend bring you into close acquaintance with a man-of-war, allowing you to walk the decks, to number the guns, to inspect the wonderful machinery of that mighty 'home upon the deep,' you become identified with it; you are personally glorified in all the victories achieved by the gallant ship; and you are ready to maintain that for the skill and bravery of her officers, and seamanship of her crew, she has no competitor in the royal navy. What marvel then that we, being fairly established on board the St. Patrick, laughed to scorn the idea of the Nora Creina or any other boat bound for Waterford coming within the influence of the mighty swell that we should leave in our track? It really was an exceedingly fine vessel; and as I sat upon deck, luxuriating in the consciousness that I was fairly embarked for Ireland, I know not with whom I would have exchanged situations.

An amusing scene passed before us: the agent was receiving passage-money and distributing tickets; and when the steerage passengers advanced in their turn, it was quite a foretaste of Ireland. The lounging gait, the easy unembarrassed air, the arch expression of countenance, and rich nationality of phrase and accent, all gave such a zest to the humorous remark and quick retort, bandied between the parties engaged, that my English youth was quite amazed at the free-

dom of the poor people, and playfulness of their superiors; while the naturally high spirits of his Irish friend were wound to a pitch of enjoyment that enhanced my own. At length all was settled, and we cleared away in capital style from the land, holding our majestic course towards the mouth of the Avon, not forgetting to bestow a few farewell jokes on the Nora Creina, whose bright red chimney top was peeping from the other side of the lock, and of whom we had got the start so completely as to leave her no reasonable chance of enjoying more than a distant sight of us during the voyage.

But *alas* for all sublunary glory! In our anxiety to anticipate Nora, we had also a little anticipated the tide; and though no boat could be better worked, yet as we were obliged to leave sea room for the numerous vessels passing inwards to the basin, we brought our gallant steamer too near shore for the present depth of water; and with one bold plunge the mighty St. Patrick stuck so fast in the mud that all the machinery on board would not affect his extrication. Nothing could be more interesting, more animated, more picturesque, or more provoking, than our situation. Not a shadow of danger, to rouse any deeper feeling; and only for one circumstance it would have been delightful. Here rose perpendicularly

above us the splendid rocks of St. Vincent, exactly at the foot of which, in their loftiest and most magnificent point of view, we lay: across the water, dancing and sparkling from the continual agitation of passing ships, were spread the beautiful wooded heights of Leigh. I do not think that any river can afford a more strikingly imposing coup d'œil than we had then full leisure to contemplate: but that annoying red chimney-top marred all our gratification. The Nora Creina had cleared the lock, had put on her steam; and while our men were straining every nerve in ineffectual efforts to float St. Patrick, his fair rival paddled by in triumph, bestowing on us a merry cheer—whether of condolence or exultation is best known to those who uttered it.

By means of a rope we were at length hauled into deep water again, and had the satisfaction of following Nora, but at as respectful a distance in the rear as we had intended her to keep. We passed into the Bristol channel, and without further adventure held on our way. An excellent dinner was provided, and the afternoon passed pleasantly on deck, a bright sky above, and a wide outspread of tranquil water around us. Towards evening, as I watched the sun's westward progress, that splendid reflexion which renders a sun-set at sea so glorious, suddenly appeared; a stream of

light seemed to descend perpendicularly from the flaming orb, still high above the horizon, and to settle on the wave beneath in a body of effulgence —it was like a carpet of silver tissue interspersed with diamonds, a little larger than the sun's apparent diameter. At that moment my young Hibernian friend approached, 'Do you see that, Robert?' I asked, pointing to the brilliant object before us. 'Yes,' he replied; '*and Ireland is just under it.*'

Oh! what a multitude of mixed feelings came crowding to oppress my mind at that moment! I knew that the morrow must dawn before I could catch a glimpse of that distant shore; but here its location was unexpectedly pointed out to me, and that too with an association of the sublime and beautiful not often occurring together. Ireland is called the land of song; and I think it is the experience of all who have deeply pondered on her history, and looked upon her glorious landscapes, that the feelings excited on her behalf always partake of something which, for want of a better term, I suppose I must call romance. That mixture of the wild, the terrible, the joyous and pathetic peculiar to the Irish character, which is stamped on the natural scenery of the land, marks the pages of her changeful story, and thrills in her national melodies, rouses in those who are con-

versant with it a species of enthusiasm incomprehensible to such as have never felt it. The anxious bustle of preparatory arrangements, the shifting scenery of a rapid journey, the events of our outset, and the many new faces appearing around me, amid the lively quarter-deck concomitants of a fine day, had almost lulled to sleep a chord long strung in my bosom. It was now touched—struck with a force that sent the vibration through its entire length and breadth; and from that moment I was dead to all else but the absorbing theme of our loved, unhappy Ireland. Often, very often, during a long absence of many years, had I breathed the language adapted to one of the Irish melodies.

> How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
> And sunbeams melt along the silent sea:
> For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
> And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

Can you not imagine with what a rush of gratified feeling they recurred to me now that I was pursuing a swift and steady course towards the land? The silver speck enlarged, it lengthened, it approached us, assuming every moment a deeper glow: and there it lay, stretched from the furthest horizon to the very keel below me, and kindling into diamond brilliancy the gushes of foam from our paddle wheels. How exquisitely expressive of my sensations was the next verse—

And as I mark the line of light that strays
Along the cool wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

'Rest!' that word presented too painful a contrast to the reality of what is, and has been, and too probably will yet be the lot of Ireland. You will not be surprised to hear that I did not withdraw my eyes from that quarter so long as the faintest lingering blush continued to mark the spot; and that by five o'clock the next morning I was at my post, in eager expectation of the first glimpse of Erin. It appeared at last; and after swallowing a hasty breakfast from the abundance of good cheer provided on board the St. Patrick, we again seated ourselves on deck, to mark the bold outline of the Wexford mountains, and the fine approach to Waterford.

On a jutting point of land, conspicuous alike for size and situation, stands the tower of Hook, a round, white building; and several other martello towers are seen along the coast where it stretches off to the north east, forming the bay of Ballyteig. Hook being rounded, we had fairly entered the harbour's mouth; and shall I try to tell you what I felt when beholding on either side the sweet green shores, like arms outspread to receive, with the national 'cead-mille-failte,' the 'hundred thousand welcomes' of Irish hospitality, a return-

ing friend? No, I will not attempt it: you know the many touching circumstances that must have combined to render it an hour of trying emotion to me; you know that, since last I beheld her, Ireland has become the grave of that 'dear lost companion,' who, from earliest babyhood was to me,

> 'Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
> Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.'

and you know that a pilgrimage of sorrowing affection to that spot had been for years the object of my daily wish and nightly dream. The circumstance threw a shade of indescribable sadness over my mind: the heart knew its own bitterness; and the tears that for an hour would not cease to fall, as I looked upon the soft and beautiful scenery around me, were indeed tears of love and grief, sacred alike to the memory of the dead and the doom of the living. I could at once take up the language of David and of Jeremiah; I could say with the former, "I am distressed for thee, my brother," and with the latter, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people!"

Nothing could be more lovely than the gradually narrowing banks of Waterford harbour. There is no striking object—no grandeur of any kind,—

but a character of simple beauty and repose. A gentle acclivity leads the eye to prospects diversified indeed, yet varying without a break upon the uniform placidity of the scene. Here, a nobleman's or gentleman's seat, with its fine background of wooded hills, and a spacious lawn in front; there, a less conspicuous abode, or cluster of modest dwellings, with the slight spire of a village church peeping out beyond them. Again, where the shore flattens, a busy tribe of fishermen, launching or unlading their boats, with their lowly cabins scattered or congregated a little farther inland. The houses in Ireland are, as you know, almost universally white; and you could not but admire the picturesque effect thereby produced, when they are thinly scattered on rising grounds clad with that delicious verdure, the just boast of the Emerald isle, and relieved by a sufficiency of trees and hedgerows, which is not always the case, though Waterford harbour can display as much as the eye of taste would desire. We passed along, under a glorious sunshine; and the necessary demand on my attention, when the marvellously moderate charges for cabin fare and attendance were presented and the selection of luggage commenced, gave a turn to the tide of feeling, better suited to the realities of the moment.

What changeable beings we are! No sooner

were those tears dried, than a flow of cheerfulness, presently amounting to the most mirthful glee, succeeded. We found ourselves near our friend Nora, whose red chimney-top had discarded its long black pennon of smoke, and whose passengers were already dispersed to their several destinations. St. Patrick was laid alongside his rival, who formed a bridge for us to the pier; and Robert having recommended that, as we had not to seek a public conveyance, and were under no obligation to hasten ashore, we should remain quiet until all the rest were landed, we collected our trunks about us, and sat still, delighted spectators of the lively scene.

For, whatever else an Irish scene may lack, there is never a deficiency of liveliness in it. There is something in the national character always on the *qui vive* for amusement; and an unsophisticated set of Irish porters, at home, are very different from any fraternity whom you have probably seen exercising that calling. I never was more amused by the contrast than now, that I had so recently experienced the sturdy demands, and witnessed the angry competition, of the London and Bristol professionals. As I sate guarding my little stores, many a polite offer of service was tendered, more with the air of a gentleman who wishes to oblige you, than of a hungry fellow

whose dinner, and supper too, depend on what he may gain by it. 'I'm just going over there,' pointing across the Nora; 'may-be, I'd carry your luggage with me,' said a fine, broad-faced Paddy, who had strolled up, and stood before us with great composure. 'Thank you; but I'm not going ashore yet, and there's a gentleman managing the luggage for me.' Paddy responded to the smile with which this was spoken, touched his fragment of a hat, and, wheeling off, saw a large telescope, fixed in its rest, with the broad end about eight inches from an upright board. Not heeding the latter obstruction, Paddy immediately placed himself at the eyeglass, and applying his hands to his knees squatted down till he brought himself, as he thought, in the right line of vision to enjoy an excellent view of the harbour and distant shipping. A long pry convinced him, I suppose, that the glass was a bad one; for he walked away in search of some other amusement. This, trifling as it was, delighted me beyond measure: I felt myself in Ireland; and when at last permitted to spring ashore, my very feet seemed to rejoice in the privilege of kissing the beloved soil again.

Waterford has a most noble quay, little less than a mile in length, broad, and at the point where we landed exhibiting some fine buildings. The most conspicuous of these is a very ancient

tower, of Danish origin, round, massive, and once no doubt of prodigious strength. It is said to have been erected in 1003; and among the purposes to which it has been applied, was that of a fortress, by Earl Strongbow; a state prison, too, wherein were confined his captives, Reginald prince of the Danes in Waterford, Malachi O'Faelan, prince of the Deeies, with other conquered opposers; and a mint, by Edward IV. It is now the head-quarters of the police establishment in Waterford. In occasionally naming the police, I must guard you against the mistake of identifying them with those peaceable-looking gentry, who, with blue coats well buttoned up, and respectable round hats, perambulate the streets of London, apparently not only inoffensive but defenceless too; and whose chief business, as a casual observer would surmise, is to answer the frequent queries of bewildered pedestrians, at a loss whether the right turning or the left will sooner bring them to their destination. The police force of Ireland present a far different aspect: their uniform is dark green, altogether of military fashion, with regimental cap, broad black belt, short musket, cartouche-box, and bayonet. The officers, or chief and deputy chief constables as they are called, wear swords. This is one of the saddening characteristics of poor Ireland. The sword of the

Spirit has been withheld from her children; therefore the carnal weapon is become indispensable to control the excitable and misguided populace.

All around us, however, was peace and good humour when we trod the broad and well-placed flag-stones that separate, with a delightful promenade, the water's edge from the carriage-way; and crossing the latter, proceeded on another excellent pavement, along a line of handsome shops, which spoke well for Waterford's trading prosperity. Our plan was to engage a private conveyance to New Ross, where we meant to dine; and I had little difficulty in persuading my guide to order an outside car, that we might be as Irish as possible. We were shewn into a handsome drawing-room at the proprietor's office; and while waiting, I had leisure to admire the beauty of the splendid river, with its rising banks on the opposite side, and regretted my inability to take a survey of the town. Our starting scene was amusing enough: the car was of very ordinary materials, and the driver presented as grotesque an object as could well be imagined. The very slender remains of what had once been a hat caught the master's eye, and an order was given to find him a better. "Can none of you lend Barney the trifle of a hat?" resounded through the establishment. Several were produced; but Barney's phrenological

developements set at defiance all attempts to force a covering on them. At length one shouted out from the hall, 'Here's Pether's hat; it'll just fit.' 'Pether's out,' responded the official man, 'and can't want it. Clap it on, Barney.' This was done; and just as we hoped our delays were ended, a difference appeared in our respective computations of the fare, which required no less than a committee of the whole house, all talking together, to settle. We began almost to regret having declined places on the mail car, which had long since rattled merrily away loaded with our fellow-passengers: but the difficulty was overcome, and we stepped across the threshold. Alas! we were arrested by a storm of indignant eloquence, directed against poor Barney, who, it seemed, had taken the master's own particular bridle for our use; and many were the exclamations, while he in the most leisurely way removed the handsome bridle, replacing it with an article that would scarcely hold together. At last we fairly mounted our vehicle, Barney in the driver's seat, my Irish friend occupying one side with me, and on the other our English youth with his hatbox, and a mountain of luggage piled up between.

Away we went, at a tolerably equal pace, so long as the fine level pavement of the quay lay beneath us; but, Oh! the jolting that ensued,

when, after crossing the river, we began to ascend and descend the abrupt little hills! My spirits rose to the highest pitch of joyousness, while the vehicle danced along, as if in sympathy with my bounding heart. The road was narrow and wild, the banks low; and our position of course commanded only a view of one side of the country; but that was a highly Irish one. If you ask what is the distinctive mark of an Irish landscape, where the country has no particular feature of mountain, valley, or wood, I must reply, that it consists chiefly in a gradual easy swell of ground, from the road upwards, divided into portions much smaller than we usually see in England, fenced by very low boundaries of a few stones, or a bank of earth, but rarely displaying a quickset hedge or row of trees. This method of laying out the ground gives you a full view of each separate patch; and these again, being variously cultivated, present a picture altogether dissimilar from English scenery. The background, in this part of Ireland, is almost invariably a fine mountain peak, or chain of gigantic hills rearing their dark summits against the sky. Add to this the frequent glimpse obtained, now of some venerable ruin, standing alone in its little surrounding sanctuary of grass and shrubs; then, perhaps, a light playful stream murmuring over the bright pebbles; and anon, a noble plantation,

holding in its bosom the family mansion, the glebe house, and often the village church. And at this season you may fill up the canvass with every variety of rich and glowing tint the whole family of wild flowers can supply. Although quite the end of June, we were regaled with the choicest beauties of spring, mingled with those of midsummer. Shrubs and trees of the hawthorn, presenting literally one mass of rich and fragrant blossoms, adorned the road side; and these, as we advanced farther into Wexford, were richly interspersed with tall bushes of furze, not yet entirely stripped of their golden buds. It was not until we had left New Ross considerably behind us, that we found ourselves thus hedged in; but never did we miss the glorious profusion of flowers, among which the foxglove, larger and more beautiful than I have usually seen it in our gardens, continually reared its head, waving above the little rude fence of stones that often constituted the only barrier between us and the corn or potato-field.

But you will expect to hear something of New Ross, the antiquity of which I greatly longed to explore; for, although still called 'New,' it was chartered by Richard II. and was at a very early period a place of great strength. A more recent and painful interest also attaches to it, from its having been the scene of a sanguinary battle in the rebel-

lion of 1798, when thirty thousand rebels attacked the town, defended by about twelve hundred effective troops, and a hundred and fifty yeomen. The assailants were fully armed with muskets and pikes, and had four large guns, besides swivels. A number of Romish priests, robed, and bearing crucifixes in their hands, moved through the lines, kindling the wildest enthusiasm in the bosoms of their unhappy victims. As we crossed the bridge above the noble river Barrow, and ascended the exceedingly steep streets, I could not but shudder at the recollections excited: for, within the memory of some who then surrounded us, those streets had actually been choked up and the passage impeded by heaps of mangled bodies, the victims of civil war. I saw the spot where a sergeant of the Donegal militia, with sixteen men and two badly mounted ship guns, defended his post against six hundred furious assailants, whom he repulsed with tremendous slaughter. The bare fact that six carts, with a great number of men, were employed throughout the whole of two long summer days in collecting the dead bodies, and shooting them into the river hard by, gives an appalling view of the scene. It was here too, that the circumstance really took place, which I have seen in the form of a jest, and, of course, considered an absurd fabrication. One of the

infatuated rebels, relying no doubt on some imaginary charm conferred by his priest, rushed up to a cannon, just as the gunner was about to apply his match, and thrusting his hat and wig into it, cried out, 'Come on, boys, her mouth is stopped!' In an instant he was blown to pieces.

I could not, however, take more than a hasty survey of the corner of the town through which we passed; time only allowing us to regale on a dish of mutton chops, and exquisite potatoes; which, together with the assiduous attention of the waiter, reminded me again that I was in Ireland. The genuine courtesy with which this class of people here fulfil their duties, and solicitously strive to anticipate your wishes, with their thankful acknowledgment of a small gratuity at parting, is remarkable: it belongs to that national hospitality which, go where you will, delights to cherish you. This I will say of the lower orders of Irish people, that a smile and a kind speech addressed to them, an avoidance of contemptuous looks or disparaging remarks on what is before you, and a fair word of commendation with regard to any thing Irish, when you can utter it in their presence, will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, win their warm hearts, and render them for the time being your attached, devoted servants. I envy not the person who would derive no plea-

sure from this return for pleasure conferred. Sunshiny looks enlighten the dreariest scene; and why should we not elicit them?

At New Ross we parted from Barney, after making him as happy as we could; first by chatting on the road, asking him numerous questions, and letting him hear our exclamations of delight at revisiting his loved country. The only cloud that passed over his countenance arose from my asking if he could speak Irish. 'Spake it!' he replied, with some warmth: 'Why shouldn't I spake it, and I an Irishman?' But when he heard us extolling its antiquity, and heartily wishing we knew as much of it as he did, his countenance shone with smiles; and he opened the storehouse of his knowledge, both local and traditional, with liberal hand. If ever you travel in this country, particularly in the more retired quarters of it, I recommend you to pursue a similar plan: for it is astonishing what a mine of original thought and curious information conveyed in language the most quaint and expressive, you will frequently open. I have not to reproach myself with merely jesting and chattering during our short ride; for when the poor man pointed out the spot where a cruel murder had recently been committed, and gave us the particulars, I spoke freely to him of the blessed effects which would result from a knowledge of

God's love in giving his own Son to die for sinners; and strove to lead his mind to the great propitiation offered for our transgressions. He not only listened, but gave a cordial and feeling assent to what was said.

After leaving New Ross we were engaged in an adventure that threatened serious consequences. Descending a narrow, broken road, we were to pass a line of small cars laden with stones, the leaders of which either had some party feud with our driver, or were exceedingly ill-disposed. When desired to let us pass, they returned a volley of irritating language, addressed to him; and one man seized our horse's head, endeavouring to drag us into a dry ditch by the road side. He reeled however so much from intoxication, that he twice lost his hold; and on the third unsuccessful attempt, our driver managed to slip by him, and to clear the whole line. Had the man lost his temper, or the horse been restive, or had we exhibited any signs either of fear or resentment, I know not what might have occurred: but through the mercy of God all parties were restrained, and we proceeded in safety.

Barney's successor was not so interesting as he, but possessed a fund of humour and drollery, delivered in a dry, quaint way, that kept the boys in a continual roar of merriment. We introduced

the youngest of our party as an Englishman: no one could have mistaken the other for aught but what he is—intensely Irish—and I am proud to say, that among the natives of this land I am universally greeted as a countrywoman, and never betray myself unnecessarily. So Pat thought he had the majority in his favour entirely; and the broadsides of sly wit that he discharged at the solitary John Bull were irresistible. On my making some passing remark expressive of warm attachment to Ireland, he said nothing, but leaping down from his elevated seat went to the hawthorn hedge-row, and cut the most beautiful plume-like spray of its delicate blossoms that ever I beheld. Of the look and gesture with which he presented it I can only say, that if I were to carry a costly tribute of loyalty to the foot of a throne, I would try to imitate the carman of New Ross. These people are all heart; all glowing warmth and devotion of feeling. Oh that we studied them aright for their own profit; and strove to lead in bands of love those who cannot, will not be driven by the goad of stern authority.

The mountain range, behind which the sun had disappeared, now rose in grander altitude and more defined outline, as we approached the foot of its fine termination. Blackstairs and Mount Leinster, constituting in appearance a single mountain, soon

engrossed the landscape of which they had formed the back ground; and most majestically do they rise before my window in this delightful mansion, where all the graces of polished elegance were combined with the ardour of Irish hospitality, to welcome us at the threshold. Late as it was, we found the family dinner table awaiting the expected completion of its joyous circle; and though I had not been in bed for two nights, and was pretty well fatigued with such a day's jaunt over roads of indescribable ruggedness, I lingered long to trace under the soft twilight of this summer midnight, the wavy line of Blackstairs mountain; and rose, almost with the sun, to explore the amphitheatre that seemed to shut me in. Indeed, I was rather too early; for a tremendously fine watch dog, seeing a stranger in the grounds at that hour, thought it right to arrest my steps, which he did by taking up a position at about four feet distance, and sustaining one continuous bark, that would have shaken stronger nerves. I dared not advance or retreat; so stood perfectly still, neither speaking nor shrinking, nor menacing; but looking as innocent and unconcerned as the circumstances would admit of; well knowing the dog to be a shrewd physiognomist. Great was my relief when some one from the house called him off. I record the event for the benefit of early risers in

strange places; and shall henceforth take especial care to procure an immediate introduction to all the dogs in the family, wherever I go. Happily for me, this was a civil Newfoundlander: he has a comrade of prodigious size, a mastiff who, had I crossed his path while ranging on guard, would probably have torn me in pieces. The house would not, humanly speaking, be safe for a moment, from nightfall to sunrise, without these faithful sentinels, whose well-known ferocity in defence of their charge holds many a midnight foe at bay. They are indeed a noble gift to man from his all-bountiful Creator.

LETTER II.

COUNTY WEXFORD.

July, 1837.

My last was a sketch of our transit to this place: I now proceed to matters of deeper interest. To visit Ireland with no purpose of promoting in any way the good of her people, would be criminal indeed: and I know no way of promoting it so effectually, as by bringing their actual state fairly before the public eye in England. I write, of course, with that view, and will relate nothing which cannot be substantiated. Books are perpetually coming out on Irish subjects, but none that meet the case. One travels with a view of ascertaining the existing relationship between landlord and tenant, scanning with a sharp judicious eye what bears on that point; but caring for none of those things which stand in the same relative position to the other as the soul does to the body. A second makes a tour in search of the picturesque: anxious to be himself pleased,

and to please his readers, he carefully screens off from view whatever would mar the beauty of his picture, and introduces immortal beings as he does the stocks and stones, to heighten the landscape. Or else, with a cynical supercilious discontent, finds fault with every thing, without attempting either to ascertain the disease or to suggest a remedy. Another comes over, fully awake to the supreme importance of the moral and spiritual branch of the subject; but having received a wrong bias at home, he visits Ireland much in the spirit with which some good people open their Bibles, anxious to discover somewhat in favour of his preconceived notions, instead of being willing to model them by what he shall find there. They who know the vast influence of first impressions, particularly where the individual is prone to jump to hasty conclusions, may, if they have an interest in the matter, give the desired colouring to all that he shall see, by commending him at the outset to a clever misrepresenter of facts; a character by no means hard to find among the divided and deeply-prejudiced parties of this unhappy land, and so the result shall be a heavy blow unconsciously dealt to his friends, and a chuckling triumph secured to their foes. Now I am not going to set myself up as an oracle, where so many have failed: far from it. My purpose is,

simply, to read Ireland as I read an important book: to receive no text without a careful examination of the context; and on every occasion to recur to first principles. Or, if you prefer a plainer expression, to judge of the tree by its fruit.

Shall I recite my political creed, that prominent consideration in these troublous days? I believe that GOD is the supreme and only source of all human authority: that his revealed will in the Holy Scriptures is the plummet line whereby the whole work of government must be directed; the foundation being that which God has laid, and beside which "other foundation can no man lay," even Christ Jesus, King of kings, and Lord of lords, I know him to be; and whatsoever rebels against his authority, or waives the consideration of it for any purpose whatever, is a step from legitimate rule to anarchical revolution: its object being to unseat the king from the holy hill whereon he is enthroned, and wherefrom he looks down, principalities and powers being made subject to him. With me, the question is not, what says Mr. O'Connell, or what say the priests, or what says the Earl of Roden, but WHAT SAYS THE LORD? I ask not, Is this or that measure, or is it not, recommended by its expediency, its aptitude to meet present emergencies, its concur-

rence in the flowing tide of popular opinion, and passing events: but, is it consistent with the unchangeable decrees promulgated by divine authority? Does it "render unto God the things that are God's," and show those who act it out to be ruling in the fear of the Lord? If not, then I appeal to effects, in proof that a contrary course is not to be pursued with even the semblance of present success: for as godliness has promise, as well of the life that now is as of that which is to come, so does ungodliness bring its promoters to shame and confusion of face among men, while they treasure up for themselves wrath against the great and terrible day.

If it can be shown by incontestible proof, that there is one system exceedingly abhorrent to all that God enjoins, opposing and exalting itself above Christ, usurping his exclusive prerogative of a priest upon his throne, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men, and those too stamped in the Holy Scriptures with that awful character, "Doctrines of devils;" if there be a power that reckons among the staple commodities of its merchandize, "souls of men;" destroying them by assuming to dispense at its own sovereign pleasure what none can receive but as the free gift of him who bought both it and them at the costly price of his own blood;—if this usurping and malig-

nant power be clearly defined in God's word, branded with a name that expresses a direct and total contrariety to Christ and his gospel, and expressly marked for a final destruction distinct from all other visitations of the divine vengeance, while the only way of escape from that impending doom is opened to its subjects in a proclamation from heaven, "Come out of her, my people; be ye not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues;" then I say, that whatsoever tends to strengthen the position of this adversary, to extend, confirm, or even to sanction the authority already usurped over any part of God's heritage, or to shade off the broad black line of demarcation laid down by the inspired penmen, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,—I say that it is an act of deliberate rebellion against the Most High; an open attempt to prevent the kingdoms of this world from becoming the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ. These are my principles, this is my faith, not acquired by associating with any particular set of men, but built on the immutable word of God. Politics *and* religion! what an idle distinction. It is as though on meeting you, instead of the simple salutation of 'I am glad to see you,' I were to say, 'I am glad to see your body and soul.' To be sure the thing is understood; for I should grieve to see your body

without the soul, well knowing that it must then be rapidly approaching the loathsome corruption of the grave; but while I behold it living and thriving, I know that the soul is there, and the union complete. That soul will outlive the body, as spiritual religion will outlive the body politic: but as well might your mortal frame perform the functions of an animated and intelligent being, while your soul was carried away into Abraham's bosom, as the governing organs of a people on whom the light of revelation has shone, can act and prosper in the absence of that great mainspring of vitality—Christian principle.

And the Lord, in pity to the blindness and unbelief of our hearts, has vouchsafed a perpetual witness to the truth of his word. My purpose, therefore, is not in the course of this tour to declaim upon causes, but to trace effects. The inference will make itself understood. I put spiritual things first, because revelation and reason alike give the pre-eminence to that which is enduring: but faith is of all things the most practical: and if there be a statute book that even to the minutest particular takes thought for the temporal interests and personal comfort of the poor of the land, that book is the Bible. Political economists enter upon a mazy track, dark, full of obstacles, indented with pits, overgrown with entanglements:

and then, having carefully extinguished or buried their torches, they blunder on, now lodging their feet in a quagmire, now fracturing their skulls against a branch, now finishing a breathless and exulting course at the precise point whence they started. Each cries out to his neighbour, 'Your road is impassable;' each in turn makes the same discovery respecting his own; yet sure I am, that if they had light unto their feet they would find a safe and pleasant path, prepared by him who is not the author of confusion, but of peace.

I have looked around me with an earnest desire to obtain clear views on that stiffly-contested point, the origin of Irish evils. Their existence is not disputed, neither can any person actually on the spot, who has had previous opportunities of investigation, deny that they have alarmingly increased. I have no hesitation in declaring that, trunk and branch, they spring and thrive from one plain root, *culpable neglect of the poor;* and that one remedy alone can reach the seat of disease, a competent provision for that neglected class. You will not suppose that in these words I include only bodily relief: I do indeed believe, and am perfectly certain, that without a permanent, legalized, sufficient provision, on the plan of a poor-law enactment, nothing whatever will be done to improve the state of Ireland; but I am equally

sure that the most ample supply of all their temporal need will be alike inefficacious, while their minds remain under the baneful influence of Popery. It is idle to argue the contrary, from the fact of some continental nations presenting a picture of tranquil industry and comparative prosperity, while still in bondage to the See of Rome: they are not subjects of an essentially Protestant state: nor is it the interest of their priests to encourage disaffection to their respective governments. If it were so, the history of the world, from the first rise of the Papal kingdom to this time, furnishes proof that they would speedily find a pretext for exciting the people. The cruel, shameful neglect, that allows the Irish peasant to perish in utter destitution, is indeed a powerful weapon in the hands of his misleaders; but, were that removed, so long as the high places in the state, the revenues of the church, the magisterial and military power, are not lodged exclusively with themselves, so long will those whose influence governs the popular mass, both of mind and matter, in this country, be movers of sedition. Trust me, while Mordecai sits in the gate, his ancient enemy, Haman, who abhors his race, will disregard with sullen unthankfulness all the favours, all the privileges that can be heaped upon him, and go to his house heavy and displeased.

I am in Wexford: in a place where blood cries from the ground with a mighty and terrible voice. If I never proceed further on my journey, the spots that within a day's excursion I have looked on would furnish proof sufficient for my purpose. Travellers seem, by general consent, to pass by the appalling recollections inseparable from these places; considering it a breach of charity openly to revive them. But charity calls for a different line of conduct where the past affords an important lesson for present use, and offers a safeguard against the future recurrence of those terrible incidents.

The question forcing itself upon the mind is this: do the same elements now exist in an equally formidable state, and with the same combining and directing power at hand to wield them, as when, in ninety-eight, the beautiful landscape that lies before me in soft, unbroken repose, was transformed into a wild battle-field, reddened with blood and flame. I am forced to reply, they do: they exist in the consciousness of union and strength, with an object more defined, in a position incalculably more advantageous: successes gained, at least in their opinion, through intimidation, at once improve their ground, and inspire them with confidence. The authority to which they implicitly bow has been recognized, hon-

oured, advanced, by the legislature; its demands as yet meet no repulse; therefore the act that would in a moment once more array the mass of the population against the government, is suspended. But how may the palpable danger be averted? That is a query the importance of which you may partially feel, at the safe distance of your quiet home: to comprehend its thrilling interest aright, you must be domesticated awhile under a Protestant roof, in the south or west of Ireland. The only alternative is to be sought either in the forcible suppression of an insurrectionary tendency, by holding the sword suspended over a whole people, or in the dissolution of a confederacy that gives life and motion to the hostile body. So long as the Romish hierarchy and priesthood retain the essential character of their class, they will stand prepared to wield the whole moral and physical force of their boasted millions against us: so long as the Irish peasant continues to suffer under the grinding oppression, to endure the helpless, hopeless wretchedness of his unspeakably destitute state, he will be a weapon ready whetted for the work of destruction. The miseries that he endures, and which he knows must thicken upon him as his years increase, render him at once desperate as to his present conduct and fate, and doubly solicitous to insure a

happier lot in the world to come. This, he is taught, can be done, and done only, by the most perfect submission to his spiritual guides; and whither such guidance may lead—has led—every spot of ground about me bears awful witness; for, I am in Wexford!

The original plotters of the rebellion in 1798, as far as it can be traced, were nominal Protestants, infected by the revolutionary mania of France, and blindly expecting to find in their Romish countrymen, not only ready instruments for their murderous work, but fellow-helpers in abolishing all systems of religion together. The latter, on the other hand, practised what their republican allies had projected, and made efficient tools of the men who thought to do the same by them. This was speedily discovered, only too late for the wretched dupes thus taken in their own snare. The insurrectionary war, commenced on political ground, quickly assumed its natural character of a religious contest: and no victims were more readily sacrificed to the bigotry of the priest-led troops, than the nominal Protestants who had incited them to rebellion. Bagenal Harvey, the nominee of the Dublin Directory, whom they affected to recognize as general-in-chief in this his native county, possessed not half the real authority or influence that any private Romanist

in the ranks could boast: while Father Murphy, Father Roche, Father Redmond, Father Kavenagh, and the rest of the priests, numbers of whom personally led their flock to combat, held the power of life and death so despotically that a written line or a spoken word from any one of them was a safeguard through the whole sanguinary host; while a frown, or an averted look, delivered up the hapless suppliant to a terrible death. That the same absolute authority is enjoyed by the Romish priesthood at this day, no one can venture to doubt: and that it is now directed to the loosening of all other bonds, as regards their poor victims, I have already beheld a proof. I have passed some years in the south of Ireland, and that too in very troublous times, yet I never witnessed a lack of respectful courtesy on the part of the poor peasant towards the gentry. It seems, however, that an order has lately been issued by their priests is some of these districts, forbidding the usual recognition of a superior, should he happen to be a Protestant, and this of course is obeyed: but at what expence of feeling to many of the poor people, their looks betray, as they steal past with a mortified air, or strut by with one of assumed bravado. The present policy of their leaders is to superadd contempt to their long-cherished hatred of the Saxons; while flat-

tering them that the land will, ere long, be again their own, and their cherished superstition the established, the exclusive religion.

And now let me give you some insight into the actual condition of the people, on whose vivid imagination and poverty-stricken spirits these golden dreams are brought to bear. The Irish peasant is a being so totally dissimilar from the same class in England, that your knowledge of the latter can only assist in obtaining a right view of the former, by the force of contrast. Our rural labourer takes a small cottage, cultivates the piece of ground attached to it, and by his earnings in husbandry, or whatever branch of industry he may have embraced, pays his rent and provides for his family. Should sickness, or the failure of work, or any other real calamity reduce the latter to actual want, a measure of relief is granted by the parochial authorities; and should he become disabled, or utterly destitute of subsistence, the workhouse affords an asylum to him and to his helpless dependents. The possession of land is an object of secondary importance to the English labourer: settled employment being easily obtained in his own neighbourhood. Bread is his staff of life, and the day's work that gives him means to purchase a loaf in the evening is more productive than he could render it, by raising a crop on his own ground. Among

our peasantry, no one would think of taking land for cultivation, unless he held some little capital that would admit of a present outlay, in the prospect of a distant market for its subsequent produce. He pays, perhaps, some thirty shillings or two pounds per annum, for a small but substantial cottage, well glazed and weather-proof, with its little slip of garden, and outhouse. He has his tenement at a fair valuation: so long as his rent is forthcoming he may safely calculate on the continuance of these comforts; and when all fails, a resource is left, and he is under no apprehension of perishing by the road side.

But the poor Irish cottier, or labourer, knows nothing of this independence. You must imagine, first, a state of society where the individual past work has no public asylum, no gratuitous provision of any sort whatever in store: the only prospect is that of having children grown up, who, through the powerful influence of natural feelings, cherished as most sacred among these people, will be constrained to shelter and sustain an infirm parent. Go where you will among the Irish poor, you may hear this motive expressly assigned for the very early marriages that they contract. If they deferred the engagement until they might have realized some little matter to begin the world with, their children would not be sufficiently

grown to take charge of them, on the approach of the premature old age induced by their severe privations and over-work. Accordingly, they hasten to form an alliance. The mere boy, anticipating the period when he shall no longer be able to labour for himself, determines to provide betimes against the evil day, and looks about for a girl to suit him, when, in all probability, the connexions of both parties can scarcely muster among them the means for paying the exorbitant marriage fee which the priest never omits to demand. They must have a habitation, and the youthful settler is not long in finding a cabin with its single apartment, mud walls, ceiling of thatch, and floor of earth. Chimney it has probably none; the window is merely an aperture in the side; the door a few broken boards patched together, and the fireplace a stone laid on the bare ground. For furniture, there is a straw palliasse, or very likely only a litter of straw shaken down in one corner, to form the bed, and perhaps a blanket or so. A thick block, hewed from a tree, serves as the table; the householder, if ingenious, may have fashioned out a couple of stools; or some wealthy friend may present him with a wooden chair. An iron pot to boil potatoes, and a mug of any material, complete the necessary furniture of this abode. Plates, knives, and such appendages, are

unthought of. Whatever surplus may remain after satisfying the priest, must go towards treating the friends of the family.

But the rent:—such a cabin is rated as high as the Englishman's cottage. I do not remember to have known less than thirty shillings charged on any one in a long street of these dwellings, where I was intimately conversant with all the details. How is the young tenant to pay this rent, entering on the holding as he does, pennyless, and with the hopeful prospect of a growing family to enliven it? As the English cottager does. No: there is no parallel here. The Irish cottier, or labourer, knows nothing of bread as an article of food: his scanty wages would not purchase enough of it to satisfy the cravings of his own hunger, much less would they extend to the wants of his family, and the payment of his rent. The potatoe is his only dependence, and the first necessary of life is to procure a plot of ground for the cultivation of the root. Two alternatives alone appear: either he must agree with his landlord to work out in day labour the amount of his holding, or else he must make the ground attached to it yield a sufficiency for all demands. The latter he can rarely, if ever do: for ground to be at all productive demands frequent dressing; and this again requires an outlay of money, and money he has none. If he

reserves to himself so much of the produce as will feed his household, the remainder will never for any time suffice to cover the landlord's claim. On the other hand, if he undertakes to work out the value of his possession, a rate of wages is invariably fixed that leaves him far behind hand; and the arrear accumulating as he goes on, increases his difficulties, depresses his mind, and paralyses the main-spring of industry—honest independence. Children are born, unavoidable expences are incurred, and for the supply of all these pressing wants he has the little potato plot, which, in a bad season, will not furnish his own family with a daily meal throughout the year. Some of them must beg: it is a sore trial to his feelings, but how can he help it? The utmost that he earns will barely satisfy the landlord, and avert an ejectment, and those whom he cannot feed must cater for themselves, by appealing to casual charity.

But when this bargain is not struck between landlord and tenant, the matter usually becomes worse. Labour is uncertain, and dependent on seasons at the best; the earnings of an able-bodied, industrious man, rarely exceed sixpence a day, when he can find work; and many a day must he stand idle, through the disproportionate amount of employment and of the numbers seeking it. In the summer he crosses the channel, leaving his wife

and children to subsist by begging, while he traverses England and Scotland in search of work. Haymaking, harvesting, and hop-picking afford him a little profit, and he returns to pay up part of his arrear, and to purchase seed potatoes for the ensuing crop: A valuable store, which the poor creatures are frequently driven to consume for the support of nature before the season arrives for committing it to the earth.

But is not this an extreme case? Would it were! It is the simple, unadorned story of the population in more than three-fourths of Ireland—a story that I could relate on my own personal observation, but which is placed beyond a question by the heart-rending report of the Poor Law Commissioners, who visited every part of the island, and investigated the matter to the bottom. To that report I refer you, and after thus slightly sketching the outlines of a picture, over the details of which my heart has often bled as it lay—not the description, but the very reality,—beneath my eye, I must ask you to decide, whether the ingenuity of man, or of Satan himself, could contrive a piece of machinery more admirably adapted to be set in motion by a designing, crafty hand, than this impoverished, harassed people, endowed as they all are with fiery spirits, quick apprehension, daring hearts, and powerful frames. Add to

this, that through the whole mass is infused the most unlimited confidence in, and devotion to the very system that looks to them for its advancement on the ruins of what they are taught to believe is the weight that bears them down, and you have an appalling, but a correct view of Ireland, in her present state and seeming prospect.

Forty years ago the attempt was made, and baffled. A lesson of wisdom was derivable from the event, which has been read backwards and transformed into a lesson of fatuity. The vital principle of that rebellion has been nourished, and fostered, and nursed into more portentous growth and energy; the means of our former deliverance have been rejected, broken, scattered to the winds. At best, the hope was faint and the probabilities of success doubtful and contracted, as regarded the infusion of a better spirit into the adult race of Irish Romanists, but a noble field lay before us in the rising generation; while the anxiety of the poor parents to see their children taught opened a vista of brightness and beauty, to fill the Christian heart with joy. We approached them with the boon, of all gifts most prized by them—a fair system of education, combining useful knowledge in the affairs of this life with the far more precious instruction that maketh wise unto salvation. The priesthood of Rome would necessarily

array themselves in opposition to the latter; because it was letting in light where their interests made the prevalence of utter darkness indispensable: but experience had shewn that in the breast of an Irish peasant one feeling could prevail over the otherwise insurmountable habit of subjection to the priest. Despite of all that the latter could do, wherever a scriptural school was opened, thither the children flocked; and if by the force of intimidation, or, as it often happened, by the vigorous application of a stout horse-whip, the little ones were for a time arrested in their path, an instance was never known where they did not soon contrive to surmount the barrier, and to return—flying like doves to their windows. By this means, a tie the most endearing was gradually forming between the poor Romanist population and their Protestant landlords and neighbours. That precious book, the message of which is, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will towards men," was prevailing where nothing else could prevail, to remove the mists of prejudice, and to cement a band, indissoluble by all the craft and subtlety of the devil or man. The Irish are a most affectionate people; win their hearts, and they are wholly yours. What sight so calculated to awaken the strongest emotions of grateful attachment as that of their chil-

dren carefully tended and taught under the direction of their more affluent neighbours, receiving at their hands the reward of diligence and obedience, while the fruits of those habits, and of the higher principle instilled through God's holy word, shed a light and a comfort at home to which the miserable cabin had before been a stranger.

Neither was this a mere theory; the experiment had been on trial for some years, and the effects were beginning to manifest themselves in a way calculated to make the kingdom of darkness tremble for the foundations of its throne. Dear friend, my heart sickens over the sad reverse presented to my view. Many a delightful hour have I passed in schools conducted under the different plans that, however varying in detail, all met in one common centre—and that centre the Holy Bible. Now, if I see a Romish chapel, I look in its immediate vicinity—within the very precincts of its boundary—for some new, spruce building, bearing the inscription 'National School;' and what is the system of instruction adopted there? The Bible is excluded; a mutilated extract, unfaithful even in its mutilations, is substituted nominally; but even that is scarcely ever used; while all the debasing fables of monkish superstition, all the contaminating licentiousness of the

lowest class of immoral and indecent publications, are placed in the hands of the poor children; and in a multitude of instances the person appointed to the office of master, is a furious zealot in popery and sedition. These, you will say, are strong statements: challenge me to the proof; and proofs you shall have, too conclusive as to the fact.[1]

Thus, by an act of infatuation for which the history even of Ireland affords no parallel, the only feasible plan for ameliorating the physical, and correcting the moral evils of this people, has been worse than abandoned; it has been adapted to the aggravation of both. Whatever tends to rivet the fetter of Papal domination on the necks of the Irish poor, builds a barrier against every species of improvement. No man in his senses can affect blindness to the fact that the Church of Rome is straining every nerve to recover her former footing in this country; that is, to reign as she did for some centuries previous to the Reformation, to enjoy unreservedly the ancient church-lands and revenues, and to replace the forfeited estates in the hands of her most devoted lay members. You may question this in England; but in Ireland you cannot. The thing stares you in the face through all gradations of proof; you see it in the ostentatious magnificence of the costly mass-house, far

[1] Vide Appendix A.

outvying the Protestant cathedrals, while the pompous insignia of men openly assuming the title of Bishops, glitters in the noon-day sun; in the lofty gait, the vaunting air, the spruce attire, and the side-long glance of contemptuous defiance, that prove the man who crosses your path to be a priest of Rome; and in its lowest demonstration, in the insolent stare, or slinking avoidance of the poor labourer who dares not touch the hat, or utter the respectful salutation that he would have formerly crossed the road to tender, with all the profuse courtesy of his race. That the priesthood of the Romish church, instructed by the hierarchy, are training the people to even more than their former subserviency is evident beyond contradiction: and unless the leopard has changed his spots, the past holds forth a dark augury for the future.

It was on the morning of Whitsunday, the 27th of May 1798, that the rebellion broke out here, in Wexford. Dangerous indications had been perceived, and the magistrates were on the alert, until suspicion was lulled by an address sent from the different parishes to Lord Mountnorris, remonstrating on the injustice of having their loyalty doubted, and demanding to be sworn, at their respective chapels, to their perfect freedom from all insurrectionary designs. Lord Mountnorris, accordingly, with several others, attended

at the altars of twenty-eight Romish chapels, where, in the presence of their priests, the congregations all took the oath—it is awful to contemplate that solemn declaration. It contains an engagement to be true to the king and his successors, to support the existing constitution; and to prevent or suppress all treason or conspiracy; it disclaims all present or future connexion with the united Irishmen; engages to give up all secreted arms, and to inform of such as may be known to be secreted—concluding in these words. 'All the above I do most solemnly swear, in the presence of the Almighty, and as I hope to be saved through the merits and mediation of my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, *without any equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever.* So help me God.'

These declarations, made some months before, were repeated on the very eve of the outbreak. More effectually to blind the magistrates, a good many of the people were brought to them by the priests to make a surrender of arms, which they confessed, with every appearance of penitence, having formerly concealed. A vast number of pike-heads were thus given up, with other weapons, mostly unserviceable, the owners craving forgiveness for their past illegal conduct, and requesting protections on this evidence of their good feeling,

which were granted, together with certificates of their loyalty and peaceableness, signed by Protestant magistrates, clergymen, churchwardens, and principal parishioners. By these devices, in which the priest always sanctioned them by his presence and acted as spokesman, they averted the proclamation of the different baronies, and the stationing of a military force among them. The yeomanry were considered sufficient for the maintenance of tranquillity; of these a large proportion were members of the Romish church; and they not only deserted, with horses, arms and accoutrements, to the rebels, but were eager to turn their weapons upon their former commanders, comrades, and the Protestant gentry whose houses they were appointed to guard.

One circumstance among many, brings the crime home to the priests with fearful aggravation. During the whole week preceding the massacre, a magistrate, Mr. Pounden, sat here, at Enniscorthy, receiving the oaths, and the surrendered arms of the people. Three priests, anxious to give the greatest apparent force to the obligation, suggested that they should be sworn on a Romish manual; this was done; protections were given; and were found in the pockets of those who were slain in their sanguinary attack on Enniscorthy the following Monday, to which the priests led them on.

Mr. Turner, the rector of Edermine, was employed during the Saturday in administering this oath to the crowds who pressed to take it; and on following morning they murdered him, with five of his parishioners, and consumed the bodies in the flames of the parsonage, which they burned to the ground!

But I am not about to detail the horrors so vividly brought to my recollection by beholding for the first time the place where they occurred; I merely wish to make good the assertion, that in the frightful atrocities perpetrated, the wretched people acted as troops of the Romish see, regularly employed by their spiritual directors to extirpate Protestantism. Their leader was a priest, John Murphy; who personally headed them, and commenced the crusade by lighting a beacon on the hill of Corrigua, as a general signal, on the Saturday evening; and before day-break on the morning of Whitsunday he and his flock were steeped to the lips in slaughter. With the exception of one poor woman, whose husband was butchered before her eyes on Vinegar Hill, and whose heart-rending story I received from herself, I find none who will speak of those events, although very many are now living on the spot where they saw their dearest connexions barbarously murdered. I, also, shun the theme; for

it is better to avoid recalling those terrific scenes, calculated as they must also be to increase the feeling of insecurity resulting from the exposed, the humanly defenceless state of the handful of Protestants who are thinly scattered up and down among the multitudes of the adverse population. You will say, Why then introduce them here? For the purpose I have before named, to show that not to individual hatred, or to political republicanism, or to the destitution of the lower classes, are those horrors to be traced, but to the working of a system, the life-spring of which is exterminating enmity to the Protestant faith and name, and which would produce to-morrow the self-same effects, if occasion required and opportunity admitted it.

A wretched man, named James Meaghan, executed for his deeds of blood on Vinegar Hill, made a deposition, fixing the guilt where it chiefly lay, stating many circumstances in confirmation thereof, and concluding in these words—'Now, gentlemen, remember what I tell you; if you and the Protestants are ever in the power of the Catholics again, as they are now in yours, they will not leave one of you alive; you will all go smack smooth. Even those who campaigned with them, if things had gone well with them, would in the end have been killed. I have heard them say

so many times.' When he was brought to the place of execution, the officer in command took him aside and read to him the confession above mentioned, and asked him if it was correctly taken down. He answered affirmatively, and just when about to be turned off he desired the executioner to stop, lifted up the cap, and in a very loud voice said, 'Captain B. you have taken down my confession perfectly correct; if it was not for the priests, I never would have been guilty of murder, nor have dragged five unfortunate persons out of the windmill to be murdered.' With these words he was sent into eternity.

I am far from intending to fix the charge of such tremendous guilt on the present race of Romish priests in Ireland: the crime was that of individuals: its root is the system, which, holding the arrogant doctrine of supremacy and infallibility, condemns to bodily destruction and eternal perdition all who oppose those claims, or dare to question their divine authority. We know from the recent revelations of Dens' theology, the adopted text-book of the Romish clergy in Ireland, that the assumed right and duty to slaughter heretics is waived *when* the church lacks temporal power to carry it into effect: but we must remember that the pious inclination and the power to fulfil it naturally promote each other. Individually

a Romish priest may be as humane a man as averse from bloodshed, violence, and every species of cruelty, as any man can be: he may shudder at the contemplation of such scenes, and repel, with honest indignation, the charge against his order, because he feels within himself no desire, no ability in fact, to cry havoc, and to carry flame and sword into the bosom of a peaceful, confiding neighbourhood. But is not the priest himself the slave of the system? Can he dispense with the vows that bind him in the most helpless subjection to the governing powers of his church? Dare he dispute a mandate from the Vatican, or will he place his natural repugnance in opposition to the declared interests of the church which he is so deeply sworn to uphold? He cannot—he *knows* that if a man comes to the confessional, and reveals a murder committed or intended, neither his sense of justice in the first instance, nor the strong pleading of nature and duty in the latter, can prevail to loosen the iron band that holds him a guilty, perhaps a loathing accomplice in the crime. Should the same terrible authority be brought to bear upon the slaughter of a whole community, what can he do? If he believe the lie that he is bound to teach, he dares not for his soul's safety exercise a will, or cherish even an opinion contrary to what his superiors enjoin: if he believe it

not, the searing process of a continuous deception sustained towards others, will so indurate his conscience as to leave him destitute of moral power, given over to a reprobate mind, and a ready instrument for any evil. I have made out a case for the priests, sufficient to inspire any Christian bosom with the deepest pity for their share in the galling bondage:[1] but it cannot be forgotten that they form the links of that chain by which, connecting as it does the more palpable works with the hidden spring that acts upon them, all the mischief is perpetrated. We are bound to commiserate the priests; we are bound to seek every means of enlightening them; but till that be effected, we are *also* imperatively bound to disarm them.

[1] See Appendix B.

LETTER III.

COUNTY WEXFORD.

July.

GREAT and varied have been the enjoyments of one short week, the first of my sojourn here, and, I grieve to say, the last. For a long track lies before me, even to the opposite corner of Donegal, and Wexford with all its enchanting beauties, its thrilling recollections, and its endearing hospitality, must be left. You have often smilingly asked me to define Irish hospitality—I cannot. It would be like painting a sunbeam on canvass for one who never felt its influence. In an Irish house you are emphatically AT HOME. Its inmates do not put themselves out of their way, or tease you with attentions and arrangements that make you feel you are a supernumerary, however welcome. Here the guest is at once installed in all the immunities of a settled resident: the good folks having the tact to impress you with the conviction that you make no other difference in their establish-

ment than is occasioned by the increase of social enjoyment. In reality, every soul is plotting for your comfort and gratification all day long; but they do it so cunningly, and make all their propositions of agreeable parties with such an easy off-hand air of every-day custom, that it seems merely accidental that every thing you could best like happens to be done while you happen to be with them. In spite of your secret misgivings, they make you believe that your departure will occasion a serious blank, where no blank existed before you dropped in, a perfect stranger: and the vagrant propensity must be strong indeed that could enable a person, without a painful struggle, to disengage himself from all the ties that have imperceptibly entangled him during even a very short sojourn in an Irish house. This is all the definition you will get from me: I am too happy to be able to sit down and analyse my enjoyments.

I have just been feasting on that most cheering of all spectacles, a scriptural school. The history of this may furnish a specimen of what might be done, if Protestants would act up to their obligations, in regard to the children of their poor neighbours. Some years ago, the boy's school here was built and established on Erasmus Smith's foundation; and Mr. E. anxious to extend the blessing, at his own private cost added to the

building one for girls. The support that he might naturally have looked for in such an undertaking, was not given; and with the exception of eight pounds a year afforded for the mistress's salary by the London Ladies Hibernian School Society, and a small allowance paid by the Dublin Foundling Hospital,[1] for each foundling admitted, the whole burden of expence falls on the clergyman, who has not for years received a shilling of tithe from those whom he is thus benefitting. The trifle granted to the mistress, of course, will scarcely find her in clothing, and she is maintained at the glebe. A very large proportion of the children in both schools are Romanists. They have frequently been forbidden to attend, and for a time prevented; but so fully alive are the poor of this country to the value of education, that in every case they have returned to their teachers. Opposition in some form is invariably offered to the good work: but its adversaries cannot prevail. He who when on earth said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," has power to enforce his own command. If we be willing, he will open a door for us which no man can shut.

But what a humbling spectacle is this to us! We are living at ease, and enjoying a thousand

[1] This is one of the noble Protestant Institutions lately crushed by the *liberal* system.

superfluities, while the public purse amply provides for general education, and wealthy societies unite in supplying spiritual aid. Here is a clergyman, the incumbent of a large parish, defrauded by an unprincipled conspiracy of the income assigned to him by the laws of the land; himself the father of a numerous family, thrown entirely on his private resources for their support and education; and maintaining that ungrudging hospitality which Scripture and his own benevolent mind alike direct him to use: yet voluntarily adding to all other burdens the heavy expences of a school, established almost exclusively for the advantage of children whose parents are taught to regard him with animosity, to harass, annoy, and if they may, to injure him. Such an instance of patient continuance in well doing, in returning good for evil, and blessing, yea multiplying blessings where the "curse causeless" perpetually assails him, speaks eloquently. Would that it might speak effectively, and bring forward some who can not only commend his work but substantially aid in it. *Eight pounds a year* towards such an outlay, in such a place, and for such a purpose, is all that England can give, and that too by the hand of private beneficence. If Mr. E. would apply to the Board, admit the priest, banish the Bible, lay the 'Extracts' on a shelf, and put into the chil-

dren's hands the legends, the catechisms, the inflammatory denunciations of Rome, he might command any measure of government patronage: but no, Mr. E. is a Protestant clergyman, he desires to feed the poor lambs of his flock with the sincere milk of the word; and so he may, provided he does it at his own cost, and that of his own family.

The spectacle was indeed most interesting, of the poor children assembled in their respective rooms, and diligently engaged in learning from anxious teachers. The situation of the school-house is quite a contrast to the flaunting publicity of those under the 'Board.' The latter are sure to stare you in the face by the road-side, in naked newness of stone and mortar, man's work all. This is shaded by trees, which also overshadow the approach to the church, the hallowed fold of a small and scattered flock, standing in the rustic grave-yard, with a fringe of trees, and an occasional yew or hawthorn marking some endeared resting-place of mortality. Roses and other sweet climbers embower the modest school-house; and for a back ground the noble mountains rise in dark magnificence. A little garden parts it from the narrow, rugged road, which separates both it and the church from the glebe. There is something very touching in the retired loneliness of the place;

surrounded, as it is well known to be, by a most formidably hostile neighbourhood; banded against tithes, and tainted by an hereditary enmity that only the healing stream of gospel love can ever wash away. Oh, what a field is this fair, ruined land! White to the harvest, but where are the labourers to gather it in? We are mocked, befooled by projects of amelioration; one man proposing to regenerate Ireland by building workhouses — another by establishing temperance societies—a third by giving up all political and local authority to the demagogues who clamour for it—and carrying on the spiritual work without visible means. All are alike futile. The first indispensable step is, indeed, to relieve the wretched poor from their intolerable destitution: therefore build workhouses. The evils of wide-spread intemperance must be checked; therefore declare war against the whiskey-shops; but unless you unloose the fetters of bigotry by means of religious instruction, your very workhouses will become barracks for a rebel army, and all the money saved, all the energy redeemed from the debasing habits of intoxication, will be devoted to the manufacture and the application of pikes. As to the political remedy—the Justice-to-Ireland municipal plan—it may very well be adopted if the resolution is come to of colonizing

some distant settlement with the exiled Protestants of Ireland; and making over the other portion of her inhabitants to the powers of darkness for ever.

It is in contemplating the scene presented within the walls of a scriptural school, that the mind, oppressed and grieved by what passes without, can recover its elasticity, and rejoice in the dawnings of a better hope. Here, as I have before remarked, is the connecting link forged that alone on a large scale will bring into harmonious junction the divided portions of society. Nor is this the only, nor the most essential point to be gained; for the children of different persuasions, conning from the page of the same volume the same inspired lessons of love to God and to each other, will not, even humanly speaking, grow up in that state of estrangement naturally ripening into enmity, that must result from the one being taught to shun and to dread what to the other is a supreme rule of faith and of practice. This is so indisputable that no one attempts to deny it—the objection started is that the spiritual guides of one portion of the community, dreading such a result, will not permit it. But here I have ocular demonstration that with or without such permission the children will avail themselves of the advantage offered, even in the most hostile part of the country. It is only when the temptation is

held out to them of receiving instruction in this world's lore, not at the expence of abandoning, but with every facility for strengthening the bonds of spiritual error, and the virulence of party animosity, that they are drawn off from those green pastures, to a barren and envenomed track.

The children whom I have here seen have not, in general, the lively, intelligent look that usually characterizes the Irish poor. Indeed, a glance into the wretched hovels that sprinkle the road-side will not only account for the heavy aspect of those who burrow within their dark recesses, but must render it a matter of surprise that the faculties should be capable of such development as I have witnessed, under the hand of their kind teachers. Some admirable answering in the Scripture classes, with the progress made by others towards it, and the orderly, clean, contented appearance of the little learners, all gave promise, that if the benevolent efforts of my kind friend were seconded as they ought to be, and his hands strengthened by the help which it is disgraceful to withhold, the same means, applied co-extensively with the wants of the population, would ensure an abundant, an unspeakably precious harvest. On Sunday the school was attended by some pupils of more advanced age, and among them I found a knowledge of Scripture, an evident delight in its study,

truly heart-cheering. One of the best answerers in the Bible class that I took, was a Romanist; and I am assured it is generally the case here. From this we passed to the church, which, being under repair, presented a wretched and desolate aspect, not properly belonging to it; but the pastor knows his duty too well to allow the presence of bricks and mortar, beams and scaffolding, to interrupt the regular course of parochial ministrations.

The congregation was numerous, adapted to the size of the edifice, which is not large. This was my first sabbath in Ireland, for thirteen years; and when I reflected through what a fiery ordeal her persecuted Church had recently passed, and how fiercely it is still assailed by those whose incessant cry is, 'Down with it! Down with it!' mine eye affected my heart in no small degree. The clergyman here has been exempt from the cruel privations undergone by many of his brethren, not from the prevalence of a better spirit among the people, for a worse can nowhere be found, but by the possession of private means which rendered him independent of his clerical income for the comforts of life. I speak of external comforts; no one has more largely participated in the other ingredients of the general cup. All that factious malignity and unprovoked enmity could do, to distress, to insult,

and, if they could, to intimidate, has been put in force: insomuch that at one time it was a matter of extreme personal danger to cross from the glebe-house to the church, for the purpose of the accustomed ministrations; but my friend was not to be daunted in the discharge of his sacred duties, and he can thankfully repeat, "By the help of my God, I continue to this day."

The curate of the parish preached a most splendid sermon, suited to the occasion, which was the reading of the queen's proclamation: for it was on this spot, so replete with overpowering recollections and associations, that I first received the official call to allegiance on the part of my youthful sovereign. Oh, how earnestly did I pray, within the bounds of that little fold, surrounded by and exposed to the grievous wolf of Rome, that God would so dispose and turn the heart of the royal maiden, as to make her a nursing mother to the afflicted Church of Ireland! This was the second proclamation of the kind that had met me in this country: I was residing in it when good old George the Third exchanged his earthly for a heavenly crown. Then the nation lay basking in honour and security; we enjoyed the ripened fruits of a long reign of Christian truth and uprightness; and the blessings of a grateful people encircled the head of the monarch who had declared

he would sooner lay that head upon the block than violate his solemn engagements to uphold the British constitution in the integrity of its Protestant character. Dark, sad, heart-rending were the reverses over which my mind rapidly glanced, since the Lord took from us "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof;" and never shall I forget the suitableness of the discourse addressed to us by the pious and highly-gifted young minister, who, in opening the nature of that sin which caused a terrible judgment to swallow up and consume the rebellious murmurers against the delegated authority of Moses and Aaron, impressed on us a lesson of loyal submission to our queen, of devoted attachment to our Church, for which I hope often to bless the God who sent that message by the mouth of his servant.

Hereto do these devoted men both labour and suffer affliction. The Church that has been shorn of her bishoprics, defrauded of her dues, and in every possible way discouraged, curtailed and oppressed by legislative enactments, is pre-eminently the Church that most rigidly enforces on every one of her members, not the mere letter alone, but the pure pervading spirit of obedience to rulers, and respect for the laws. I could not look around on the disfiguring appendages that made the place appear so forlorn, without deriving

some satisfaction from the thought that the Church was so defaced in order to repair the fabric and enlarge its accommodations. Thus may it prove with the Establishment of which it forms a part! So long as her teachers remain at their posts, and her congregations assemble to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, undeterred by the forbidding aspect of the times, we need not fear: dilapidated, she will yet attain to greater perfection and beauty; consumed, she will arise with phœnix life and lustre from her ashes. So be it!

To the hospitable glebe of Templeshanbo I bade a reluctant farewell, and proceeded to the town of Enniscorthy, of which I had before only a transient view. This spot, so fearfully memorable in the page of modern history, was attacked by the rebels, but so gallantly defended by the garrison, that they were beaten off after a dreadful conflict carried on in every street. The royalists were, however, compelled to retreat afterwards, by the disaffected inhabitants igniting their own dwellings, and firing on them from amid the flames. When this important post was carried, the rebels, to the number of ten thousand men, encamped on Vinegar Hill. They were commanded by a priest, as was usual; and from ten to twenty of their clergy daily said mass among them, exhorting them to

more strenuous efforts for the extirpation of heresy.

Vinegar Hill is in fact a mountain, which rises above the town with a very gradual slope, until you approach the summit, when it becomes so abrupt as to require considerable effort in ascending. The lower part is covered with a short coarse grass, heather, and such vegetation as generally bespeaks a harsh, dry soil: the crest, however, is remarkable, being a perfect ridge of rock, diversified only with a variety of mosses, that, springing up in irregular crossed lines, give it the appearance of being paved. The footing is slippery and uncomfortable; but the thrilling interest attached to the scene, and the striking view stretching below, would have rivetted me there while daylight lasted. To the right of this long ridge, which, facing the town, afforded a cover for the rebel battery, the hill rises to a conical form, the rocks and moss giving place to a ranker species of vegetation than elsewhere. The heart sickens while imagination traces the origin of this fertility, for here stands the shell of the old windmill, a strong brick building, used as a prison for the victims captured in the town, who were daily dragged forth, as vengeance, policy, or caprice directed, and within a few yards of the windmill piked or

shot. Their offence was Protestantism. Here, in the space of three weeks, upwards of five hundred individuals—men of property, clergymen, merchants, farmers, labourers, and mechanics—were deliberately massacred in cold blood, and the greater number of their mangled remains buried where I then stood to trace the lines of march by which General Lake's army advanced on the rebel camp, and in a desperate battle routed them. With that action terminated the rebellion of 1798.

Not a man, scarcely, of the wretched people would have escaped; but General Needham, either from a real oversight, mishap, or, as some think, from a desire to spare the farther effusion of blood in this unnatural warfare, omitted to rendezvous by the path assigned to him in sufficient time to intercept the fugitives, who thus escaped by that unoccupied road. No one, at all accustomed to take an interest in military operations, could look out from the crown of Vinegar Hill, and fail to comprehend the different movements, as described by my companions. I was well versed in the details, from a long and intimate acquaintance with Musgrave's History, from which I have drawn information that I would not have sought on the spot. For, while opening these painful wounds, never yet properly healed, in the hope of attracting the notice of some who not being aware

of the patient's actual state will not look for or accept an adequate remedy, I am most careful not to rekindle in the bosoms of those around me feelings and resentments that must, in this locality, partake too much of individual wrong to be safely awakened. If I did not believe that rebellion was at this moment spreading and ripening for a more terrible outbreak than before—if I did not know that past experience alone can yield a lesson for the probable future,—I would never stain my paper with a recurrence to that terrible lesson so deeply imprinted, so soon obliterated from the minds of our rulers.

Nearly at the foot of the hill stands the glebe, rebuilt from its ruins. On the occasion referred to it was burnt, and the Rev. Mr. Burrowes, the incumbent, barbarously murdered. It has now come into the possession of one whose heart's desire it is to pour the oil and wine of Christian love into the gashes of his poor country. With him I visited the schools under his immediate superintendence; and a more refreshing cordial could not have been afforded to the mind, so painfully excited by contemplating the memorials of civil war—or rather of religious war, for so in the strictest sense it was. Just where the first swell of the ground warns you that you are upon the ascent to Vinegar Hill, stands a most substantial

building, shaded off from the road, and sur-
ded with a garden. This comprises two
ol-rooms, large, airy, and pleasant in no ordi-
degree; such an array of sprightly, shrewd,
llectual-looking children, I had not seen, I
not for how long. The master and the
ress were two of the most prepossessing per-
imaginable, and not a countenance was there
ng their young charges that did not bespeak
promise of a return for their diligent labour.
best of the girls were absent just then; though
the answering of those who were, on the spur
he moment, called up, I readily conceived what
élité of the little community could do. But
boys!—I speak advisedly, and apart from all
ited feeling, when I say that no class formed of
ed individuals from any number of scriptural
ools in England could have shamed or surpassed
e boys. I was soon obliged to give up alto-
her the task of questioning; for, to say truth, I
ld not speak for weeping; but they were tears
most unmingled gladness. I was allowed to
ose the subject, and to direct the line of exa-
ation; but never should I have dreamed of
ng into such depths of spiritual knowledge with
half-clad, volatile-looking creatures before me,
they proved themselves capable of exploring.
passage selected was in the Pentateuch; its chief

matter, the types: and light, successive flashes of light, did the poor boys throw, by their answers, on texts that had always been obscure to me. They had *studied* God's word; and the happy expression beaming on their countenances, softened into seriousness as they stood round the desk, bespoke the delight that they took in the exercise. One little child, actually in petticoats, soon made his way from the bottom to the top of the line by his extraordinary answering; and if any thing were wanted to complete the picture, it was supplied by the smiles of gratulation with which the superseded lads greeted their little comrade as he gained the highest place. I afterwards asked the dear pastor, who stood quietly by, rejoicing in heart over his interesting young flock, how he had brought them to such a pitch of attainment in biblical knowledge. He replied that his plan, which seemed to succeed remarkably well, was to make the study of the Scriptures *a reward for good conduct.* Every child who could produce a testimony of diligence and obedience through the week, was allowed to pass some hours on the Saturday in the way I had seen: such as failed of giving satisfaction, by gross misconduct, were sent away at that time. He assured me he had seen little Romanists in agonies of weeping because they had thus forfeited the privilege. I never

heard of this plan before: in theory, I know not that it would please me: but after what I witnessed of its effects, I could not doubt. I should have told you, in extenuation of my weakness, that from the large open window I had a full view of the frowning ridge of Vinegar Hill; and that the children who surrounded me, closely linked in the holiest, sweetest, most enduring bonds of brotherly love, were nearly all of them the children, perhaps not beyond the second generation, of actors or sufferers in that fearful scene of bloodshed. I know not, my dear friend, if *ever* the precious word of salvation appeared so trebly precious in my sight as when I saw it in the hands of those children at the foot of Vinegar Hill.

An excursion of many miles was before us, and the bright noontide hour was past: yet I could scarcely tear myself from the school. What marvel if the enemy puts in practice every possible device to hinder a work so subversive of his power, whether the deadly superstitions of popery, the vain arrogance of natural reason, or the debasing bonds of total ignorance be the prop of his throne. Of course, the locality with its dark and terrible associations, caused this lovely picture to stand out in most brilliant relief; arrayed as it was in the light of heaven, it shone more divinely fair from its proximity to the deepest shadows of hell:

but, strip it of all these advantageous contrasts, and place it where you would, its effect must be glorious. Placed where it was, it embodied before my eye what my heart had long believed, and my spirit had yearned to realize. My lip never breathed a blessing more fervent than that which I left with the children of Enniscorthy.

Seated in an open landau, for my partiality to the Irish car is by no means a general sentiment here, we now commenced a trip, the extent of gratification prepared for me being as usual, concealed under the appearance of an every day affair. 'Mr. S. is going to visit some endeared members of his former flock: we thought you would like to see a little of the country.' And I did see a little, and a good deal, of the most beautiful country on earth's surface. We first drove along the banks of the Slaney, a little playful stream, rippling on through green meadows, and giving no promise of the mighty swell that it very soon takes into a noble river. After passing through scenery that continually extorted exclamations of delight from us all, particularly while driving under a natural arch of luxuriant trees, intermingling high above a winding road, and affording at every opening some landscape view of exquisite richness, we again met the Slaney in the form of a magnificent river considerably wider

than the Thames at Westminster: and here we also met a party deeply engaged in the plot of the day. Twin sisters, sweet and simple, and blooming too, as ever twin rosebuds were on one stalk; with two manly youths their brothers, attired in the loose light habit of sailors, with broad straw hats; and a very handsome capacious boat, their own property, waiting our arrival. I then found that we were to row to the town of Wexford; and to partake in the hospitality of our young friends not far distant from it.

We entered the boat and pushed off to the middle stream. Nothing could surpass the beauty of the day; the river rolled along in quiet majesty, often widening to a lake, and diversified with such scenery on its rising banks, such a succession of wooded hills, noble mansions, and picturesque points of land, that the eye could never tire of gazing on them. At length we approached a resting place, and moored our boat under the most imposing scene I had yet beheld, while our kind rowers sought some refreshment. The place is called Carrig-ferry; but now a wooden bridge is thrown across this narrowing part of the river. Directly from the shore where we lay rose a very steep rock, decked with abundance of wild flowers, yet palpably a rock, as the word Carrig imports. Beyond the bridge, but still quite close to it, and

at the same end, another portion of the rock forms a regular conical hill, abruptly from which ascends the most remarkable relic of ancient strength and stability that I have yet met with. It is a fortress built in 1169 by Robert Fitzstephen, who erected a line of these mighty towers to defend the ground as he proceeded in the arduous task of conquest. This being a very important point of the Slaney, he seems to have fortified it accordingly; and it is astonishing with what an aspect of frowning defiance the stately ruin overlooks the stream, at the distance of nearly seven centuries from its erection. All that remains of this famous fortress exhibits a square tower, of which the sharp though broken outline, the lofty, compact, and enduring character, as it shoots up from its rocky base, conveys the idea of something so independent, so warlike, so full of pride and menace, that visions of feudal days occupied my fancy as long as I could trace the varying profiles it presented while we glided away. Castle Carrig is a rare gem of antiquity, and remarkable, too, as the first military edifice built by the invaders.

On we rowed, and the Slaney expanded into a sea; throwing off an arm here, scooping out a bay there, and increasing in beauty at every advance. At length we left a very extensive curve of shore to the left, and made for an object bearing to our

right. It was Wexford Bridge,—not the very bridge of 1798,—that was destroyed; but another built on the same spot, and of similar aspect. We were yet at a considerable distance, when, rowing through shoals of seaweed, we made the interesting discovery that the water beneath us was about one foot in depth; and the sensation of scratching our way upon pebbles, then making a dead stop, added the information that we were aground in the middle of the river, many hundred yards from either shore. Much merriment was excited by our situation, and many a vigorous effort was made before the boat could be worked into a floating depth. We then ascertained that too much time had been lost to allow of our making the bridge; and our ultimate destination being on the left bank of the river, we put about to gain it. Nor did I regret the disappointment: the horrifying recollections that would have prevailed in my mind over every other consideration had we neared the place, were too much at variance with the train of thought lately called up. I had no desire to approach Wexford; and had I known the delight in store for me at Artramont, I should have grudged every moment's detention from it.

This handsome mansion stands on elevated ground, the lower part of the demesne being washed by the Slaney, which, after sweeping round

Lord Arran's wooded lands, makes here a capricious, irregular excursion along the eastern line of its boundary, and then returns to narrow into a channel over which the bridge of Wexford stretches. Beyond, it forms a noble bay and harbour. The view across this sheet of water, terminated by the town of Wexford at a softening distance, is most beautiful. Very near the landing-place stands another specimen of Henry's fortresses, from whence, for the trouble of climbing some ruined stairs in the tower, I enjoyed a nice prospect down the river; but of the grounds more immediately surrounding the house I am at a loss to convey an adequate idea. Picture to yourself a very large extent of the finest land imaginable, laid out in groves and gardens, of which the whole plan and the growth of vegetation combine to impress you with the notion that man's puny hand had no part in the work. The trees are gigantic: they looked down with a patronizing air upon our pigmy forms, and waved in stately pride at an immense height above us. The trunks, shooting up to an unusual elevation, impart this character; while, in the open spaces, choice specimens of flowering shrubs, in the very wantonness of luxuriant profusion, seem to have taken forcible possession of the soil, and to be resolved on engrossing it. Roses of every variety, intermingled with jessamine, woodbine,

clematis, and all the family of climbers, overtop the high walls; not trimmed, and stretched, as it were, on the rack, with a modicum of leaves sprinkling the formal, straggling twigs, but clustering, and intermingling, and waving in such masses of flower and foliage as I suppose never met the eye of our English villa denizens. Beneath these, and many noble standard shrubs, the earth was heaped with every variety of glowing tint, and the atmosphere around impregnated with odours. To complete the charm, there was an intricacy in the grounds that required some knowledge of the place to arrive at any given point: so you wandered through grove, garden, shrubbery—now finding yourself completely enclosed among dark pines and venerable oaks, now suddenly emerging into light, with a noble conservatory before you, where the magnolia displayed its enormous pearls, the lime its lively gold, and the orange its deep rich blush, beneath a dome of glass—the treasury of a thousand costly exotics. To one so devotedly fond of flowers and trees, it was an almost intoxicating delight to wander through these grounds; while the total absence of every thing that could tend to remind me I was a stranger, the warmly artlessly affectionate attentions of those who desired no greater happiness than to minister to the enjoyment of an humble guest—my only claim on

them an ardent love of their native isle,—all rendered it a season of such sunshine as does not often burst upon my path.

Here, in this abode of love, peace, and piety, I could have learned a terrible story of those times, so often alluded to: for the house was visited and almost wrecked; its master a prisoner, and his agonized partner a spectator of the scene on Wexford Bridge. But no word escaped the placid survivor in reference to the past; and the paramount object of all the party was evidently the extension of temporal and spiritual good throughout the land. They spoke with joy of the progress made in their schools, and of the efforts of neighbouring gentry to ameliorate the condition of their poor countrymen. My evening trip to the boundaries of the place was most interesting; it actually outrivalled the flowers, and the stately groves that surrounded them.

The spot to which, with my twin companions and my friend Robert, I wandered, was a very ancient fragment of what had been a church, I should think even of an earlier date than Strongbow's castles, a vestige of these early temples, where pure worship was offered, before the iniquitous project for subduing Ireland to the Romish See had been conceived,—at least before the arms of Henry carried it into effect. To the

venerable ruin the poor people attach so much sanctity, that to this day they covet a grave beneath its shadow: and very numerous were the mounds, with their grey headstones, or plain wooden crucifixes, alike almost hidden beneath the luxuriance of the grass and wild flowers. The stem of a very aged tree was near, with a few boughs still shooting forth, and some rich specimens of the hawthorn and mountain ash, with other thicket plants, gave a peculiar character to the wild secluded scene. Of the ruin, only a small angle remained, but heaps of stones lay scattered on the unequal ground; and the whole was closed in by lofty trees on every side. There we lingered long, examining the various attempts at fortifying every grave with something in the form of the cross, and lamenting over the abuse, alike of that sacred symbol and of the ardent minds so cruelly fettered by superstitious bigotry. We spoke of early times, of Ireland's former blessedness, her subsequent degradation, and the dawning of a hope too often overcast with clouds of doubt and despondency respecting the future. Again reverting to the high antiquity of her monumental relics, I fell into a strain calculated to quicken the nationality of my young companions, which in truth needed no stimulus; and suddenly recollecting one special immunity

enjoyed by the green isle, I exclaimed, 'Oh, Robert, Ireland is the only country where at this sultry season one may plunge into such grass, in the midst of ruins, and fear no bite from venomous reptiles.' And in illustration of the fact, I stepped forthwith into the thickest part of the vegetation; but I was presently reminded of John Gilpin's experience,

> 'Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast,
> For which he paid full dear.'

for as I vauntingly proceeded, I found that the high grass, reaching to my knees, though it harboured neither toad nor snake, concealed some very large slippery stones, on one of which I unwittingly trod, and slid down with my foot doubled under me. The sprain was so severe as to render my return to the house rather difficult, and after a most lovely drive back to Enniscorthy, I found myself unable to stand without assistance; and what was worse, unable to rise from my bed in the night, to take a view at that solemn hour of Vinegar-hill from the glebe-house which stands, as I have said, on the ascent of that memorable ground. Imagination however was busy, and never did my spirit yearn with more affectionate longings for the ingathering of the lost sheep of Erin to the safe and happy fold,

than while resting in the spot that bears so fearful a testimony to the blood-guiltiness in which their alienation from the faith of the gospel has involved them.

I am about to leave Wexford, probably no more to revisit it; and the consciousness that one stage of my journey is completed, induces a natural anxiety to review the short period now passed, with a reference to the great object of my visit. I am confirmed in the persuasion that poverty, even in the extent to which it exists here, is not the cause of that turbulence which we deplore; at the same time, I cannot doubt that it furnishes the most potent auxiliary to the movers of sedition, insomuch that an extensive amelioration of the people's condition is indispensable, as an ingredient in any plan that can rationally be formed for their improvement. Individual conversions may and will take place, where God is pleased to bless the means used for enlightening the mind; but wherever the heart is not spiritually renewed, and this we cannot look for on a general scale, we have that to contend with which will bid defiance to our efforts, so long as the native race are left to grovel in such depths of poverty, while those whom they are taught to regard as hostile intruders into their country live in comparative affluence, eating the fat of the

land. At a period of the world like this, when in every place evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, there will not be wanting a party actively engaged in stirring up discontent among the lower classes, whose success will be commensurate with the miseries of those to whom they address themselves. Education, or as some are content to call it, useful knowledge, imparted without any reference to religious principle, will aggravate the evil. The nearer the poor man approximates to his rich neighbour in mental acquirements, the more intolerably galling will be the degradation of his bodily wretchedness. I repeat, this misery is not the origin of outrage, for the fact is notorious that persons in the enjoyment of competence are the prime movers in such transactions; but the destitution of the lowest order keeps them constantly prepared to act as powerful instruments in their hands. We are on the eve of a general election, the events of which, passing before my view, will prove whether or no the priests exert their influence as of old, in exciting a political ferment among their flocks; or whether the erroneous concessions made have produced that healing effect so largely promised by them. Hitherto, I have seen nothing to hold out so cheering a prospect for the government and the people.

LETTER IV.

WICKLOW—DUBLIN.

Dublin, July.

It was with feelings unusually depressed that I bade farewell to my hospitable friends in the south, to proceed hither unaccompanied by my lively young Irish companion, who, from the moment of our quitting my English home to that of my entering the Dublin stage at Enniscorthy, had seemed to consider me his guest, and performed all the offices of hospitality in a truly national spirit. The continued effect of my sprain seconded the warm entreaties of our kind entertainers to rest a while longer under their roof, and inclination was eloquent on the same side; but I had promised to meet an old friend in Dublin, to arrange the future line of a route, that is to terminate in Donegal; and with a heavy heart I quitted them all. You know this trip was relinquished, after long anticipation, and excuses forwarded to the many kind friends who had engaged me to visit them. Circumstances led me to resume my original de-

sign, only a few days before starting; and one inconvenience resulting from this vacillation has been the departure of several for England or the coast, who, had I not changed my first plan, would have confined themselves at home to receive us. This will hinder a projected excursion into Galway, disappoint my hope of seeing Edgworthstown, and materially circumscribe our movements; but the certainty of a dissolution of Parliament reconciles me greatly—not that I have any personal fear, for strangers are never molested; but I do not wish to expose to my young fellow-traveller the scene that will too surely be presented in some parts of Ireland, at this time.

How different was the journey in a close stage, from our delightful drives about the country during the past week! The scenery presented little to interest, or else I was not in a mood to be interested by it. Yet one thing is always striking in Ireland—the courteous kindness of all classes where they see it will not be coldly repelled. No sooner was the fact of my having a painful ancle discovered, than all manner of considerate contrivances were adopted by our fellow-travellers to afford it an easy position; and by the time we reached Gorey I had become a little more alive to the surrounding objects. We had passed into Wicklow, but sad recollections continued to

attach themselves to the locality. A dreadful and disastrous battle was fought here during the rebellion; one incident of which you must have, because I am persuaded that the touching anecdote gave rise to a song that we have both admired. You remember,

'The minstrel boy to the wars is gone,'

but I doubt whether you have heard its probable origin.

In the engagement that here took place between the King's troops and the rebels, the latter were victorious. Among their prisoners was a little drummer, named Hunter, twelve years of age, who fell into their hands. They told him he should still carry his drum and beat it for them on the march; but the intrepid child, filled with loyal devotion, exclaimed, 'Never! the drum that has sounded in the King's service shall never be beaten for rebels;' and instantly leaping upon it, he burst it completely through. Must I add the sequel? the heroic little fellow was directly put to death, perforated with pikes.

Mr. Moore visited this spot; he could not but know the tale, which is recorded in the annals of the rebellion. It was worthy of the author of 'Captain Rock' to steal this trophy from the brow of loyalty, and with a little of his own brilliant colouring superadded, to place it on that of

something very different. The minstrel boy, who to prevent the desecration of his harp, 'tore its chords asunder,' was evidently fighting on the other side. Poor little Hunter lost the wreath of poetic fame by being true to his King; but we, at least, shall not again fall in with 'The minstrel boy' without recollecting the youthful drummer at Gorey.

We now approached the far-famed vale of Avoca, and my curiosity, sharpened by the assurances of my fellow-travellers that the scenery would surpass my expectation, led to the achievement of an exploit which, considering all things, you would hardly expect. I was prevailed on to try for an outside place during one stage; and by the extreme kindness of some very respectable females who sat behind the coachman, warmly seconded by that functionary, room for me and my young friend was made on the opposite extremes of their seat. All their good-natured endurance of a squeeze however, scarcely afforded space, and my situation was not very enviable, perched on three inches of board, nothing to rest my foot upon, and while the vehicle thundered on at the full speed of four fine horses down a steep road, I was indebted for support to nothing but a strap passed across the luggage on the roof of the coach, of which I contrived to take a firm

hold, at the length of my outstretched arm. Repent I certainly did, and heartily wished myself imprisoned again; but as the beauty of the vale opened on us, all thought both of danger and uneasiness vanished. It appears like a dream, when I recal our rapid flight through that enchanting region. Our road was a continued sweep downwards, a perpetual curve, every gradual turn of which revealed some new feature; but all in the same style of magnificence. The bank on the left is a mountain, abrupt, and so richly wooded, that the trees which continually struck our heads with their luxuriant boughs seemed to rise into the sky. Occasionally an open space occurred, and then we saw the naked mountains where the copper mines are worked, with all their gigantic and varied machinery displayed. To the right, we were sometimes enclosed as on the other side; but frequent openings, leading the eye downwards into a dell, gave such a succession of delicious views that I was transported almost beyond taking due care to preserve my delicate equilibrium. A stream, so rich, so full, so wildly playful, seemed to race us on the other side of a beautiful hedgerow, above which rose at short intervals a line of noble trees; then the lovely stream wound away, encircling a level sward of green—real Irish emerald green, in the deepest, softest, coolest excess of

that refreshing hue. It strolled past one of those ancient round towers, the sight of which brought home to my very soul the fact of being in Ireland; for I had not seen one since I quitted it thirteen years ago. Again the road became a close vista of lofty trees; and when they next opened, the picture to the right was changed into a strand of clear pebbles, upon which meandered most irregularly some shallow rivulets crossing each other's path, a picturesque bridge being thrown over near the spot. This was the Meeting of the Waters, as I learned from the coachman, who seemed to enjoy my delight almost as much as I enjoyed the scenery that called it forth. It was impossible to restrain the exclamation, 'First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea,' which always awakens a response in the bosoms of these ardent people. Oh why will we allow them to hate us as a nation, while we hold the gift that would attach them in the closest bonds of love and peace for ever!

After admiring the pretty little fishing town of Arklow, and sending some home-bound thoughts over the fine expanse of sea that unexpectedly appeared, studded with many a tawny sail, and slender boat, I resigned my elevated seat, with abundance of hearty and sincere acknowledgements to the accommodating party, and thence-

forward from the interior of the coach the prospect was nothing, until we arrived at the Glen of the Downs, a spot that would again have tempted me outside but for the discovery that one of the leaders was so restive as to endanger an overset, in which case the situation I should have occupied would be one of extreme peril. I did not feel justified in encountering it. You will not, therefore, hear any more about Wicklow, save that I can bear witness to the great beauty of some mountains that rose on the northern verge of the country. On pointing one of them out to my English comrade, I received this characteristic reply: 'It is very fine; but just now I would rather see a pudding of the same size.' In fact, we had been travelling eight hours on the strength of a light breakfast; and though I had forgotten to be hungry, the young gentleman had not. By this time I had formed a travelling acquaintanceship with a fellow-passenger. He had seen me deposit my bible in a pocket of the coach, previous to mounting the outside; and when after expressing great admiration at the glimpse afforded us of the Glen of the Downs, I proceeded to deplore the contrast between Ireland's natural beauty and the moral deformity overspreading her neglected population, he pointed to that pocket, emphatically remarking, 'The cure for all this sin and wretch-

edness is there.' This, of course, led to a very animated conversation in which he gave the fullest confirmation, the result of his own experience, to all that I have advanced, and much more that I hope yet to state on the subject. In fact, the surprising beauty of this land, together with the noble monuments of a very high antiquity that perpetually cross your path, aided by the recollection that it is just off the coast of England, and has for seven centuries been considered an integral part of her kingdom, will force upon your mind the consideration of a problem that admits but of one solution—the actual state of those who form the mass of Ireland's population. If the theme is wearisome in its constant recurrence on paper, what must it be in the exhibition of its living reality—in the wretched hovel, the squalid rags, the care-worn, poverty-stricken aspects that cast a blighting shadow upon the gorgeousness of even Wicklow scenery. Tourists in general avoid the subject, or advert to it in the way of commiserating regret that so it should be : they cannot avoid seeing how grievously wounded is their poor brother, and robbed too ; but they pass by on the other side, anxious to be delivered from so painful a sight. Few are the Samaritans who will pause to examine the hurt, for the purpose of administering a remedy, or apprizing others of the case to the end

that a fitting remedy may be applied. Mr. Inglis went into many details, with a most laudable desire to discover and make known the origin of this acknowledged misery. He judged rightly and spoke truly as to the neglect of landlords, with its attendant evils of unjust, oppressive agency, and a tenantry debarred the common rights of mankind; but he discerned not the hand employed by night to unravel the work of day-light benevolence; he entered not into the chambers of that secret conspiracy which prevails to render the best efforts of the best landlords abortive, because the interests of those veiled magicians require a distressed, a discontented peasantry to carry forward their own nefarious designs. Inglis was a very clever man, and a kind-hearted one; but he was altogether a man of the world, who never carried his inquiries or anticipations beyond what he could look upon with the bodily eyes of a philanthropist. Had he pursued the same route some five and thirty years sooner, he would have possessed a clue to the grand secret of what pained and perplexed him so much in 'Ireland, in 1834.' The acuteness would presently have directed him to that quarter unsuspected because unknown to his experience, whence emanated the former horrors that, at different periods, have disfigured the land with blood: and he would have been tempted to inquire whether

the unchanged aspect of the population, their unaltered ignorance, bigotry and hatred of any thing English, might not be traceable to the unchangeableness of a system that, whoever or whatever may ostensibly bear rule, is notoriously the governing power among that class of people.

On the other hand, Mr. Noel experienced the force of first impressions. His observations, it seems, commenced at Drogheda, where he took for his guide and informant, 'a civil and intelligent tradesman,' of the Romish creed. Whether this worthy citizen consulted with his spiritual directors as to the best plan of meeting the case—to them rather a startling one—of a pious, literary, influential English clergyman avowedly come over to investigate that delicate point, the origin of Irish evils, we cannot do more than surmise; but it is sufficiently clear that with admirable tact the individual gave an adroit turn to the course of his visitor's inquiries, and slipped the whiskey-shop so effectually between his penetrating eye and the mass-house, that it engrossed thenceforth the traveller's attention almost exclusively. I have not yet seen Drogheda, nor do I know any thing of its size; but I hope to take it in my route, and to judge whether it be of sufficient bulk or importance to account for the extraordinary fact stated by Mr. Noel's informant: viz. that he, the tradesman

aforesaid, failed in his praiseworthy attempt at reforming the whole population by becoming in his own person a member of a Temperance Society, and giving the weight of his influence to a canvass for signatures to the pledge. It seems indeed that many, with the good nature that renders it difficult for an Irishman to say no, did relent and sign: but the evil habit had obtained too great an ascendency to be easily laid aside, and they relapsed. The worthy tradesman 'saw it to be useless, and accordingly withdrew.' The people of Drogheda continued intemperate: the usual characteristics of the lower classes remained unchanged, they were still idle, dissolute, dirty, lawless, impoverished. All this was clearly shown, no doubt, to be solely attributable to the failure of the Temperance Society plan: had that succeeded, the people would have become moral, industrious, peaceable, loyal: would have eschewed Ribbonism, and built pig-sties. This was held out as an epitome of all Ireland: and by a deduction as incontrovertible as the premises were just, all Ireland's ills would vanish along with the last exhalation of the last tumbler of whiskey-punch that should taint her atmosphere with its noxious fumes.

Such was the beautiful theory sketched out by the patriotic man of Drogheda. Alas, that any

thing so goodly should exhibit but the baseless fabric of a vision. Independent of the fact that, fetter as you will a member of that church with oaths, not to say mere nominal pledges, a nod in the confessional leaves him free and fearless to smile at the broken fragments of his bonds; I never yet found that lopping away the topmost branches of a vigorous tree, would reach the vitality of its root. Drunkenness is the most wide-spread, the most conspicuous, most debasing fruit of the national upas here; but the root lies below, hidden deep beneath the surface; and he who would permanently smite the branches, must dig into its dark abode, bare the accursed fibres, and with a strong arm rend them forth from their lurking place, no more to pollute the soil that they usurp, transforming its healthful juices into deadly poison, and circulating them through the boughs whose goodly shadow murders where it falls. The palpable device practised on an unsuspicious, because an honourable, an upright, and a most benevolent and pious man, succeeded so far as to inspire the operator with some hope of convincing him that, as whiskey was the sole origin of Irish misery and sin, so the church of Rome was the Catholic church, the great spiritual Temperance Society, the panacea for all present error and future woe!

Here, however, he could not succeed: he had a Christian to deal with, who, though throughout his book he by some oversight concedes to the Romish church that term to which she has no claim whatever, still knows her to be the mother and mistress of all abominations, the destroyer of man, and the enemy of God. In this part of his undertaking, therefore, the Drogheda tradesman utterly failed.

Our travelling friend was evidently a gentleman of high intelligence, who had seen much, and reflected not a little on the subject that engrossed my mind. He too, had taken both history and prophecy to aid him in reading the mysterious pages of the present day; and strongly expressed his conviction, that our only help must come from the name of the Lord, proclaimed according to his appointed way throughout the land. The congregated swarm of beggars who besieged the coach at the commencement of our last stage, led us also to the topic of an equitable provision for the outcast poor; and here too I was much gratified to find a coincidence of opinion. We entered Dublin at last, and I found myself once more among familiar scenes. Hitherto my journey had been on ground untrod before. Waterford, Wexford, Wicklow, were perfectly new to me: not so Dublin. Personal feeling became so strong, as I

looked upon its well-remembered outlines, that even the theme on which I had been conversing lost its absorbing interest, and self predominated. We crossed Stephen's Green, thrown open into a more visible expanse by the removal of the noble trees that once shaded its ample inclosure; but no improvement thoroughly reconciles me to the loss of an old tree, much less of a long and stately line like that which has been levelled here. We passed the hotel whence with an aching heart I last took my departure for England, and after leaving the coach, and vainly inquiring for a covered conveyance, I once more mounted the national car, to present myself, an unexpected guest, at the house of a dear old friend. Of course you will again denounce as an instance of blind partiality my oft-repeated assertion, that London can shew nothing to equal the line of street stretching from College Green to Rutland Square. At all hazards I reiterate it; although the English metropolis has added to her architectural displays the striking features of Regent Street, and Park, Belgrave Square, and the Carlton Place buildings, since last I saw Dublin. I cannot yield the palm: I cannot find a competitor for the *coup d'œil* that appears, when emerging from Grafton Street, you behold on your right the massive, compact, severe looking old University, with its advanced ground, a lofty

wall of a most frowning aspect, with here and there a tree flinging its patriarchal arm over the rampart; on your left the fine opening of the so-called green, which is an exceedingly wide street stretching away in perspective, while in the most central point William of Orange bestrides his horse, apparently but little hurt by his recent fall from the very high pedestal that supports him. The corner of this street is occupied by the magnificent bank, formerly the parliament house of Ireland. You have seen good prints of this extraordinary building, and have allowed it to be beautiful: but unless you beheld the thing itself, contrasted in the lightsomeness of its noble aspect with the unadorned solidity of the grave college; unless you saw with what exquisite gracefulness it sweeps round, transforming that angular corner of two streets into a gentle curve, unless you could witness the effect of its grove of Ionic and Corinthian columns, clustering over an extent of one hundred and forty-seven feet in length, with the elegant cornices, the sculptured frieze, the light balustrade, the majestic porticoes, the combination of all that is rich, grand, and chaste, which entirely covers an acre and a half of ground,—unless you could really look upon all this, my good friend, I deny your capability for forming any opinion on the subject.

But this is only the foreground, right and left. Straight on you look through Westmoreland Street, a short but very wide thoroughfare, worthy of its entrance, and terminating in Carlisle bridge, the easternmost of the elegant structures thrown across the Liffey, up to the pier of which extend the forest of masts, like that of our own Thames at London Bridge, though of course not so numerous, nor is the river of such a mighty width. Hence the unwavering line, direct as an arrow's flight, is still carried on through the long, broad noble avenue of Sackville Street, terminating in the Lying-in hospital, the Rotunda, and the rising gardens of Rutland Square, which, standing on a sudden ascent, throws its luxuriant vegetation high and wide, giving a finish to the picture that nothing else could have bestowed. In the centre of Sackville Street, not far from the bridge, stands the fluted column, upwards of 120 feet high, which bears a colossal statue of Lord Nelson; and to the left of this the General Post Office, worthy, for the chaste grandeur of its design and nobleness of execution, to stand so near the Bank. This street was formerly the abode of the Irish aristocracy, when Ireland was a nation, and had a senate of her own. Privileges that she might still enjoy, but for the diabolical spirit of that system which, calling itself a religion, recks not to

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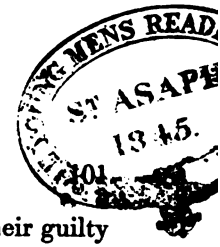


what it may expose its votaries, so that their guilty tumults and throes of agony assist to heave it into political supremacy. Striking in beauty and magnificence as is the scene I am thus lingering upon, even these fade before the awful interest that clings around it. Those dark college bulwarks frowned defiance on James Stuart's efforts to force an unprincipled man, his fellow-tool in the hands of popery, upon their Protestant establishment. They lifted no hostile hand against the fugitive prince, who came to regain in Ireland the throne that in England he had abdicated: but they firmly resisted the invasion of their rights, and sooner than compromise those rights, or tarnish their Protestant faith, they permitted their house to be assaulted by armed troops, their treasures to be seized, themselves imprisoned or thrust out, and the peaceful chambers of science and divinity to become a barrack for licentious troops. Then the Bank—I should never get beyond it, if I were once to let loose my pen on the subject. The extinction of the Irish parliament, which had for sixty years occupied that building, would lead me back beyond the limit of six hundred if I ventured into the track—I must turn from it. Sad enough it is, in passing on, to realize the fact that the stately abodes of Ireland's aristocracy know their former possessors no longer. Lines of noble

houses, converted into hotels, shops, and public institutions, announce what Dublin has been, and too vividly declare what Ireland is. A resident, wealthy, enlightened aristocracy, attached to their country, and rightly informed as to their true interests—a representation purged of the old leaven of malice and wickedness that wrought destruction here, and is now fulfilling the same work in Westminster,—a church, built up and strengthened by the hand of righteous authority, with those very men for her ministers who now in persecution and affliction maintain their posts among her ruins—Oh, might I but live to see such a day for poor Ireland! But it is a vision flitting by, like the summer clouds that have passed over me while I penned the thought; beautiful, unsubstantial, and gone for ever.

From the further corner of Sackville Street the distance was short that brought me to the dwelling, to the arms of one whose joy at the unlooked-for visit proved how little a protracted absence, and long neglect too, had prevailed to abate her sisterly affection. I am settled here, enjoying her hospitality for perhaps a week; and shall have a little time to look about me. You are not, however, to expect much in the descriptive way, as regards the peculiar features of Dublin. Illustrations both from the graver and the press abound; and my

object is not to fill a certain number of sheets with a due proportion of words and lines, but to record what I can of the present doings in this great focus of light, which sends forth many a ray into the remotest corners of the land. Here are fixed the head-quarters of those valuable societies which unite in building a barrier against the advancing foe. Many changes have occurred since I was last here. Old friends have dispersed, or have gone to see Him whom unseen they loved and served; while new faces occupy posts formerly held by those whose features I shall behold no more. It is delightful, however, to know that among the latter are very many who were walking in darkness and in folly, without hope and without God in the world, now brought nigh by the blood of the cross, and faithfully serving God in the gospel of his Son. The increase of vital piety here is very great. A little one has become a thousand, through the abundant blessing given to the efforts of a few faithful men, twenty years ago; and when I see so many instruments raised up, can I doubt that the Lord has a work to achieve in the land?

By the way, I have been advised to say as little as possible to mark the distinctions between nominal and vital Christianity. I am told that other books have been received and read far more ex-

tensively, by means of a little prudent reserve on the part of their writers, who kept back what might excite the scorn of carnal minds, and thus prevent their well-meaning representations from being attended to in high quarters. This is well adapted to the master-spirit of the day—expediency; but until I find in my Bible some sanction for it, I dare not either in lip or pen be a dissembler. Let such as doubt the reality of the truths which they profess to believe, disguise or conceal them: I believe—therefore do I speak. God will never put honour upon any other course than that which, proceeding from an open acknowledgment of Christ crucified, has for the avowed end of all its efforts, Christ glorified.

One of my first movements here was to visit again that rich magazine of spiritual stores, the Religious Tract and Book Society's depôt, in Upper Sackville-street. Many and sweet are the recollections that endear it to me: it was there that I first learned to wield an humble weapon in the Lord's service, and to experience how events in themselves painful and untoward could be made to work together for good to myself and others. In the hour of affliction, depression, I may almost say of destitution, there it was that I found not only Christian sympathy for the then present, but cheering encouragement to enter upon a path of

honest industry, with the prospect of independence, and, as the Lord might vouchsafe to bless the labour, usefulness to his cause, and to the dear people of this land, yet sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. I could not without strong emotion re-enter the open doors, and look round upon the accumulated treasures of spiritual knowledge ranged about me. Truly that house is to me somewhat of the nature of Jacob's pillar; and to the God of Jacob, the Angel who redeemed him from all evil, the Guide who led him all his life long, my heart ascended in thankful acknowledgment that, as with him, so it had been with me. The institution has wrought an immense amount of solid good in the land, not only among the poor, but peculiarly in the higher ranks of society. Its publications, restrained as they are within the bounds of an excellent code of printed rules, and subjected to the searching scrutiny of a most able committee, cannot but be select: the numerous reprints of standard old writings, or rather the concentrated forms in which their spirit is exhibited, have done much towards raising the tone of religious principle and practice; while their tracts, carefully adapted to the spiritual wants of the mingled population, Romish or nominally Protestant, carry the purest scriptural doctrine, like good seed, to many a spot of rich but neglected

soil. The Tract and Book Society is a valuable instrument in promoting the knowledge of the truth, and its utility in following up the work of the various schools is incalculable.

To many a sharp trial has the faith of its conductors been exposed; and often does the menace of an entire stoppage overhang the machinery, through the failure of funds; resulting partly from the lukewarmness of public support, and partly from the multiplicity of demands on the purse of Christian beneficence. Ireland is very poor, view her how you will, except in natural beauty, and in the good works of her believing children: and if those in England who, without the stimulus of personal observation, stretch forth a helping hand to her, could see all that I have seen, and learn all that I have learned, both of the need for and the value of their generous aid, they would thank God, and take courage, and abound more and more.

From this establishment, after enjoying a delightful interview with one of mine and Ireland's best friends, whom I found where I left him thirteen years ago, at his post, voluntarily and indefatigably employed in promoting the welfare of the society to which he has long devoted himself and all that he has—I proceeded to the neighbouring house appropriated to the offices of different religious associations. In one of these I

met and conversed with a fine intelligent youth, the son of an Irish clergyman, who has been admitted into the school at Edgeworthtown. It is a great disappointment to me to find that indispensable business still detains the dean of Ardagh in England; for I was to have been his guest, and to have gone into all the details, and examined all the operations of that important institution. This I must now abandon; but it is a pleasure to have received from the lips of a pupil a full confirmation of all that I believed and hoped respecting it. You are aware that when the recent desperate effort was made to crush the Church of Ireland by starving her ministers at their posts, it was overruled, among other good things, to the establishment of a school where, for a sum little more than nominal, a number of the sons of these oppressed clergymen proportioned to the amount of its funds, are received, boarded, and most liberally educated, with a view to mercantile, literary, or scientific pursuits, according to the bent of their own or parents' inclinations. A large class is set apart for entrance into college; such of them as look forward to the sacred ministry being carefully instructed in the Irish language, that key to all usefulness among the native population throughout a great extent of territory, and that in the darkest quarters of the land.

Thus has the rude shaking of the parent plant occasioned a deposit of much precious seed upon a soil where it promises to yield fruit a hundred fold. Sanctified afflictions have always produced signal blessings to the church of Christ; the individual sufferings of Joseph, and the general persecution that followed Stephen's martyrdom were alike glorious in their results; and is it not cheering to trace the same untiring hand of providential love still overruling for good the troubles of his people, and compelling the wrath of their enemies to praise him.

I have named the Irish language, and you are doubtless prepared to hear a great deal on the subject of the Irish Society, now that I am at the central point of their operations. Strictly speaking, that distinction belongs not to Dublin, but to Kingscourt; and one of the greatest disappointments I have encountered results from the lamented indisposition of a dear friend, which has laid her fast by the sea-side, when I had hoped to visit with her that scene of her assiduous labours. Neither Kingscourt, Edgeworthtown nor Achill, can now be included in my route; and the absence from town, at this sultry season, of all who can escape to the country, while the inland inhabitants have hastened to the coast, leaves me to make what I can of a contracted sphere of observation.

A miniature Kingscourt I have, however enjoyed: for on going to the house of the Rev. Mr. Pendleton, the secretary and devoted helper of that society, I found him, though confined by illness to his study, busily engaged in encouraging to the work three interesting peasants, delivered from the thraldom of Popery, and preparing to go forth with that polished weapon, the Irish Scriptures, to assail the strong holds from which they had escaped. My heart overflowed with contentment as I looked on these men: their simple, yet sparkling countenances, the earnestness of their attention while listening to their instructor, the fervent response that lightened every feature of their faces into joyous animation, when I spoke my thankfulness on their behalf, and implored them to labour without ceasing for the souls of their brethren after the flesh,—all fell like a refreshing shower on my spirit, wrought as it was into feverish excitement by contemplating the immensity of the demand, the paucity of means to meet it. Sweetly did the passage recur to mind, "There is no restraint with the Lord, to save by many or by few." A single individual, endowed with the Pentecostian gift of tongues, was the means of converting three thousand in one day; and here was the same gift, not indeed conferred miraculously, but graciously consecrated to the same end,

of making known to the people, in their own language, wherein they were born, the wonderful works of God. Two of the converts were young men, recently brought out of bondage; the third was a veteran in the service, rejoicing anew in his own deliverance, while he blessed the Lord for theirs.

And from what were they delivered? Glance back on the fearful scenes from which I have ventured partially to lift the veil, while writing on Wexford. Had I withdrawn it farther, you could hardly have endured the exhibition. It was from a liability to be called on for such services as were there performed by the wretched peasantry, that the men before me were delivered. From the secret oath that bound them to murder; from the midnight rendezvous of hardening preparation for that task; from the mutterings of rebellious discontent, the groanings of unmitigated distress, the execrations of unrestrained rage, the incoherent ribaldry of habitual drunkenness,—from all these they were delivered; and they were brought to rejoice in a bond of universal love to God and man, to meet their assembled countrymen with a message of mercy and peace, to receive with thankfulness at the Lord's hand whatever portion he might see good to mete out to them, and to use their tongues as instruments to shew forth his

glory and praise, in a walk of sobriety, charity, and holiness. In this transition from the power of Satan to the kingdom of God, they well knew that they were to become a mark for persecution, violence, personal injury, and perhaps a cruel death; for it is a fact, that there are few among these devoted missionary peasants who do not bear in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus, in visible scars from the fierce attacks to which their undertaking exposes them; and several have been barbarously murdered—a noble little army of martyrs, of small account with men, but Oh! how precious in the sight of Him for whose sake they are willing to die, not counting their lives dear unto them, so that they may declare unto their deluded brethren the unsearchable riches of Christ!

From Mr. Pendleton I received most delightful reports of the progress made in this work. It is beyond all others a DEBT, for the non-payment of which we shall have to yield up a tremendous account, if we see not to it while yet there is time. You are aware of the terms on which Henry II. undertook the conquest of this country. A church, planted by the hands either of an Apostle or his immediate successor, existed in Ireland for centuries before the apostacy of the Romish see revealed "that wicked" who has for upwards of twelve hundred years usurped it, and made war

upon the saints.[1] Patrick was a Roman Briton, a member of the pure scriptural church in which Alban was the protomartyr; and the doctrine which he proclaimed in Ireland, not later than the fourth century, was that of the undefiled Gospel. To the people of this country he became exceedingly dear, and his memory was held in such veneration among them, that when the Romish apostacy resolved to direct one of its poisoned streams through Ireland, their emissary Palladius adopted the name of Patrick, and commenced his mission in 430, professing to hold the same truths with that eminent teacher of righteousness, and thus laying the foundation for a confusion of the two individuals which involves the early history of the Irish church in such darkness and perplexity. Still the corrupting process, aided by continual machinations on the part of the Vatican, was so impeded by the attachment of the Irish to their pure ancient church, and by the independent spirit of the clergy, that so late as 1156 Pope Adrian was obliged to avail himself of the filial piety of our second Henry, to propagate with fire and sword the holy doctrines of his apostolic see.[2] Artramont, Castle Cairrig, and the other stately ruins that frowned on us in solitary grandeur from

[1] See Appendix D. [2] See Appendix E.

amid the groves and gardens of those beautiful banks of Slaney, marked the advancing steps of popish aggression; and many more of like character I am probably to meet in the course of my rambles. Wherever the British sword prevailed, the Romish crucifix was planted; the voice of Gospel truth, already much weakened, and giving forth an uncertain sound, was totally silenced: and the man of sin, with his hosts of cowled monks, begging friars, and tyrannical priests, over-ran the soil, like the Egyptian plague of frogs—

'Till the land stank, so numerous was the fry.

Retribution—what thinking mind can term it otherwise? has overtaken us. Our fathers invaded Ireland for the avowed purpose of fettering the people to the chariot wheel of Popery. They succeeded: Ireland became the very hot bed of that evil, her children its most assiduous cultivators and propagators. Centuries rolled on: England, awakened from her fatal dream, burst her own bonds, but neglected to remove the manacles with which she had loaded her poor sister. This her sin has found her out, in a manner calculated to make the earth tremble and fear before the just God. The Popery that she fastened upon Ireland makes the latter a continual thorn in her side, yea, an adder in her path, and that of her

race who have settled in it. The Protestantism that she rooted out is now the object of their implacable hatred, whose fathers were despoiled of the blessing. It is nothing else than trifling with the Most High, and making light of his eternal attributes, to devise schemes for restoring peace to this country while her population remain in the attitude of war against the Lamb, thirsting for the blood of his saints. As to the notion of dispelling this tenfold night by letting the twinkling glimmer of rationality play upon it through the chinks of 'useful knowledge' contrivances, apart from spiritual instruction, I can only account for it by remembering how invariably men professing to be wise have become fools, whenever they took upon themselves to discover a more excellent way than the Lord himself has appointed, for carrying into effect his divine plans of government.

The debt of duty which we owe to the Irish people is to break the shackles that our fathers imposed on them: all the political projects, and expedient contrivances ever broached, merely tend to gild those shackles. Still dragged at the chariot wheel of impious Rome, the poor victims must go wheresoever she will, and execute whatsoever she commands. Clad or naked, housed or shelterless, fed or famished, sober or drunk, they must do her

bidding. In the lowest debasement of ignorance, or replenished to the lips with unsanctified 'useful knowledge,' their mental and moral subjugation is perfect; their conscience enthralled, their actions, their words, their very thoughts under the despotic control of those who assume to overrule the decrees of the Eternal, as well they may, when they affect to create his substance out of a piece of dough, and compel their wretched slaves to worship the work of their hands. Can a fraction of our awful debt be paid while such a state of things is allowed to continue? Nothing short of judicial blindness can lead to so futile a hope. No—a quenched Gospel was the origin of all these calamities, this Egyptian darkness; and a rekindled Gospel, casting its glorious beams far and wide over the isle, can alone restore light, alone bring peace, and induce prosperity.

This leads us to the point where I delight to rest, and to look abroad upon a brightening prospect. "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?" asks the apostle of the Gentiles; "and how shall they hear without a preacher?" Again, the same inspired messenger declares, "If I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh, a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me." These two short passages, taken in

their obvious connection with each other and with the subject before me, are worth a volume of human reasoning. Our work is to restore the Gospel to these people in the tongue that they understand; and to accomplish this object, the Irish Society was instituted. The only question therefore is, How far has success crowned its operations? The answer is, Just as far as those operations have been carried.

With a large map of Ireland spread on the table before us, we traced the extent of the society's quiet work, its schools and districts, and delightful was the account given of each attempt, with its accompanying Eben-ezer. The ladies' auxiliary, for supporting and supplying teachers, is rendering important service; and the little islands so long neglected off the western coast, are beginning to send forth the voice of praise. The Achill mission, like a noble plant wholly of a right seed, strikes deep root, and gathers strength from the storms that assail it; while the hitherto wild, lawless, and discouraging region of Kerry is the scene of a work that will ere long astonish and shame such faint-hearted doubters as the boldest of us yet are. In fact we are addressed as of old, "Only believe." No believing effort proves abortive; and bold as the assertion may appear I make it deliberately, that if the Irish Society had means

to extend its labours wherever the language is spoken, the most superstitious, bigoted and hostile portion of the native population, would stand foremost in exhibiting the reverse of these characteristics. It is remarkable that a far richer and more extensive blessing attends the preaching of the gospel in Irish among the Irish-speaking Romanists, than the same thing in English among those who speak the latter. The fact may be difficult to account for; but it is undeniable. I will give you here two instances where the priests artfully endeavoured to bring English scripture to support their false system, but were defeated by a reference to the Irish.

One of these false prophets, arguing with an Irish reader, maintained that the word 'mass' was to be found in the New Testament, and in proof adduced the passage, "the whole mass is leavened." This would have puzzled one who had no learning of his own, and no other language to refer to; but the Irish Bible was consulted, and at once gave the clear signification of the term. Another poor teacher was harder pressed; the priest said to him, 'You ought not to withdraw from the Roman church, the mother of all the churches. These Protestant churches are quite modern; they cannot apply to themselves some of the most important passages in the Bible.' The

teacher inquired which of the promises the Protestant church could not claim; to which the cunning priest replied, ' "The Lord of hosts is with us"—the Protestant churches cannot apply that.' ' Why not, sir?' ' Why, because they do not worship, or know any thing about the host; and therefore they have no right to apply to themselves that promise "the Lord of host is with us."' Here, again, the simple unlettered countryman had an answer provided; his Irish scriptures informed him that host had another meaning besides the conjured wafer. You or I might laugh at such an absurd play upon words; but when we consider how wholly uninformed, and how beyond the reach of such common information these poor peasants are, the wicked perversions of the priests assume a formidable character; and the safeguard provided against them a very important one.

Do you remember the volumes in brickdust-coloured boarding, that you saw me so busily pondering on, not long ago—Sir W. Betham's Irish antiquarian researches, with the fac simile of those elaborately illuminated MSS, which you rashly pronounced unreadable by mortal man or woman? These were accurate representations of copies of the gospels, in the Latin language, and Irish character preserved through successive

generations in some of the first among Irish families in point of rank and respectability. Of their authentic antiquity there cannot exist a rational doubt; and by them is the fact placed beyond dispute, that Ireland possessed and cherished the word of God long, very long before the corruptions of Popery had begun to taint even Rome itself. Is it not marvellous that in spite of the continued endeavours to root it out, the same language in which the word of salvation was first preached to these interesting people, at the very latest, fifteen hundred years ago, should still so prevail and be so cherished among them, as to render even priestly influence unavailing to bar its access to their ear and heart, when proclaimed again in the same loved tongue. Truly I think we may say of the native Irish language what we are constrained to say of the Irish Protestant church—that in the face of all assailants it seems to bear this protecting warrant, "Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it."

Do not imagine that I have been moved from my former position, as to the primary importance of scriptural schools, and the absolute necessity for a legal provision, to rescue the people from their present degraded and desperate state. A new-born child requires three things, air, nourishment, and clothing. If I say the infant can-

not live, unless you allow it breath and covering; it does not follow that I suppose they will suffice, without the addition of proper nutriment. One grand error in scheming for poor Ireland, is the niggardly hand with which necessaries of different descriptions are dealt out. One projector recommends one thing, and his neighbour another, when both are alike necessary. See what a goodly company of kindred charities harmoniously unite to render the English peasantry what they are. Fair wages; good public instruction, perfectly intelligible to him; equal laws, which while they protect the poor man from oppression, also withhold him from outrage; schools for his children, hospitals for his sick, alms-houses for his aged, and a fair field of honest competition in every branch of industry. Concerning each of these it may be said, "This ought ye to do, and not to leave the others undone," with regard to the Irish poor. Give them with one hand the lamp of truth, while with the other you open to them a path of tolerable comfort and respectability—you will soon learn the efficacy of such a proceeding. It has been tried individually, and in communities too, with complete success. I am told that in the north I shall see farther proof of this.

Another admirable institution for which I feel warmly interested, is prospering also:—the Clare-

mont establishment for the deaf and dumb. When I say it is prospering, I do not mean that its finances equal the demand on its philanthropic efforts; but that, so far as they can be carried, ample success crowns them. Did you ever hear the rise of the Dublin Deaf and Dumb Asylum? I have been enjoying a pleasant day with my old friend the benevolent originator; and had the farther gratification of meeting at his house the object of his single, but most prolific attempt. The young man was rejoiced at again seeing me, and his conversation, very rapidly carried on by means of the finger alphabet, satisfied me that the labour of our excellent friend had not been in vain in the Lord.

Years ago, Dr. Orpen, in the course of his professional attendance on a charitable institution in Dublin, frequently remarked a most forlorn looking little creature, sad and abstracted, huddled up in the chimney corner; inquiring who he was, he learned from the women around that the boy was deaf and dumb, a friendless, helpless little outcast. The christian compassion of the doctor was deeply moved: he longed to alleviate the child's wretchedness, but how? No institution existed in Ireland for the relief of that dreadfully afflicted class; and to impose on himself such a burden, such a task, with the mere possibility of

succeeding, was not clearly his duty. Still he attended the infirmary, and still the cheerless apparition of poor little Collins haunted him on his return home. He took courage, asked a blessing from on high, and removed the child to his residence. Long and perseveringly did this good man labour in secret for the improvement of his charge, nor did he fail in his efforts. At the end of a year, whether of one year or two I am not quite certain, he assembled a party of gentlemen at the Rotunda, related the circumstance, and exhibited his pupil. The progress made by the little lad was extraordinary; and when Dr. Orpen, taking advantage of the emotion excited by the boy's appearance and attainments, pathetically pleaded the cause of his partners in affliction, with a powerful appeal to their compassionate sympathy, a contribution was raised, and a society formed on the spot, which so prospered as to be soon enabled to purchase the spacious dwelling and grounds at Claremont, and there have many deaf mutes received instruction; the number of admissions being of course regulated by the state of their funds. I regret extremely not being able to visit it again now: many delightful hours I passed there formerly, conversing with the children, and their worthy, able, benevolent master, Mr. Humfreys. Collins was then head boy in the school;

for Dr. Orpen placed him there as a pattern and encouragement for the rest. He is now a journeyman printer, and doing very well in his business. It was most touching to witness his look and manner, when I asked him, did he not love Dr. Orpen? A rapid glance took in the whole domestic circle, the Doctor, his partner, and their eight fine boys—all being additions to a batchelor's establishment since we met,—then an upturned look and clasped hands prefaced the short reply, 'I do;' imparting to it an eloquence that mere words could not have boasted. It brought most vividly to my recollection one who was with me when last I saw Collins; a deaf mute, now hearing and joining in the hallelujahs of heaven.

Perhaps you will inquire of me whether the Claremont institution is a proselyte-making establishment. I cannot say that it is, in itself; but the Bible is freely studied there, and it rarely, if ever, happens that a pupil who has been at Claremont will consent to attend mass after leaving it. Nothing but the notable plan of mutilation will prevent that book from enlightening the youthful mind. Despite of all the wisdom of this prodigiously wise age, the entrance of God's word WILL give light and understanding to the simple. "Extracts," such as the National Board use, may very well leave the ignorant soul where they find it, or

wrapped in a deeper delusion. The devil knew how to wield such a weapon: *he* took extracts, and made a slight verbal alteration or two, as the worthy translators have done in their class-book; and then used it to oppose the work, and to grieve the spirit of Christ; but a whole Bible he never would venture to bring forward; nor do his agents at all approve the Claremont plan. If they did, I should be tempted to doubt very much its efficacy.

Another pleasant evening we passed at the Castle—not, I assure you, with Lords Mulgrave or Morpeth, but with that loyal old Protestant soldier, Major Sirr, whose fine museum of antiquities, and every description of rarities, far exceeded my expectation, highly as it was raised. Among the most interesting natural curiosities, were some exquisite specimens of the rocks in Achill, transparent amethysts they seemed, of some feet in circumference. It was sweet to think that the island, which had long been spiritually afflicted, tossed with tempests and not comforted, was now having her stones laid with fair colours, and her foundations with sapphires. (Isai. liv. 11.) Many relics I saw of the earliest days of Ireland's history, both martial and regal, some exquisitely wrought, others remarkable only for the weight of the precious metal that composed them. Nothing, however, led me back so com-

pletely to those olden days as the frame of an Irish war-harp, such as the minstrels bore to the battle-field. This was of oak, almost black with age, rude, but perfect in form, and about two or three feet high. I should have liked to have borrowed it for a day, to muse over the recollections that it could not fail to excite. It was to me very touching to see the owner of these treasures, in the enjoyment of a healthful and vigorous ripeness of years, moving tranquilly among his stores, pointing out and explaining, with all the bland courtesy of a better era of manners, what was worthy of remark; and to remember through what fearful struggles he had passed, manfully braving the forefront of danger, in defence of that very castle, and of the Protestant faith and name, forty years ago. I found the Major keenly alive to the importance of the Irish language, as a means of achieving what the sword can never effect among this people; and I left the vice-regal edifice, more than ever convinced that Ireland has never yet been conquered, never will be, till the sword of the Spirit be deeply buried in her bosom.

At Bethesda, on Sunday morning, we had a valuable discourse from the Rev. John Gregg; in return for which, I most ungratefully gave him a scolding in the vestry. I never before saw him exercising his gifts any where but among the native

Irish, hundreds of whom I have assisted to collect about him in the suburbs of London, to hear the "story o' paace" in their own tongue. It made me jealous on behalf of the perishing Irish, that one so surpassingly eloquent in that language should even for a day wrap his talent in a napkin, and preach to an English-speaking congregation. I told him so; and obtained the only redress I could get, a promise that in his circuits on the home mission he would always select the most Irish district, and devote himself as much as possible to the native race. I cannot bear to see any servant of God, possessed of that incalculably precious gift—the power of addressing these lost sheep of an ancient fold, and calling them to return to the good Shepherd—employed in any other work; and little as the congregation of Bethesda might thank me, I would silence for ever, if I could, their dear pastor's English tongue, and lay him under a bond to speak Irish only to the end of his days.

The afternoon was devoted to indulging my young companion with a visit to St. Patrick's cathedral, of which I speedily repented: for though the excellent dean takes care to compel its frequenters to hear the gospel, by giving the sermon before the anthem, which is the principal attraction to that service, no power of man can force

such an assemblage as I there beheld, to assume even the outward semblance of devotion. It was painful; and I know not what would tempt me there again, while any other Protestant church is open for public worship.

Our next destination is Westmeath.

LETTER V.

COUNTY WESTMEATH.

Near Mullingar, July.

THIS almost central spot of Ireland, a centre of mournful attraction to me, was a principal object of my summer tour. After leaving Dublin, all that lay before me was unexplored ground, and every individual I could expect to meet, for some time, a stranger. With heartfelt regret I bade adieu to my hospitable friends in Dublin, and commenced the journey towards a beautifully retired spot in the heart of Westmeath, warmly invited where I was personally unknown. The canal was chosen, as offering a speedier and much more refreshing line of transit than the dusty roads. Accordingly, at nine in the morning, we English wanderers stepped into the boat, with a promise of being met, a stage short of Mullingar, and conveyed to the dwelling of our considerate entertainer. Many things concurred to render the moment of embarkation very depressing. You

may judge whether my spirits received a cheering impulse when I discovered that, with the exception of the corner which I occupied, and one over against me, the long narrow cabin was entirely filled with priests, bound, as it appeared for Maynooth. Some especial work had called them to Dublin, I suppose; and this goodly freight of eleven was returning to college. None of them had the appearance of students; all were evidently men of some standing in their vocation; and, prejudice of every kind apart, I regretted that habit of studying countenances which has from childhood made me a physiognomist, in spite of myself. Whether some untoward occurrence had called the darker passions into exercise, or whether an instinctive dislike of their company occasioned it, I know not; but looks more ominous of ill I never encountered, than from under the slouched hats and bent brows of my fellow-voyagers, during the three hours that I was pent up in their society. W., preferring the pleasant look-out from the open boat, soon left me to enjoy alone my singular privilege—singular in several respects, for I had in the portmanteau at my feet a great folio of Foxe's Acts and Monuments, in my pocket Dr. Newland's cutting exposé of the antiscriptural Education Board, and on my lap the plants that I had brought from the top of Vinegar Hill.

Fancying myself in the Holy Inquisition, I could not but think how it would fare with me had all these silent witnesses been produced, and their testimony received; nor did it require any great stretch of imagination to suppose such a juncture. Had I been a man, openly observing them and their country, asking information or taking notes, I can readily imagine how bland, how courteous, how frank and agreeable the gentlemen around me would have become; but a female plainly attired, accompanied only by a school-boy, and giving no token of reverential homage to 'the clergy,' was not calculated to induce any disguise on their part. Glances of stern displeasure, quite unprovoked, frequently crossed my view, as I took a peep towards the opposite windows. The conversation was low, and much of it in Irish, as W., who knows a little of the language, informed me. I cannot say that, with the exception of one elderly man, who looked mild and thoughtful, and said very little, there was a face that I could have wished to see again. Yet some of them were very handsome men, and all had a most gentlemanly manner and demeanour. Each was habited in black—good broadcloth it appeared, with a fresh gloss on it; each had the distinguishing badge of a Romish priest, the broad-hemmed collar of white lawn turned down,

about two inches in depth, over the upper edge of his black stock; two had clerical slouched hats, and one of these wore the habit of some monastic order, a coat rather loose, with exceedingly wide sleeves, the cuffs of which folded one over another as he sat with closed hands.

I felt as if under the influence of an uneasy dream: I strove to pray, and did pray for these destroyers of their own souls, and of the souls of the poor. I thought of our blessed Reformers, every one of whom had been as they, before the Holy Spirit enlightened their darkness; I thought of Nolan and others, actually brought up among those very individuals, yet now preaching the faith which once they destroyed. These recollections encouraged the secret prayer, but no effort would dispel the gloom that overhung me as I realized the presence of the very priests of Rome; contrasting, as I could not help doing, their expensive attire, and the look alike of high feeding and high-mindedness, with the penury, the privations, the deep depression, to which their wicked machinations had reduced the dear servants of Christ, the faithful, devoted ministers of the Irish Church. Had they assumed an aspect less dark and haughty, I might not have felt these impressions with equal force; but the reality of the case could not have been affected by any externals; and miserably

uncomfortable as it made me, I rejoiced that it was not my lot to be imposed on by the lamb's face, so easily assumed at the dragon's will. Knowing as I do what Popery is, why should I desire to behold her masked?

When the boat approached Maynooth, a general preparation for paying the fares was made. Each drew forth his money, to be in readiness for the expected demand. The silver counted out, and gathered together on the narrow table, was far from diverting my thoughts into a pleasanter channel: they sickened with two-fold pain, as I involuntarily reverted to the source of that income. Oh, what a tissue of abominations had been spread before those men in the confessional! How slightly, how treacherously, had the desperate hurt of the daughter of their people been healed by the deceptive "Go in peace."[1] I thought of the poor, despised immortals, for whose soul no man cares—of the poverty-stricken creature who, having with difficulty contrived to scrape together the stipulated sum, though but of a few pence, goes and barters it for a lie that leaves his former sins unatoned for, unrepented of, while it encourages him to the commission of more. I seemed more dis-

[1] The words with which the Romish priest dismisses the so-called penitent, who has confessed his sins, paid his dues, and departs to commence a new score.

tinctly than ever to see that fearful item in the catalogue of great Babylon's merchandize, (Rev. xviii. 13,) "and *souls of men;*" and yet again I prayed that I never might be permitted to fall into the snare of seeming to consent to, or to connive at, or to tolerate, any scheme whatever that would in its operation leave a single soul for a single day under the power of that mystery of iniquity whereof the men around me were the sworn, the active agents.

A smart jar, as we touched the pier, gave the welcome signal of release. I sat next the entrance, and as they severally brushed past me, and stooped to avail themselves of the low, narrow doorway, I did indeed breathe over each a prayer from my inmost heart, that God would convert him from the deadly error of his way. I felt a pang too of remorse for not having attempted to win them to converse on a subject that might have laid the foundation of an answer to that prayer; but, all things considered, it was really not possible. At the same time the problem appeared more inexplicable than ever, how men of learning, both human and divine, and in other instances evidently desiring to advance the Redeemer's kingdom, could pass hours on the road, yea, within the very walls of that Maynooth, and carefully avoid saying a word that might tend to the salvation of its deluded

guilty inmates; and even bargain with a more zealous companion for a silence that was pain, grief, and conscious guilt to his spirit. From all false charity and expediency-loving unfaithfulness, good Lord deliver me!

Disburdened of our priestly freight, the boat sped lightly on. I just sent a parting glance after them, as they wound, a long black line, upon the innocent green sod towards the great curse of Ireland, the foul blot of England's unrighteous legislation — Maynooth: then, without being tempted even to look upon its outline, I turned to the opposite bank, and breathed freely. We were passing through a flat country, an extent of bog frequently enclosing us on either hand, no otherwise diversified than by the clamps, or as you would call them, stacks of black turf, carefully piled up to dry and harden in the sun; and by the abodes of the turf-cutters, which being more of excavations than buildings, and roofed over with luxuriant vegetation, presented the appearance of hillocks rather than of human habitations. I was not, however, travelling in search of the picturesque, though, had I been so, there was a charm in the novelty, the lonesomeness, the interminable extent, to reconcile me to that ocean of swarthy moor, whence, in the far distance, the peak of some lofty mountain seemed to rise, like

a rock amid the waves. But other associations occupied my mind: to me, the dark desert was a field white unto the harvest. I knew that, unattractive as is its aspect, peat soil is one of the richest loams; for the most luxuriant garden I had ever possessed was a reclaimed acre of that very bog. Yet had a stranger totally unacquainted with its properties been told that the dreary monotonous waste around him would afford a more promising field for agricultural enterprize than any other land that we had yet looked upon, he would probably have returned an incredulous smile. Even so, I thought, it is with regard to the forlorn, the squalid, the half-civilized objects now moving upon its surface. Prejudice, building on mere externals of character and condition, repels the plea that would encourage to a nobler experiment than that of reclaiming bog-land. Not only among the gentry of England, but among those of Ireland too, does this erroneous impression prevail. The attempt has never been fairly made; therefore it is concluded to be hopeless. The person who, twenty years ago should have asserted that it was practicable to lay down an iron road from London to Liverpool, and to travel the distance in eight hours, without animal assistance, would not have been regarded as a more chimerical projector than he is who says that the

turbulent Irish papist, employed in cutting turf from a bog, may himself be as effectually reclaimed, improved, and rendered fruitful in all good things as the bog itself frequently is. Yet the transit to Liverpool, under the circumstances mentioned, is no longer matter of conjecture or experiment, but will in a few months be an every-day occurrence. Alas, that such daring enterprize, such unwearied labour, such a prodigality of outlay should be eagerly brought to bear on a matter of commercial improvement and individual convenience, while all are withheld from the nobler essay of conferring present happiness and opening the gate of eternal life to the vast population of this distracted, guilty land! To drain away the black stagnations of error and bigotry, to break up the stubborn spirit beneath the gospel plough, to sow the seed of divine truth, and lay down the enclosures of equitable restraint, and build the shelter that poverty and feebleness require—is all this more impracticable than it was to bid yonder little village where they are waiting with fresh horses for our boat, rise and flourish on a tract of this extensive bog? It is alike a libel on human nature and an insult to the Most High God to assert it.

Such were my imaginings, as I leaned upon the open window, and met the smiles of innumerable lovely flowers that overhung either edge of the

canal. Occasionally a party of children whose bright merry looks contrasted strangely with the filthy tatters that scarcely veiled their light forms, would start off in a race along the side, encouraged by the halfpence that we flung in their path. One little fellow, apparently not five years old, exhibited a striking specimen of Irish energy and resolution, and reaped a proportionable reward. It was pleasant to think that the few pence so sportively earned by the poor children would help to eke out the wretched family meal. I longed to build a school on the bog, though it had been but by hollowing out a clamp of turf, and to gather these dear little lambs, and lead them to Jesus. My heart perhaps expanded more widely from the painful contraction that it had suffered during the earlier part of the day, retaining too the vivid impression of those hours. Certes, whatever else my plan of improvement might leave on the bog, Maynooth should be fairly drained out of it.

We were, of course, ascending from the level of the sea, and at every lock we had to rise. I was in the mood to take every thing in the way of an illustration, and the beautiful, imposing process by which the water obtains its level, under such circumstances furnished another type. The partition which separates the two classes in this country is altogether an artificial, an unnatural one. It

raises the one too high, and depresses the other too low. Remove the foreign influence, by first breaking its compact force and then fairly turning it away, and though you may provoke a terrible splashing, with no small noise and commotion, and a few thumps, perhaps, against the wall, you will soon be overpaid for your trouble and annoyance by the delightfully calm and united flow of the level stream. This, this is the true 'meeting of the waters.'

> When the storms that we feel in this rude world should cease,
> And our hearts like these waters flow mingled in peace.

God grant it! I will never cease praying for it while I live; nor ever cease hoping while I can pray. Take away Popery, and Ireland as she ought to be will stand out in all the beauty that is now shrouded in corruption; all the capabilities that are now perverted to the very worst purposes. Bring to the Lord the offering of this rescued people: and see whether he would not open the windows of heaven and pour us out a blessing that there should not be room enough to receive it.[1]

The higher we advanced, the more striking was the aspect of the water. I looked down, and traced to their very roots the long green stalks of the aquatic plants that gave to its surface the

[1] Malachi iii. 10.

appearance of a field rather than that of a stream, except where the constant passage of the boats kept a clear track open. The water was not merely transparent, it possessed a gleam resembling that of a brilliant topaz. The sunshine glanced back from its bed with a softened lustre; and the tinge must have been from that reflection, since the liquid itself is colourless as the purest crystal. Do you know whence that water comes? From Lough Ouel, the spot that I so long, yet dread, to visit; the scene of the heaviest calamity that ever wrung my bosom; where the sun that gladdened my early years, and brightened a darker period of existence, went down at noon. The hundred springs of Lough Ouel supply the waters that cover 1600 acres where they rise, forming the lake; and from them alone is derived the fine stream that carries the traffic of Westmeath to Dublin.

The bridge of Downs, where we found the carriage waiting for us, is only a landing-place. Our way then lay across a tract of bog, sufficiently dreary, whence it issued on pretty cross roads; and these led us to one of the finest demesnes possible. Lands reclaimed, planted, cultivated, and sprinkled with decent cabins, told well for the proprietor of the soil; a yet fairer testimony was afforded when on approaching the park-gate

a whole swarm of healthy, well-clad children issued from the grounds. The school-house I did not see; but the happy intelligent looks of the little ones, among whom were mere infants, gave promise of a rich treat in store for me,—nor was I disappointed. The mansion is spacious; a fine entrance hall always impresses me in favour of a house; and this was further beautified by the inexpressible charm of an Irish welcome. Even just within the door I was met by the lady of this fine estate, who with all the buoyancy of manner that bespeaks the active energy of a mind for many years devoted to works of benevolent usefulness, and all the graceful cordiality that wins at once affection and respect, received me not with the formal courtesy due to a stranger guest, but with the warm embrace of maternal affection best calculated to soothe a spirit at that time unavoidably wounded. For I ought to tell you, as an instance of the feeling so honourable to the Irish character, that I was invited to make a stay in this house expressly because of its proximity to Mullingar, and the facilities enjoyed by its kind owner for gratifying my wish to explore the neighbourhood. If any person does not love the Irish as I do, it is simply and solely because he does not know the Irish as I do.

Mrs. S. has taken care to fortify her house,

living as she does in the heart of a very disturbed country. If you ask for a sketch of her fortifications, it is soon given, without the aid of pencil or compasses. Her body guard is composed of a large number of those same turbulent Paddies, constantly engaged by day in various kinds of labour, on fair wages, whose cabins are often brightened and their hearts cheered by her benevolent attentions. Near the entrance by which an assailing party would probably approach, are three fortresses in the shape of exceedingly elegant little cottages, mantled with roses and honeysuckle, and garrisoned with a formidable troop in three divisions, of which the most effective, I should think, comprises warriors and amazons between the ages of three and eight years. Nothing could exceed the spirit and celerity with which this respectable corps went through their exercises, under the command of their smiling captain, Miss S. and the war-song which they lustily chaunted at the pitch of their voices, from the pages of Watts, would at least have daunted their fathers and elder brothers from prosecuting any hostile design. The other detachments were formed of older boys and girls, most of them promoted in course of service from the light infantry battalion.

These schools were of many years standing; seeing the Bible in general and evidently constant

use, I asked Mrs. S. how the priest liked her plan. She replied, smiling, Not much, she believed; but so long as the parents and children were agreed as to their coming, she made no further inquiry. In fact, the greater number of active young labourers on the property were educated by her; and the bare idea of any advantage being taken of the lonely situation of the house, and the very small proportion of male inhabitants now occupying it, excites a laugh of playful derision. Mindful of my adventure at Templeshanbo, I requested to be introduced to the watch dogs; and was gratified by being allowed to pat a most venerable specimen of a superannuated Dane, toothless, and just able to obey the kind summons that called him to the hall door. 'But surely you have others,' said I, after duly noticing the good-tempered animal. 'No,' replied Miss S. 'Mamma is not fond of pet dogs.' 'But for protection'—'Against what? we have nothing to be afraid of here.' In fact, when crossing a long corridor late that night, to leave a message with W., I found the windows entirely unfastened, no shutters closed, nor even a sash bolted down, in a place where I could myself have scaled them, without the help of a ladder, by means of the portico. The circumstance brought home to my mind the peculiarities of my dear Wexford friends' situation. As yet, open

war is not declared against the landlords, but the Protestant clergy are doomed to destruction. No extent of benevolence, no claim on the gratitude of their priest-led neighbours, can obtain for them remission of that deadly sin, the preaching of the gospel of Christ. A restraining hand is indeed laid on the fierceness of man's wrath, and the blessed work of giving scriptural instruction to the children is no doubt a powerful means, overruled for their defence: but the menace is perpetually conveyed, the sanguinary intimation given, and hostile demonstrations made, for the avowed purpose of silencing and expelling all preachers of righteousness.

I must not here say too much of what is exclusively personal. I have visited the two spots, the lake and the church-yard, and have gathered from many sources all the sad particulars that I was in quest of. I could not have believed that after a lapse of nine years, an event so unhappily common as a drowning on that most fatal, most lovely lake could be remembered, and spoken of with such vivid interest, by all classes. Yet so it is. I have, as an unconcerned stranger, introduced the subject while purchasing articles in the shops of the neat little town, and have invariably been told some touching incidents connected with the tale, or witnessed some burst of feeling, some

simple but eloquent testimony to the love that he never failed to attract during his life, and the heart-felt sorrow excited by the sad spectacle, that in all the solemn pomp of military magnificence wound its way through these streets to yonder burying ground. It seems as though the parting shot still reverberated through their habitations; so very distinct is their recollection of it all. And when the fact was betrayed, that no uninterested stranger was before them, the sympathy expressed assumed a character of tenderness that did not surprise, though it sweetly soothed me: for they are Irish.

Here I must give you an instance illustrative of the spontaneous expression of real, practical sympathy, which occurred at the time. When the event was witnessed from the shore, when the little boat upset, and the suffocating waters received their prey, a boy was dispatched for instant medical succour. On the road he was met by a gentleman driving a gig, who demanded the cause of his frantic haste, to expedite which he had thrown off his jacket. 'Don't stop me,' cried the lad, 'an officer is drowning in the lake, I am going for a doctor.' The gentleman sprang from his gig, released the horse in a moment from the heavier part of the harness, and seizing the boy, threw him across the animal, exclaiming, 'Mount,

mount and gallop.' He was obeyed, and remained by his gig in the road until the return of the stranger to whom he had thus nobly entrusted a valuable horse, in the pure impulse of a benevolent and compassionate heart.

Lough Ouel is a lovely murderer. The golden gleam that struck me in the canal, is here in double beauty: and such is the exquisite purity of the water, such the pavement of pebbles beneath, that I was assured the depth of ten feet made no perceptible difference from that of two, where I stood. Even the disturbance of the conflict with the king of terrors did not obscure the crystal beauty of the element: the man who, alas too late! drew him to the surface, told me this: and many a corroborative voice confirmed it. Strange, that from so many dreadful battle-fields he should have come forth, a conqueror and unhurt, to fall at last under the destroying power of an element so soft and sweet as is the water of this lake, surrounded by all that can convey to the mind an image of perfect tranquillity and repose. Lough Ouel is three miles in length, and in breadth about one. Its gently undulating outline leads the eye to banks that rise with a gradual swell, slightly wooded. There are several little islands rising from the water of an emerald green, and crested with tall feathery young trees.

I marked them well: for by their bearings I was directed to trace the precise spot. A young peasant, who as a boy had witnessed the event, most kindly offered to row me to it; but I could not have borne that. It was enough to stand upon the very place where the dear lifeless body was landed, and to look out and to bless God for his restraining grace. I had always dreaded the prevalence of bitterly rebellious feelings, whenever I should be permitted to visit that scene; but never was my spirit more completely bowed in resignation, submission, and a soothing conviction that it was well. The beautiful Lough, against which I had cherished so deep an enmity, looked like a friend that had gently conveyed him to his Father's house: it reflected the face of heaven on its bosom, and spoke sweet peace to my mind. Before leaving it, I dipped my hand, and tasted its waters; they were sweet and refreshing as the purest springs could make them. It was a token of reconciliation: I felt it so, and departed in peace.

The church-yard was a sorer trial; and it was encountered first. Yet there, too, alleviations were found singularly chiming in with the peculiar trains of thought that belong to his memory.

He had been a soldier from his boyhood, and

died in the midst of his routine of military duty. It happened that on the morning of my sorrowful visit, a soldier's wedding occasioned the church to be opened, and while struggling with the first intolerable agony that almost prostrated me on the grave, I was joined by the good clergyman who buried him, and afterwards by the sexton. The latter told me that being himself an old soldier, he had taken care to lay all the military whom he had buried in a close file; so that no others but officers and their families were there; and what touched my feelings more nearly, the graves could not be broken up while the church stood where it does. Another circumstance you will understand, if you remember how peculiarly I have from infancy associated the sweet flower of May with him, who was born in the middle of that month. The church-yard of Mullingar is, in one part, a thicket of hawthorn trees; and every summer gust during their show, must strew his resting-place with the blossoms. These are trifling matters, but they had their effect; and I am not afraid to bless God for all that helped me to trace a drop of honey in that very bitter cup. I spoke long and earnestly to all who had any hand in the closing scenes, particularly to the old sexton, and to those whose fruitless efforts on the lake I could so well appreciate. God grant that

none of those words may ever rise up in the judgment against them!

With the true delicacy that enhances every act of kindness here conferred, I was allowed to enjoy the sad satisfaction of this visit unaccompanied, save by one who had no difficulty in recalling and pointing out to me many things that had made a deeper impression on his then infant mind, from the awful close of his sojourn here, the sudden departure of the widow and the fatherless from a place where they had passed so many joyous hours, and anticipated many more. A carriage was placed at my command for the day, and it was with no small thankfulness that I had to acknowledge the refreshment afforded by visits to the families of a truly pious officer, and a devoted clergyman, both personally strangers until then: both eager to pour the sweetest balm of Christian sympathy into the re-opened wounds that will never fully close until the spirit be unclothed of its earthly tabernacle. How precious are such palm-trees and wells in the desert.

Returning to my dear kind friends at G——, I was told that the next morning must see us on an excursion to the banks of Lough Belvidere; and thither we went in the phaeton, through shady little cross roads, terminating at length in a most noble demesne, through which we drove to

one of those stately old-fashioned mansions, which, particularly when, as in this instance, they are in a disfurnished dilapidated state, irresistibly lead back the mind to the olden times, and throw around it a sort of spell dissimilar from every other charm. Ascending a wide flight of steps, we found ourselves in a spacious hall, with liberty to wander into the rooms that on all sides lay open to our view. The estate has recently been purchased by a wealthy and titled gentleman, who is about to do ample justice to its long-neglected beauties. A man of business-like appearance was taking a survey of the dwelling; and at his elbow was a Romish priest of most rough and unprepossessing aspect. Go where we would, we were sure to find these two engaged in earnest conversation; and there seemed some fatality in our continually blundering into whatever apartment they had taken possession of. It was as though I had been doomed never to enjoy any thing Irish, without having Ireland's evil genius perpetually before me, to throw a darkening shadow on what is so lovely and fair.

Our object in entering the house was to survey the beautiful prospect from the various windows. This is a splendid lake, much larger than Lough Ouel, and is remarkable for the constant swell, that even in the calmest weather appears

upon its waters. The banks in most parts are steep, richly wooded, and in some places even presenting headlands and promontories of rock. It is indeed a magnificent piece of water, and the neglected state of the extensive grounds and house long uninhabited, adds a charm to what is in itself so lovely. The recommendation of wildness, however, will soon give place to that of improved culture, under the direction of its present proprietor; leaving me to rejoice that I beheld it as it now is.

Quitting this enchanting spot, we proceeded to the adjoining territory. Here a noble gateway excluded instead of admitting us. We were obliged to leave the carriage outside, and to scramble over heaps of stones, the fragments of its original decorations, and to make our way through a thicket, overtopped by huge trees, until we reached a smaller, but more imposingly situated house. It stands perched on the crest of a hill, which, even from the hall door, sweeps down by a most rapid descent to the water's edge. This intervening declivity presents the appearance of a very fine lawn; and on the right hand side lies a garden at a great depth below. If these two seats, Belvidere and Rochefort, lay open to each other's view, as naturally they would do, the prospect from either would rival any thing I have yet seen

of picturesque and varied beauty; but alas! a barrier exists, not so displeasing to the eye as distressing to the mind. Two brothers, it seems, owned the estates, I know not how long since; who in the unnatural warfare of a fierce litigious contest, became so hardened in enmity that each impaired the beauty of his own portion by endeavouring as much as possible to interrupt and mar the other's view. A range of stabling, so built as to present the aspect of a venerable ruin on the owner's side, formed a great eye-sore to the brother: and the various schemes of retaliation devised by these unhappy combatants, for mutual annoyance, have effected all that man can do to impair the work of God. The property is now in other hands; and we may hope to see these humiliating monuments of wrath and strife removed. Of all the strange things in this perplexing world nothing appears to me more unaccountable than that there should be a lack of love between brothers and sisters. My thoughts hovered more fondly than ever around the scene of yesterday's pilgrimage; and once more I blessed the Lord that from the cradle to that grave no root of bitterness had sprung up to alloy the sweets of fraternal affection and confidence, or that oneness of interest and feeling that could enjoy no unshared prosperity, or allow any unparticipated grief.

Our homeward drive shewed me to greater advantage the fine grounds encompassing this mansion. Fifty-two acres of rich land are laid out in groves, gardens, lawns, and a miniature lake, fringed with stately trees. The most singular feature of the place, and to me perhaps the most attractive, is what they call the grass garden. It is a long slip of land, lying beside the pretty stream that supplies the aforesaid pretty lake, covered with that rich verdure in which the emerald isle proudly defies competition: saving that a multitude of little beds are cut out in various directions, and so arranged that the choicest, loveliest, most fragrant flowers seem to grow up from the very grass itself; with a perfect grove of dark trees and aromatic shrubs overhanging it on one side, while on the other ripples the stream, beyond which rises another grove; the grass garden is a bewitching spot. These Irish are sad voluptuaries; give them but a plot of ground and time, they will make such a paradise of sweets, and that with so little of the artificial about it, that you are tempted, when once within its precincts, to forget your cares, your very duties in the bustling world, and to imagine you were invested with the privilege of our first father, ere his sin had changed the beauty of this world and his own into corruption. You are in a garden

where the creature's hand has but followed the track of creative magnificence; and you feel as though all your business with this earth was now only to dress and to keep it, and to enjoy its enchanting beauties.

LETTER VI.

WESTMEATH TO DOWN.

Newry, July.

In spite of all remonstrances, our dear hospitable entertainer *would* rise at an unconscionably early hour to dispense with her own kind hands the plentiful breakfast prepared; and then, freighting her carriage with abundance of provision for our day's journey, dismissed us with a farewell even more tenderly affectionate than her first welcome had been, to Mullingar, whence I had resolved to cross the country by private roads, instead of retracing my way to Dublin, there to take a northern stage. Private travelling is infinitely more agreeable, particularly when you can choose both route and vehicle, and take your own time; and my Westmeath friends heartily approving my contempt for the fears that beset some tourists in this country, commended the choice. Four days had so endeared to me the place and its inmates, that I left it with the reluctant regret of one who

had long been attached to both. A more painful farewell, however, remained to be taken: had I known the excess of its bitterness, I should scarcely have allowed myself that second visit to the spot. To find him there was indeed a searching trial of feeling: but to leave him there seemed to rend every fibre of the heart. Rebellion did surely for some moments prevail; but the two concluding lines of the inscription over which my eye wandered almost unconsciously, came at that moment with the effect that they feebly describe.

> Hush, rising griefs: submit, rebellious will;
> Faith looks to JESUS, and the storm is still.

It was indeed His gentle voice that alone could calm the internal workings of a mind more excited than the tempestuous waves. I walked among the hawthorn trees until power was given to bid a quiet and almost a contented farewell. Little prospect there is of revisiting the scene: but no matter! There was a word of promise hidden in my heart from which I had often drawn sweet solace: and now it spoke to me with an application as personal as ever it carried to the bosom of the mourner of Bethany—"Thy brother shall rise again."

At the hotel I had ordered an open car to Trim; but a deluge of rain coming on obliged us to

change it for a post-chaise. Once more, and for the last time, as I supposed, I reaped the fruit of the universal love and admiration in which he had been held, and the deep sympathy excited by his fate; for when the master ascertained our relationship, the usual civility shewn by his class in Ireland became heightened into an assiduous kindness and respectful attention, the origin of which made them doubly welcome. Even here, I was constrained to smile at the deportment of a group of beggars. Knowing as I do how entirely this class of the poor Irish are driven to subsist on charity, I never like to refuse a trifle: however, to rid myself of much superfluous importunity, I addressed the eager applicants on my first alighting in the easy way that always takes with them. 'Now mind, I am going to stay an hour or two in Mullingar: I shall start from this hotel: and if you will be quiet and not follow me about, I will give each of you something before I go.' This assurance was received with a chorus of blessings pronounced in every imaginable variety of language; and down they squatted on the ground, about the door, with looks so full of glee, that you who are accustomed to the aspect, real or assumed, of the same class in England, would never have guessed at their profession.

I had, or fancied that I had, numerous wants to

be supplied at the various shops which stud the opposite side of the single, very lengthy street of Mullingar. On returning from the church-yard, I commenced this course of shopping, and my poor women watched every movement from their station. At last the most wheedling old creature you ever saw crossed over to me, and began with, 'Darling lady, I have looked after your blessed steps all the morning: won't I get the halfpenny now?' 'No, for you know we agreed to wait till I should set off.' Just then, the reason of her appeal became apparent; a famished looking creature whom I had not seen before presented herself with two pale babes, and began—'*She* has no family to care for, and I'—'Oh,' I interrupted, 'you must not be jealous of each other; you dont know my promise,' which I repeated, including her in it. The poor woman fell back directly, with a still sad, but very thankful countenance. I went to two more shops, and finding the body of claimants likely to increase greatly, and also seeing the near approach of heavy rain, I supplied myself with change, beckoned to the party opposite, and immediately had the most motley assemblage pressing round me that could be conceived. I was resolved to put their subordination, that is to say, the civilization of *Irish savages*, still farther to the test; so said, 'You must not crowd

me, you know: just stand out in a proper line.' It was done immediately; and none had reason to regret their good conduct; on which, by the by, I complimented them greatly. Such a scene would not have done in a more public place; but the hour was so early, and all around so quiet, that there was nothing to prevent it. One remark I must add—when the long delay occasioned by the rain had fairly laid me open to a fresh application from another party, not a creature appeared to ask alms: the former group remained at a distance, others being with them; all had their eyes fixed on us; many raised their voices to send a blessing with us; but some feeling appeared to withhold the approach of every individual. Now, have I not added one more to the many instances that I have in conversation related to you, justifying my assertion that the poorest, the most uncivilized of these despised Irish, are, under proper management, the most tractable people in the world? The smile to which I alluded was not one of merriment, but that expression of affectionate good humour without which all the rest had been in vain: at least, though under different treatment a sense of their helpless dependence might have forced them to wait, like hungry but well-kicked dogs for a bone, the pleased and gratified feeling that gave such a peculiar alacrity to

their obedience would have been wanting. My first object was merely selfish—the anxiety of a harassed mind to escape a teasing annoyance at such a time. By degrees it assumed a better character, and ended in a train of thought well calculated to soften the agonizing severity of feelings and regrets purely my own. Some tourists jest with the beggars in Ireland; others execrate, or bitterly complain of them. I don't know whether any are in the habit of trying how far a little relief and plenty of civility combined will go to neutralize their troubles. Five shillings will carry any one, on this plan, a hundred miles in good humour with himself, and in high favour with the objects of his bounty.

Of the scenery north-east of Mullingar, I can tell you very little. Sheets of water continued to descend, making the windows as opaque as though their material had been ground glass. Whenever a temporary cessation of the torrent allowed us to take a glimpse, pure unsophisticated bog was the sum-total of the amount on either side: but to me, who know somewhat of the mysteries of turf-buying, it appeared of a truly valuable kind, black, compact, and heavy. I believe the soil here is peculiarly rich. We struck at last into a very pretty road, well hung on both sides with foliage, and exhibiting some handsome plantations and

gardens. By this time, too, the sun had broken forth with renovated splendour; and the glorious bow of promise spanned the scene, so deliciously fresh after those abundant showers. Few things are more impressively typical of divine influence on the heart of man, softened by some afflictive dispensation, than the aspect of this earth when the sunshine falls upon foliage moist with summer rain. In this instance the glow was so vivid, that before we reached our halting-place, at the end of the first eight or nine miles, scarcely any dampness remained on the road; and while our horses were refreshed, we indulged ourselves with a stroll into what appeared a singular church-yard; for the sacred edifice was built in the very midst of an ornamental plantation, surrounded by a handsome fence of stone, which obliged us to commit somewhat of a trespass, in availing ourselves of a partial gap to scale the fortifications. We did, however, obtain entrance this way, and satisfied ourselves that the church was really built on a private and very handsome demesne.

And a mile or two beyond this I came in contact, for the first time, with what, I confess, roused something in my bosom not quite amicable to the viceregency of the land. The newspapers have no doubt informed you, that, in his zeal for the preservation of this country, Lord Mulgrave had

dispatched an army, or something very much like it, to what Mr. O'Connell calls the "black north." The occasion of this military investment of the móst devotedly loyal portion of her Majesty's dominions, was the recurrence of the 12th of July, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, in 1690. Fears were entertained, or, if not, they were pretended—which, you know, on state occasions, comes to the same thing—fears lest the loyalty of the northern men should issue in acts of treason. There was, indeed, ground for very serious apprehension, lest the Protestants of those notoriously disaffected counties, Armagh, Down, Londonderry, Donegal, &c., might arm themselves with orange lilies, to the great terror and annoyance of her Majesty's peaceable Ribbon-men. To avert this formidable display, and to coerce the incorrigible upholders of the principles that placed the house of Brunswick on the throne, his Excellency marched all the disposable military forces in that direction, and arranged such a concentration of the armed police as would suffice to mark the paternal solicitude that throbs in the viceregal bosom for the encouragement of loyal and constitutional predilections throughout the land. Proceeding towards Trim, I was surprised to meet so many straggling parties, by twos and threes, of the green-jackets, each with his bayonet, blunderbuss, and cartouch-box. The truth of the matter

presently flashed on my mind; and I must confess that indignation the most glowing took possession of me for a few moments. The poor policemen were, however, quite innocent; and I was angry with myself for having felt angry with them. Towards the higher party, I acknowledge, my sentiments underwent little, if any, change. Presently, I found we were travelling beside a very narrow stream, playfully rippling along through an immense field of rushes. Again it appeared, winding capriciously, expanding and narrowing, until it abruptly turned, and crossed our road in a wide sheet of water, over which a bridge was thrown. I then asked the postillion what river it was. He hesitated, looked rather dark, and finally answered in an under tone, "I don't know: I believe they call it the Boyne."

I shall not trouble you by recounting any of the long train of thoughts that marched successively through my mind, investing it more completely and effectually than the north had been invested a week before. Private feeling had absorbed what was more public, during several days; but here I found the link again caught up, and rivetted alike to the past and the future. Some fragments of fine old edifices, occasionally appearing on the rising grounds, served as landmarks to direct my mental view to periods ante-

cedent to that so irresistibly brought before me; and in this state of feeling I entered perhaps the richest spot that Ireland boasts, in point of material ruins. Moral and spiritual ruins, alas! abound in every inhabited corner of her noble territory.

Of Trim I had thought very little, except as a mid-way stage on the road to Drogheda, where I hoped to arrive that night. Judge then of my surprise and gratification, when I saw on either side, and particularly in advance of us, the most majestic remnants of splendid architecture, steeples, towers, walls, battlements—some mantled with ivy and gay with wild flowers, others frowning in sombre nakedness; some looking down from an imposing elevation, others again embosomed in vallies, or reposing on plains of the richest verdure, while amid the magnificent relics of former greatness, the Boyne rolled a broad tranquil stream, in that depth of blue that only the reflection of such a summer sky as then over-arched us could impart to the bosom of a river. It was altogether a glorious scene: the more so for having been so little anticipated; and when we alighted at the small neat posting-house, we agreed to brave the consequences of a little delay, and to allow ourselves an hour's investigation of some of these wonders of the olden time. The first few steps we took were along the broken wall of a very large monastic

building, until we descried a notice that it was a trespass to intrude there: and the next turn placed us at the entrance of a Romish chapel, built as it seemed, upon a part of the ruin. From this of course I turned; and the castle then looked so inviting, that we inquired how to obtain access to it. A respectable shop was named, where, on presenting our request, a person was directed to conduct us to the rear of the house, thence across several yards, and then through a pretty garden, which opened upon a very abrupt though not extensive ascent. Here the guide left us, with directions to return by the same path: we trod lightly up the steep to the enormous central mass of ruin, and looked with amazement on the surrounding scene. Imagine an area, comprising four acres of ground, finely situated on an eminence overhanging the river, enclosed by a massive curtain, large fragments of which remain, together with distinct frame work of the flanking towers that must have rendered it a most formidable fortress. The principal of these, the grand entrance, with the traces of its portcullis and drawbridge, is wonderfully perfect, although the date of this building is not much less than seven centuries back. A stronger position could not have been chosen, nor a finer specimen of durable architecture erected on it. We climbed in at some of the gaps, and

mounting broken stairs, traced with delight the proportions of lofty rooms, the immense fire-places, and tiers of windows deeply cut in walls of prodigious thickness. The history of this noble ruin is also remarkable. Here Henry V., when very young, was detained in captivity, by order of Richard II. A royal mint was established here, and parliaments holden. Important events connected with the castle also occurred during the civil wars, when Cromwell became its master. A long summer's day would not have sufficed for a cursory examination of what is really worth exploring on this ground, and it was not possible to avoid dividing our attention between the castle and the scene that presented itself on every side from our elevated station. A wall, buried in ivy, an original outwork of the rampart, descended on one side to a meadow of the purest verdure, which, I am told, is at times overflowed by the Boyne, whose waters probably once washed the wall. On another side, the stones had fallen thickly, rolling down the slope, and forming a seeming, but quite impracticable descent to the rows of cabins below. Turn where we would, vestiges of ancient buildings presented themselves; and it was impossible to doubt that the extent of this town must once have been considerable, its importance very great. Indeed, few posts were more hotly contested

during the wars of the pale, when De Lacy was its lord, and Roderic O'Conner, king of Connaught, led his forces against it, or the Earl of Pembroke laid close siege to harass his rival, De Lacy. With unspeakable reluctance, I finished this hasty glimpse of Trim Castle, and slowly descended the knoll by which we had entered, passing again the corner of that pretty garden which basks so contentedly at the foot of the old grey ruins. Here another instance of the national courtesy was displayed. A poor gardener, at work among the shrubs, had culled and bound a most lovely and fragrant bouquet during our stay in the regions above him; and now, with a grace that enhanced the gift, he approached to present it. When I say a grace, I mean nothing studied; but that inherent capability of performing kind things in the kindest manner that seems to engrave the *cead-mille failthe* on all their sayings and doings. The native Irishman, a fine, athletic, healthy, hardy-looking man, in very dilapidated habiliments, was so in keeping with the scene, with the ruined castle and the cheerful flowers, that I could not have dispensed with that little incident to crown the adventure. The trifling acknowledgment tendered in return was accompanied with a coin that never passes as valueless in the sight of these people: courteous words, and expressions of the

warmest admiration at the beauties we had been viewing. He then told me that he had at home a little book with some particulars of the place, and readily ran to fetch it. I purchased the greasy pamphlet, which contained merely a plan of the grounds, and some chronological notes; but it served to amuse me on the more monotonous part of the subsequent journey.

Time had slipped away so imperceptibly during our visit to these interesting ruins, that we found it would be impossible to enjoy even a passing glimpse of the yellow tower, or any of the rugged but noble fragments of former greatness that on every side invited our gaze. We took an open car, and after jaunting pleasantly through a rich country, arrived at Navan at five o'clock. This was the most disagreeable halt I had yet made, affording the only instance of an attempt at imposition. On ordering another car, one was brought to the door, which, to say nothing of its appearance, would not have held together under us and our luggage for an hour, I declined using it, and was told I could have no other; but when the people heard me quietly ordering the driver from Trim to replace the things on his own, and take us to a different posting-house, the tone was changed, and a very decent vehicle made its appearance. During the delay, I was shocked and

disgusted by the spectacles of intoxication presented on every side; while the activity of a numerous party of policemen appeared to be the only means of preventing greater turbulence among some who assuredly did not belong to the 'Orange faction.' This prevented my going out to look at the place; and when at last we were ready to start, the original demand was increased, with a protestation that the same sum had been named from the first. A boy of not more than fourteen years, who was to drive us, voluntarily corroborated my assurance to the contrary, and for this offence he was unseated, struck, and supplanted by a brother considerably older, whom I presently perceived to be in no fit state to manage either the horse or himself.

Here was an agreeable predicament to be placed in! I had paid the overcharge, which made but two shillings difference, and which was persisted in with the most profound and courteous respect, accompanied by so many fine speeches, that it was impossible to be more politely robbed. I, on the other hand, was equally civil, while lecturing them for giving strangers any cause of complaint against the Irish people. We started off; but the poor boy, whose veracity had deprived him of an expected perquisite, was not to be appeased; he ran alongside the car, most bitterly

lamenting, and reproaching his unkind brother, who, in return, repeatedly cut him with the whip. We were now at the head of a very steep little road, thickly strewn with large stones; and the horse, perplexed by the random pulls at the rein given by his drunken driver, was running up against a broken wall. I began to be seriously alarmed, and at a loss what plan to pursue, when a portion of the army of occupation already alluded to, came up, bestowed on the driver a severe reprimand, and hinting that he was a fitter subject for their superintendence than to conduct our car to Drogheda, they compelled him to dismount, giving the seat to his little brother, who, smiling through his tears, sprang into it, and drove off.

The country along which we now passed, was rich, fertile, and exceedingly pleasant. So long a level, shaded with fine trees, I think we had not traversed; and the beauty of a summer evening, the mellow rays falling on verdure freshened by the morning rain, added a further charm to the scenery. The boy was not very communicative nor very well informed, so that we got but little help in ascertaining the names of several fine parks, dwellings, and ruins that lay in our route. All other interest, however, was soon absorbed in that of personal security; for, long before ap-

proaching Drogheda we found ourselves on a road unequalled by the very worst I ever was doomed to cross even in the most rugged North American districts. The peculiarity of this most delectable track consisted in its having, to all appearance, been scooped out at the distance of two or three yards, in every direction, and the soil carried away to the amount of some shovel-fulls in each place. Description cannot do justice to it, no perfection of springs would have rendered the motion of any carriage tolerable; and you may picture to yourself the delights of a clumsy jaunting car, destitute of springs, drawn by a huge cart-horse, whose experience teaching him that the stage was about to terminate, induced a more sprightly progress towards the place of refreshment and repose. What between the imminent peril of being pitched forward sideways (the only method of falling from an Irish car) and the tremendous blows received from the wood and iron forming the frame-work behind and on either side, against which every jolt sent us with unerring effect, a less enviable situation cannot well be imagined. Certainly we had neither suffered so much nor laughed so much since commencing this tour. The latter was unavoidable through the ludicrous appearance that each presented in the other's sight, when baffled in some

scheme for averting the consequences of an impending jolt; while the boy, seated on the opposite side, and preserving a most praiseworthy steadiness of countenance, increased our mirth by his evident struggle to avoid betraying how greatly he enjoined our mishaps. It was very provoking to be engrossed in self, while passing so near the famous spot where William of Orange secured the civil and religious liberties of three kingdoms. The site of the battle, indeed, was at some distance to the left; but I might have formed a tolerably accurate notion of the exact locality had it been possible to withdraw my attention from the broken road and its concomitants. The entrance to Drogheda, for a mile or so, is one of the last places I should select to give a stranger a favourable impression of Ireland. The town itself, as we advanced, astonished me by its evident size and importance; but the lines of wretched hovels through which we had to pass, and the squalid appearance of their inmates, afforded a painful contrast to the massive buildings that rose obscurely against the sky, now again overcast with heavy clouds. Nothing looked thriving in this suburb except the pigs; and it struck me that I had never in any other place, seen them so petted as here. A woman seated at a cabin door, was actually nursing one of the swinish multitude; and

in every direction the sagacious animals, conscious of supper time, were to be seen, each hastening with unerring precision to his own domicile. This spectacle wonderfully diverted my English companion, who had no idea to what privileges the grunting race are admitted in some parts of Ireland.

At length, after splashing through one of the dirtiest and narrowest lanes I had yet passed, we emerged into the town itself, and crossed the Boyne where it flows under a respectable bridge, and then widens into quite a spacious port. The farther we advanced, the greater was my surprise, to find Drogheda a city so extensive, and adorned with such buildings. A turn to the left led us round the court-house, a very handsome edifice; and into a street which for extent and appearance would not have disgraced the capital. Here were several first-rate shops, and hotels of considerable size. I had directed our young driver to take us to the best in the place; not, I confess, without secret misgivings, after the description afforded by a late honourable and reverend traveller, of broken windows, and uncarpeted rooms. I was therefore agreeably disappointed, on ascending a handsome flight of stairs, to find the accommodations answerable to the exterior appearance of the house, which is the very same where Mr. Noel staid—the White Horse. From a spacious balcony, the

street looked so inviting that we resolved to make a tour of inspection while our dinner, or rather supper, was in course of preparation; and were rewarded by presently finding ourselves in front of a fine old gateway, the most perfect specimen remaining of the memorable fortifications of Drogheda. A heavy fall of rain sent us back, before we could gratify our curiosity with a full survey of this noble relic; and instead of discomforts of any kind, I found in the hotel all that could render our short sojourn agreeable; together with the unexpected incident of discovering that a dear English friend was resting, with her children, under the same roof, on their route from Dublin to Belfast. The surprise was mutual; and not even the effects of that unmerciful jolting prevented my enjoying what is perhaps, one of the most agreeable surprises that can brighten a traveller's way—the conversation of an endeared friend, who, all unlooked for, crosses a path otherwise lying through a region of strange faces; and when the place of meeting is, moreover, an inn. Mrs. W. finding I was bound to Lord Roden's, kindly pressed me to avail myself of her carriage to within a few miles of Tollymore Park; but she was to start at five in the morning, and as I wished to see a little of Drogheda, and had been most absurdly but unintentionally misled by the waiter

as to the facilities for reaching my destination, of which more anon, I declined the proposal, and we parted.

The blunder above-mentioned consisted in the waiter's positive assurance that they would post me from the hotel to Tollymore Park. In vain did I assure him that the distance was too great to admit of it: he still replied, "We constantly post Lord Roden and Lord Powerscourt, both going and returning, and make it but one stage. We shall undertake to send you to his lordship's house; and if the distance is greater than we charge for, the loss will fall on us, not on you." This was all very fair; and as he satisfied me of the fact of that posting, I could not gainsay it. Had I but brought a road-book, or consulted any one else, or even properly recollected the probable direction we must take, all would have been explained. However, with very unpardonable heedlessness, I gave up the point, countermanded the order for securing places in the northern coach, which would arrive from Dublin at eleven in the forenoon, and resolved to take three hours longer for my Drogheda rambles. You will by this time have guessed that the waiter's promised easy stage was to my noble friend's house at Dundalk; while my object was to reach that at Castlewellan. I give you leave to laugh; but annoyed as I was on

making the discovery, by cross-questioning the postillion when we had left Drogheda some miles behind us, I do not now regret the circumstance; as it has opened another and an important field of observation to my view.

With the pleasant prospect of dining at Tollymore Park the same evening, we set out, after an early breakfast, to explore the town. Our first ramble was to the round fort, the imposing appearance of which had struck me greatly on entering Drogheda. This is a modern building, comparatively, placed on a most commanding eminence, overlooking both town and harbour. At its base are some barracks; and perhaps you will not wonder at my preferring that spot, when I tell you, that in the company of soldiers quartered there were some of the individuals who had paid the last sad military honours, nine years before, at Mullingar. They were, indeed, a detachment of my brother's regiment; and long and deeply interesting was the tale that they had to tell, of what I little expected so soon to hear more of. One circumstance I am here tempted to narrate, leaving you to account for it;—I cannot. It so far surpasses the natural sagacity of the dog, that although I had the story from at least ten persons, in every variety of rank in and about Mullingar, including two eye-witnesses of the event, who, though not

on terms of common civility with each other, exactly agreed in their relation of it, still I could not give credence to the thing, until these three intelligent soldiers spontaneously repeated and vouched for its accuracy.

He had a favourite dog, a pointer, so attached to him that, even on his frequent aquatic excursions, the faithful animal would be his companion, and invariably entered the boat. On that fatal day, this dog and another followed him to the lake; but when invited, as usual, to embark, the pointer refused, setting up at the same time the most dismal howlings imaginable. Accustomed to exact implicit obedience from all, though in the kindest manner, his master persisted — coaxed encouraged, commanded, threatened; but all in vain. The dog evaded every effort to seize him and ran from the water; but when the boat had put off, he returned to its brink, and continued to fill the air with such yells as were never forgotten by those who heard them. In a few minutes the awful event took place: the boat overset; in a few minutes more he was drawn from the bottom, a corpse. During this period, the cries of the dog were terrific; and his movements, as he rushed to and fro, even then divided the attention of the many individuals present. The soldiers told me that, from this circumstance, he was regarded as a

sort of bequest by the affectionate privates of the company, whose devotion to their captain knew no bounds. The dog was tended with the utmost care, made a companion of, and taken with them on the march that immediately followed the funeral: but he drooped and pined, and at last disappeared—no one could tell how. I make no comment on this: I cannot refuse to receive such unanimous testimony; but it is passing strange.

From the top of the tower, to which we were kindly conducted by the old English artilleryman in charge of it, a view was afforded replete with more interest than I had anticipated. Far to the right, as we stood facing the town, the Boyne widened, and assumed a grander character, towards the point to which large vessels can approach. A little behind, in the same direction, still stands the vestry of the church, whence Cromwell issued his orders previous to the horrible massacre that for five days rendered the town a scene of carnage. We beheld the first breach made in the walls by this unflinching man-slayer, who cared not through what excess of slaughter he waded to more than kingly power. A bend in the river, with the swell of its banks and the thick mass of lofty trees that heightened them still more, concealed the place where, within less than half a century afterwards, the battle was fought and the deliverance effected

which we are now exhorted to remember to forget. The old soldier, who appeared indifferent enough to the several causes in which all this fighting took place, was nevertheless well acquainted with the details of Cromwell's movements, and described them; at the same time pointing out the various spots referred to, and adding some historical data. Turning then to the town, we had a better view of its extent and importance; and I no longer marvelled that an individual tradesman, however respectable and intelligent, had failed in his laudable attempt at bringing so large a body of people to act in concert.

A touching interest belongs to the parish church of St. Peter's, the spire of which rose before us. In the year 1643, Lord Viscount Moore, whose family take the title of their Marquisite from this town, was gallantly battling against the formidable forces of the rebel O'Neil, when a cannon ball put a period to his mortal existence. He was interred in that church, where many of his noble house are entombed. Six years after this event, the widow of this brave soldier and most tender husband, came to Drogheda. She was on horseback, when a sudden view of St. Peter's church so overcame her that she fainted, and fell from her saddle. Her leg was broken at the ancle, and in three days, mortification having ensued, she was a

corpse. It is not often, in this cold forgetful world, that we meet with such instances of enduring attachment. Had time permitted, I should have visited the resting place, where this fair victim of constant affection moulders beside her lord; but my transit is provokingly hurried; I can but glance on the externals of what I should like to investigate; and as to the main object of my search, I must defer all remarks on that head, until I become domesticated once more in a private dwelling.

Leaving the fort, we resolved to try whether, by rounding the projection of the bank, we could not obtain a view up the river, as far as Old Bridge; but finding ourselves baffled by another turn at some distance, we just filled our little bottle, and retraced our steps to the town, again passing along the most miserable suburban allies imaginable, with an extra allowance of pet pigs, to assist in dispensing those abundant splashes of mud that must inevitably fall to the lot of the passenger. Crossing again the bridge, and attracted by groups of country people, we perambulated some of the high slopes that form the most antique looking streets of this most interesting town, enjoying the alternation of old buildings and walls, over which hung the venerable boughs of trees, that, did they possess the power of treating us with a volume of auto-biography, would

doubtless have many a thrilling tale to record. The streets were perfectly clean; so were the very pretty peasant girls and women, who each with a basket on her arm, displayed the merchandise of butter, eggs, or poultry; all similarly packed in a profusion of fresh green leaves; many of the fowls were alive, and peeping from beneath the verdant covering. I know not when I have witnessed a scene where rural traffic wore so characteristic an appearance in the heart of a busy town. An air and step of sprightly independence, a frank, unflinching, but by no means bold or forward look, struck me as peculiarly belonging to these market women; perhaps the refreshing appearance of their baskets, after our morning annoyances of fierce sunbeams and mud, tinted the picture a little. Certainly I considered the butter market of Drogheda as one of the most agreeable that I had beheld; and its attendants as affording a highly favourable specimen of the peasantry.

I cannot say so much for the other markets; there we saw, in passing through on our egress from the town, much of the repulsive. Early as it was, intoxication prevailed to a frightful extent, with noise, dirt, confusion, and discord in proportion. The High Street, where my hotel was situated, became crowded with purchasers throng-

ing to the various shops. The frieze coat, and blue cloak with its hood flung over the unbonneted head, seemed universally to prevail; and in point of stature, muscle, and hardiness of aspect, I think the country people here excelled their southern neighbours. After a leisurely tour in the shopping way, we returned to the hotel, where I prudently dressed for dinner, previously to stepping into the post chaise which was to leave us at Tollymore Park. A more careful computation of distances, however, led us to question the postillion, whose first answer unravelled the mystery. He should, he said, quit us at Castle Bellingham, the half-way stage, whence another pair of horses would convey us to Dundalk. 'But we have nothing to do with Dundalk.' O yes, he understood we were going to Lord Roden's; and sure Dundalk was his Lordship's place. But how far I asked, in no small consternation, were we from Castlewellan? He could not exactly say: but from Dundalk it was nine or ten miles to Newry, and Castlewellan was beyond the Mourne mountains, a long stage, if not two, from Newry.

It was Saturday afternoon; I was tired, and full of happy anticipations of a Sabbath day's repose, after such a week of excitement. Judge of my mortification on discovering the consequences of my thoughtless reliance on the civil and com-

municative waiter of Drogheda. A place of note for hoodwinking English travellers I knew it to be; but little thought of such an experimental insight into the process. My pocket too was involved beyond my computation, and I sighed to think how far the Belfast coach, and how much farther the carriage of Mrs. W. had proceeded beyond the destination that I now despaired of reaching before night. Such horses too, I had not seen in harness: they were callous to the lash, through feebleness and exhaustion, and it was not until I protested that I would not give the postilion a penny unless he desisted, that I could abate the unmerciful floggings bestowed on the poor creatures at every second step. We reached Castle Bellingham at a walking pace; and so uncomfortably interested were my personal feelings, that I could scarcely spare a look to the exceedingly beautiful scenery around me. Transferred, after provoking delays, to a dilapidated post chaise, with two spirited horses that nearly shook it to pieces, one of which was ridden by a boy apparently not more than twelve years old, whose childish aspect startled as much as his admirable horsemanship subsequently delighted me, we rattled away for Dundalk, concerning which I had only one defined idea; that of its having sent our friend Gordon to Parliament in

1831. A near approach, however, put to flight all gloomy feelings, so exquisitely beautiful was the bold sweep of that splendid bay, scooped as it seemed beneath a mountain, while the sunlight of a glorious evening fell brightly on the snow-white buildings that appeared nestled among trees in the distance. At each succeeding point of view some new beauty developed itself; and my spirits had recovered their buoyancy, before we entered the handsome town, and drove up to the gateway of Lord Roden's dwelling—not without a vague hope of finding some of the family there.

Disappointment however awaited us; not even the agent's household were at home; and I asked counsel respecting our further proceedings of a fine old porter, whose large sturdy figure well beseemed the livery that he wore. This consists of a dark blue coat, with waistcoat and accompaniments of a brilliant orange velvet, which I, not having before seen it so fully displayed, innocently took for the uniform of that formidable body whose apparitions had of late so troubled the repose of a viceregal pillow. It is, however, the family livery; and was so long before Lord Roden connected himself politically with the obnoxious tints of royalty and Nassau. The old porter had the cause deeply at heart; he told me with a swell of indignation that seemed to distend his whole

person, how grievously he had been insulted. 'A man has been here to-day,' said he, 'a stranger from Connaught, a fisherman I believe, and had the audacity to ask me for my vote. ME,' he repeated, standing at full stretch, and throwing his coat as far back as possible, 'and with this waistcoat upon me, he actually asked me to give my vote to him, a radical from Connaught!' It was some time before even the sweets of sympathy could prevail to calm the old man's honest indignation; for he regarded it as an unheard-of affront. At length I bethought myself of the little vial which I carried in my hand for security, and laughingly said, 'Here is Mr. O'Connell's favorite beverage—Boyne water.[1] I took it out of the river this morning.' His eyes sparkled, his brow relaxed, and with a look of enthusiasm he said, 'I know the place; I am proud to say it was by the Boyne my family, who are Scotch, entered Ireland two hundred years ago; and myself swam over, at the very spot where poor Billy crossed.' I did not immediately understand that the affectionate and familiar abbreviation was applied to his Majesty King William the Third.

[1] When this worthy was endeavouring to beguile the loyalists into his repeal project, a few years since, he quaffed off in their presence at Navan, a bumper of Boyne water to the toast of the 'pious, glorious, and immortal memory.' They have not forgotten it; neither has he.

After this explosion of feeling, the porter, whose appearance and whole deportment led me back to the olden times, entered very earnestly into a computation of the possibilities that I might reach Tollymore Park before night. He had already ordered a pair of the freshest horses; and charged me with an especial message to the master of the principal hotel in Newry, requiring that he would instantly post me to the Park; but when I looked at the twilight sky, all hope seemed to vanish. In a short time we were again prepared to start, the ancient serving-man, who seemed to bear undisputed rule over all the officials of the posting departments, continuing his zealous and respectful assiduities with a heartiness that rendered them invaluable; while not a gossoon in the street but seemed anxious to contribute his quota of attention, though it were but in brushing a grain of dust from the wheel. My heart swelled with delight as I traced all this to its obvious source; I was bound for Tollymore Park; and even to be deemed worthy of sharing the hospitality of that most beloved family, gave me a sort of claim on every one of them. Lord Roden is idolized in Dundalk: his very name seemed to refresh the faithful old porter as he uttered it.[1]

[1] My poor friend at the lodge is since dead; or he would not be so distinctly introduced here.

It was near nine o'clock when we entered Newry: I could not tell what to make of it in the gloom of a cloudy evening; particularly of one building, a church, standing on what seemed to be an inaccessible height. We drove through handsome streets, and I lost no time in delivering the porter's message at the very elegant hotel where we stopped. All was in commotion, a chaise was ready, and our luggage safely stowed in it, before I supposed it could be ordered; but to startle the household, perhaps at midnight, I could not bear; Sunday travelling was out of the question; and here we are, to remain till Monday. Mr. Ellis, a new conservative candidate, is haranguing a party under the roof of this hotel, in an out-office; the maid says, five thousand gentlemen. To judge from a peep that I have taken, I should think a deduction of four thousand seven hundred would bring us nearer the mark. However, there is prodigious clapping and shouting; and I feel myself affected somewhat like my orange friend at Dundalk—exceedingly indisposed to forward the views of the opposite party. But I must close this long letter; and reserve for another what I may have to say respecting Newry, which seems worth a day's investigation.

LETTER VII.

COUNTY DOWN.

Newry, July.

ONCE again I am brought into contact with Ireland's master evil: the very root of all that poisons her atmosphere—the enemy with whom to grapple is to fight for her; and to expel whom, would be to shed light and glory upon her land. I say, to expel, not to transform into a different shape. Satan will not cast out Satan; man cannot. It is for the finger of God alone to achieve such a victory; and as he does nothing in vain or imperfectly, I confidently say that to expel Popery from Ireland would be to diffuse light and glory where the blackness of darkness now reigns. My spirit has not been so stirred within me since I set foot on these green shores, as on the morning following my arrival in Newry. The Sabbath broke in unclouded splendour, and I arose refreshed, with no other anxiety on my mind than to insure the privilege of a gospel ministry during the day. Requesting an interview with

the very gentlemanly master of the establishment, whose kind efforts to forward me on my way the preceding evening I had duly appreciated, I inquired, as the safest guide, what church Lord Roden attended, when in Newry. Mr. Davis answered that he was not sure; but added, that if I would accept a share in his pew at St. Patrick's church, he thought I should be well pleased with Mr. Bagot's successor. In Ireland, morning service commences at mid-day; a practice that I do not at all approve, unless an opportunity was given to such as chose it, of attending early prayers, some hours previous. W— being anxious to enjoy a walk in the interval, I agreed to set out at eleven, and we made a tour through streets as quiet as could be wished, broad, handsome, clean, well-paved streets, intersected by a fine canal, and wearing, notwithstanding the season of perfect rest, such an aspect as assured me that it is a place of thriving activity, trade and commerce through the week. The water is banked in with very solid stone work, every thing indicating that neither cost nor skill have been spared to distinguish the place by superior advantages. The suburbs appeared most beautiful; noble hills, rich gardens, and fine mansions seemed to embellish it on all sides; and a more pleasing impression could not be made by a town of the same size. It wants,

indeed, the air of antiquity that spreads a halo round Drogheda; tinged with the various hues of many stirring recollections; but there is a freshness of atmosphere, no less than of architecture, in Newry, very delightful to the sense. Neither are you to suppose, that it is altogether of recent growth; its foundation is very ancient, Maurice M'Laughlin, king of all Ireland, having established a religious institution here a hundred years previous to the English invasion; but in 1689, the Duke of Berwick burned the town, to facilitate his retreat before Duke Schomberg, and Newry arose from its ashes after the happy settlement of the country in 1691, since which it has been constantly improving.

The spire of a handsome church attracted us to walk past it; and there, just opposite, we saw a striking proof of the retrograde movements which are rapidly undoing that work, accomplished at the cost of so much blood and suffering. An edifice of most imposing character faced, truly I may say outfaced, the parish church: its use could not be mistaken: it is the Romish temple, justly called a cathedral. A costly piece of architecture, grand, tasteful, and, alas! most spacious, yet not enough so to contain the thousands who throng that scene of false worship, as is clear from the numbers who remain excluded, and whose pros-

trations in the open street, at the elevation of an idol which they cannot see, vex the eyes and grieve the hearts of all who love God, and who know what denunciations of wrath must overhang a land where the woman Jezebel is so suffered, yea, encouraged, to teach and seduce his people. The doors were open, and no service at that time going on; and could I have permitted the "lust of the eye" so far to draw me aside from the straight path of Christian consistency, I should have entered, to behold with what sumptuous decorations the deceivers and deceived do honour to them that be no gods: but I would not thus defile my conscience. If we have reason to hope that we, according to the apostle's language, are the temples of God, then it becomes a solemn question, how we can enter a place of idolatrous worship without a breach of the rule laid down in the latter part of the sixth chapter of the second Epistle to the Corinthians. I have been told that my scruple is new and singular: but although it was first suggested to my mind by Scripture alone, I find it was held, and practised too, by the confessors and martyrs of Mary's days. Bradford's writings in particular, abound with admonitions on this subject: and I constantly pray to be kept stedfast in my resolution, never in any mode or in any sense, to touch the unclean thing, excepting

as it may be needful for the prosecution of an incessant warfare against it. As to the splendours of Popish worship, I look for them, not within the precincts of their idolatrous sanctuary, but in the inspired pages. The catalogue contained in the eighteenth chapter of Revelation, is sufficient for me; and in that portion of Scripture, I likewise find a conclusive reply to the query, may not increasing wealth and splendour, aided by intellectual cultivation, work the downfall of this blighting superstition? No; for the word of God, which has so exactly predicted the rise and prospect of the papal Antichrist, is no less distinct in describing the particulars of the final doom prepared for the usurper. We read not of a gradual transformation, or of any process by which the work is to be effected, save that God's people will obey the loud authoritative summons to come out of her; to be no longer "partakers of her sins, that they receive not of her plagues;" and this obedience to the gospel call, is the consuming by the breath of the Lord's mouth, of which the apostle speaks, a gradual falling away from the doomed body, of such as shall be saved. The end is to be a sudden and violent destruction, overtaking the mystic Babylon in the midst of that pride of magnificence described in the former chapter, which was ever her characteristic in the times of her

former prosperity, and a restoration to which will be the prelude of her final fall. But while we lay this fact to heart, let us not forget the striking passages that also represent the last attitude of this destroyer—not only as sitting in restored supremacy of elevation, but drunken again with the blood of martyrs. I can bear to look upon such ostentatious indications of reviving splendour, as these newly-built mass-houses supply, because I know from the word of God, that this haughty spirit cometh before a fall; but I cannot look for a result that Scripture affords me not the slightest warrant to expect; and which history, the great unraveller of prophecy, proves to have never yet followed the means in question.

When the Jewish nation forsook their idolatrous practices, what did they become? Let the judgment hall of Pilate, and the darkened mountains of Calvary answer: let the cup of unmitigated wrath poured out on their temple and city, and the unrevoked curse of eighteen centuries resting on their nation, bear witness. When France, the very den of Popish superstition, and the throne of Popish authority, and the murderous right hand of Popish persecution, underwent the identical process recommended in our day; when the 'useful knowledge' system deluged her land with Cyclopædias, and reason took arms against

bigotry, and the consummation followed that her philosophizing teachers so devoutly wished, what was the nature of the change—was it from darkness to light? Nay; the natural, the inevitable transition from Popery to Atheism, deluged first France, then all Europe, in the blood of its inhabitants;—all Europe, save one small portion of its territory, where the citadel of Protestantism remained, and where, consequently, the sword of Infidelity, drawn to smite Popery, had no commission to strike.

It was then that the great enemy, baffled in his scheme of universal desolation, contrived to introduce the wedge that should, by repeated blows, be driven through the keystone of our arch, and cause the towers to fall. We all know the successive measures that followed, until the fatal stroke of 1829: and now we behold a worse symptom than had ever before been manifested,—a spirit of delusion spreading among enlightened minds, even extending to some who have been enlightened by divine knowledge, which prompts them to look on the most appalling monuments of our national backsliding as so many helps to a future national prosperity, based on what is neither more nor less than investing Satan with the character and office of a missionary; expecting that, by means of the lust of the flesh,

the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, he will be able—and it seems to be taken for granted that he is also willing—to convert sinners from the error of their way, and to extend the bounds of the Redeemer's kingdom.

With an aching heart I looked upon the edifice where thousands of my fellow-creatures were doomed during the Sabbath to receive, in blind submission, the false doctrine of their blind teachers. I felt that, without a fearful dereliction of duty in some quarters, such a spectacle could not be permitted to present itself in the British dominions three hundred years after the blessed Reformation—a century and a half after the defeat of James Stuart, and the establishment of Protestant ascendancy on this very soil. At the same time I fully anticipated, in the just judgment of God, an extensive visitation on our native shores of the pestilence that we had neglected to eradicate from those of our sister island. Sad, and deeply humbled in spirit for the sin of my own country, I returned to the hotel, and, accompanied by some of the kind family, proceeded to St. Patrick's church.

The way was laborious, being for the most part a continued ascent; and I found that we were approaching the structure perched on a hill, the elevated position of which had arrested my

attention on the previous evening. This, they told me, was the first church built or used, in Ireland, for the pure worship of the Protestant faith; though I well knew that what is considered the introduction was but the restoration of the true Church in this country. St. Patrick's, is a simple, unadorned edifice, of moderate size; the congregation numerous, highly respectable, and seemingly devout. The whole service was performed by one minister, who also preached; and, privileged as I have been in that way, I was unusually struck by the powerful eloquence which the young divine addressed to us from that beautiful passage, "Come from the four winds, O Breath; and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." His object was, to enforce the necessity of divine agency in giving spiritual life to a being naturally and judicially dead in trespasses and sins: and this he did in a strain of singular force and conclusiveness, clothed in elegant language. I was delighted, refreshed, and so far emboldened as to venture upon a proceeding that you will perhaps think required no small share of assurance to accomplish it. I went into the vestry, accosted the clergyman, and stating that I wished to improve my involuntary delay in Newry by examining some of the scriptural schools, I asked his permission to visit those of his parish. With

much courtesy, accompanied with commendable reserve, he gave me a reply that seemed to invite a more explanatory rejoinder; and I felt myself in an awkward predicament, as having no sort of introduction or certificate of character to warrant such an application. I might be some envoy from Rome, or some experimentalizing political economist, seeking occasion to introduce maxims of false philosophy, or 'useful knowledge' systems of anti-biblical expediency. I therefore was obliged to advance a plea of extenuation for my curiosity, by alluding to sundry penny books with which I had from time to time burdened the shelves of Ireland's schools. Oh what a sunbeam of benevolent pleasure enlightened his animated countenance! These dear ministers of God do not despise the humblest vine-dresser in their Master's service. Regretting that an indispensable engagement prevented his accompanying me, Mr. P. directed the clerk to attend me to the school, and, cordially extending the right hand of fellowship, took a most friendly leave. You cannot imagine how cheering this little incident was to me: for it seemed strange to be so cast adrift for long days together, without seeing the face of a friend, in my beloved Ireland.

The girls' school was large, well attended, and beautifully managed; but I could not remain long

enough to investigate the plan of teaching, as we were to dine between the services. I therefore left the ladies, whose kindness was unbounded, and repaired to my hotel. Shall I confess to you, that before we reached it every other feeling had given place to one of powerful indignation? Our way was impeded by the march of a large body of troops, dragoons, fully armed, and altogether in battle array, on their return from the more northern stations where they had been sent, gratuitously to insult the feelings of a loyal Protestant population, and to afford a wanton triumph to the real movers of sedition in this wretchedly misgoverned land. At any time, under any circumstances, such a parade of armed troops would have appeared unseemly on the Lord's day: but when I considered the purpose for which they had been marched, the expedition from which they were returning, the place where we met—for I have already noticed that Newry was formerly destroyed by the Popish forces, rebuilt, and elevated to its present importance by Protestant capital, enterprize, and integrity,—it recalled with double poignancy my morning reflections beneath the walls of that vaunting masshouse. I felt that to encourage Romanism was not deemed sufficient, unless insult was superadded to the injuries systematically inflicted on the Protestants: and while anticipating the disastrous

results to be expected from so erroneous, so ungrateful, so unscriptural a plan of government, I could not but secretly acquiesce in the retributive justice of what I foresaw and deprecated. Irish Protestants will not become rebels; but woe to the rulers who alienate their honest, unbought, high-principled attachment!

The early afternoon service drew us speedily back to St. Patrick's; and very sweet was the smile of invitation with which pew-doors were silently thrown open as we passed along. They alone who are encamped in the midst of a hostile force can comprehend the strength of the tie which unites the individuals, who, marshalled under one Captain, desire to be found faithful in the glorious cause. Among my fellow-worshippers there was not one whose face I had ever seen before that day, or was likely ever to see again in the flesh; yet my heart acknowledged them all, as brethren and sisters in the profession, many in the reality, of a faith that has before been frequently tried as by fire, and will yet be in the furnace again ere long. Another fine discourse from Mr. P., on the treachery of Judas, closed the day's services; and then ensued an Irish scene. Between the church-door and the outer gate, we were assailed with invitations to accompany the kind individuals to their homes; and all given

with a courtesy so graceful, so gentle, so dignified in the midst of its cordiality, that it was downright painful to say no to any of them; but one of my fair acquaintances among the lady managers of the girls' Sunday-school had been beforehand with her frank offer of a seat at her mother's tea-table; and I was more pleased than surprised to find the invitation extended to the other hospitable inviters, including my first acquaintance, the young pastor himself.

I could find in my heart to give you a description of the scene—the pretty cottage in its retired nook, nestling beneath a high wall, in a sweet little garden; the very long, narrow, and not very lofty apartment, its row of old-fashioned windows, square and deep-set, each containing some flowering plant or freshly-culled bouquet; the elders of the family looking the heart-warm welcome even more eloquently than they spoke it; the pleasant, unceremonious tea-table; with an accession of smiling faces perpetually dropping in, I knew not how, nor whence, much less could I persuade myself that any among them were strange faces to me. The clergyman of the church that is fronted by the gorgeous temple of Romanism was among these; and very rarely have I so enjoyed a party as I did that unexpected assemblage in the place where, but a few hours before, I had felt absolutely

forlorn—unowned, and uncared for. My more recent clerical acquaintance engaged us for the morrow's breakfast; and when a kind and numerous escort finally left us at the King's Arms, it was no easy matter to close the animating theme that engrossed my young companion's mind equally with my own.

But, alas! the bright picture of Christian zeal and diligence in Newry is deeply shadowed with that ominous, unwelcome appendage,—the new National Education system. I have not, as yet, fallen in with a single individual of either sex, from Waterford to Newry, who does not denounce it as a curse to the land. In Dublin I saw the immense building, or rather palace, that they are preparing for the Central Board; but I had neither leisure nor inclination to turn my attention from better things to that mischievous institution. In Newry the plan is vigorously pursued, under the special patronage of priests and nuns: and a few plain facts in reference to this place may give you an idea of the reasonableness of the hope indulged by some, that Popery will be undermined by such a system. You know the ostensible purpose of these schools is to provide a strictly neutral ground, on which the children of both parties can meet, without any danger of either being influenced in a way contrary to the wishes of their parents. The

necessity for such a plan is stated to have arisen from the objections raised by the poor people against having their little ones taught to read the word of God; and the notable device agreed upon was, that religious instruction of all descriptions should be excluded from the schools, except at particular hours, on a stated day in the week, when a separation was to be carefully made, the children of the Romanists to be taught according to the doctrines of Popery by their peculiar guides, and those of Protestants allowed to receive scriptural instruction from any clergyman who might choose to give it. Well, this looked plausible in the eyes of that class called liberal, and even deceived some really good people. How do you suppose it is carried into effect here? The National School for girls adjoins the convent,—the usual entrance being through that building, with another door on a line with the nunnery hall-door, and within its precincts. The teachers are all nuns, habited in the most remarkable and extreme dress of a monastic order, robes, rosaries, and all the awful paraphernalia of the black sisters. No Protestant visitor can enter this 'public' school, without being previously examined, and kept waiting sufficiently long to put aside objectionable books; but in spite of every precaution it has been

ascertained, and proved too upon oath, that at all hours bigoted catechisms of the Romish church are in use, being regularly taught by the nuns; and books of the most pernicious tendency have been found in the hands of the children.[1] Attempts are continually made to induce the Protestant pupils to join in these exercises; by introducing them during the period avowedly set apart for secular study: and the consequence is that all their parents who do not value a little paltry and most miserably inferior education for their children before the salvation of their souls, are obliged to withdraw them. Consequently the national grant, with all the vast and costly machinery of this deceitful system are employed in rivetting the fetters of spiritual bondage on these poor little creatures by the hands of male and female ecclesiastics of the Romish creed. What renders the whole thing most inexcusable is, that by a rule of the board, the regular daily teachers must belong to the laity, while here, as in Galway, and innumerable other places, professed nuns are the sole and exclusive conductors of the whole business of the girls' schools; as monks, regularly habited, and belonging to the various orders, Dominican, Franciscan, Carmelite, black, grey, and so forth, are of the boys. It is common to have a small

[1] See Appendix E.

sliding pannel in the doors, which are kept locked: when a visitor knocks, the master partially withdraws the slide, takes a survey, asks questions, then re-fastens his pannel, and puts away whatever books he does not wish to expose to the prying gaze of a heretic, before the door is opened. I will give you an extract from a book studied by the children in the nun's National School here in Newry, that you may duly appreciate the 'useful knowledge' instilled into the minds of the pupils, and admire the strict adherence of the Board to its first great principles of total abstinence from all that can offend the consciences of any class. Here it is—the work is entitled 'Indulgences granted by the sovereign Pontiffs to the faithful who perform the devotions and pious works prescribed.' Printed by and for 'the Catholic Book Society;' and it was found among the books for united instruction—that is, for instruction totally unconnected with any thing religious, during the hours when, on the faith of this exclusion of all that could bias the minds of the children either way, all are mingled together. As a specimen of the valuable information contained in the volume, and its freedom from all obnoxious subjects, take the following: 'By a plenary indulgence we gain the remission of all the punishment which remains due to sins forgiven, provided we have the proper

dispositions, and comply with the conditions required.' These conditions are thus explained, 'It is enjoined to visit a church, and pray according to the pious intentions of the sovereign Pontiff.' These intentions are again described a little farther on: 'The intentions of the Pope are generally these; the exaltation of the catholic church, the propagation of our holy faith, peace and concord among Christian kings and princes, and the extirpation of heresy.' Now, not to mention the importance of communicating such knowledge to the Protestant children; what think you of a plan that supplies the monks and nuns with means to diffuse it among the little ones of their own flock? The concluding expression too, conveys an early lesson of fearful import: the lower order of the Irish know of no other mode of extirpating heresy than by draining it out with the life blood from Protestant veins. It was the war-cry of the sacerdotal warriors, who in 1798 led their people to the attack; and whatever spiritual meaning it may be intended to convey to the minds of the pupils, the idea with which they are certain to connect it is that of slaughtering their fellow creatures.

Another instance of the power enjoyed and exercised by the inferior officials of this Board appears in the fact that, although the exclusion of

religious instruction except on the appointed day is publicly boasted of by its advocates as the one all-sufficient guarantee against the communication of any thing to the children which their parents would not approve, in this very school the nuns possess a distinct permission in the Inspector's hand-writing, for imparting religious instruction every day. The excuse offered for this is, that no Protestant children attend the school; which again proves that the public money is withdrawn from scriptural institutions, when all denominations alike drank at the pure fountain of truth, unadulterated by man's inventions, to be placed at the disposal of those whose existence as a church and community depends on their keeping the people in ignorance and error: and who do actually employ it for that purpose, to the exclusion of the offspring of a loyal Protestant population. Do you not suppose it must be a startling thing to those who have had such fearful experience of the temper of Popery towards themselves, to send their little ones within the very walls of a convent, to be taught exclusively by females habited in so strangely imposing a manner, who firmly believe that all must be eternally lost who do not embrace the delusions of popery. I have alluded to the dress—we are all influenced by externals, children especially so, and you may imagine the effect

likely to be produced on the mind of a little ignorant timid creature, by the appearance of a teacher, whose sedate severe aspect, and stiff practised solemnity of manner are further enhanced by the following garb. A loose robe, with a flowing train, formed of the blackest serge; the bust being enveloped in a peculiar wrapper of white cotton, somewhat between a shawl and a tippet. A cap or hood close, and so drawn down on the sides as to perform the same office as blinkers to a horse; while the small portion of face thus left open to view is farther curtailed by an enormous neckcloth, covering the chin, and meeting the aforesaid wrapper. In fact, nothing can approach nearer to the grim effect of old-fashioned grave-clothes. Several of these apparitions, each with an hour-glass in her hand, a black rosary and crucifix depending from the leathern girdle that confines her waist, and a black ribband beside it, with an image of the virgin and child, are to be seen daily in the school-house, the sole teachers and managers, moving up and down among the awe-stricken little ones, and bringing all these striking externals to bear upon the doctrines which they inculcate, and of which you have a sample in the foregoing extract.[1] Such is my solicitude for

[1] All this was being given in evidence on oath, before the Committee of the House of Lords, at the very time I was in

the deliverance of those poor Irish children of the Romish persuasion from the deep and fatal darkness surrounding them, that I would cheerfully relinquish every shilling of the national grant to their service alone, trusting to private liberality for the means of educating the Protestant class. But is it not frightful to see the latter deluded, except so far as the watchfulness of their parents may keep them from these schools, into sharing the deadly poison thus administered to the minds of the poor little Romanists? It will be a terrible thing for England when in her skirts is found the blood of the souls of these poor innocents. What a strikingly applicable passage is that to which I allude, Jer. ii. 34—"I have not found it by *secret search* but upon all these." This national Board plan is not a sin of mere passive connivance, where abuses may creep in unprovided against, because unexpected: it is a sin of which the government vaunts, an offence in which the perpetrators glory, a confederacy deliberately entered into with Popery and Infidelity, to secure their present possessions against the intrusive claims of the Lord Jesus Christ. He comes to seek and to save his lost sheep: they build an enclosure, shut in the poor

Newry. It is now published, and may be seen in the report of the examination of Hon. Capt. Wellesley, and Rev. L. H. Robinson.

victims, and place a guard of wolves to watch their fold. I could not bear the spectacle, had I not that glorious promise ever before me, given by him who most assuredly will fulfil every tittle of his own word. Let earth and hell combine; let all the enemies of Christ unite their efforts, and some of his friends abandon their Master's cause, to bless that which he has cursed, and to build up that which he has sworn shall fall; yet can they not avert the coming hour, when he who has spoken will also make it good. "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick, but I will destroy the fat and the strong; I will feed them with judgment." That thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel will yet be felt in all its awful applicability, by those who so justly incur the rebuke. "Seemeth it a small thing unto you, to have eaten up the good pasture, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures? and to have drunk of the deep waters, but you must foul the residue with your feet?"

It is a common device to throw the whole blame of this ruinous system upon Lord Stanley. He is so far blameable, in that he rashly adopted a plan without properly acquainting himself with the peculiarities of the place where, and th

people on whom it was to be tried. Seated in Dublin Castle, and beguiled with a beautiful vision of liberality, he listened with the heart of a philanthropist to the representations of others, who knew what they were about far better than he did. The result was a sketch of a general system of education, to unite all classes, which might have suited the exigencies of a case where the inhabitants were squabbling about church discipline, and mere external forms, although the exclusion of the Bible at any time, or under any circumstances, would have been unjustifiable—in such a case quite needless too: but Lord Stanley never studied Popery, as developed in the word of God, nor priestly influence as exhibited in Romish chapels, in the confessional, and in the treasonable outbreaks among the lower orders of laity that invariably follow any particular stir in the superior ecclesiastical departments.[1] Lord Stanley thought he had found a remedy for evils that he sincerely deplored, and with benevolent zeal he hastened to apply it, still declaring that it was but an experimental attempt. He ought to have tried it on a small scale, to a limited extent, but that would not have answered the purposes of the artful suggesters. They hailed his proposition with what seemed a general burst of

[1] See Appendix F.

grateful acclaim from every corner of the land; and having thus availed themselves of his united advantages, his benevolence, talent, promptitude, and authority, they persuaded him to launch their vessel, then hoisted piratical colours, stood out to sea, and threw upon him the blame of all the mischief they intended to do.

Besides, exceptionable as was Lord Stanley's plan, they render it ten times worse than he had any suspicion of its being possible to make it. Every latent germ of mischief they have forced forward into the most luxuriant fructification of evil: every supposed safeguard against abuse they have set at nought, and openly done away with. They have made it so wholly and hopelessly pernicious, that scarcely a Protestant clergyman can be found willing to compromise his principles by attending at the permitted seasons to instruct those of his own flock; preferring to squeeze from a diminished income, and to solicit from Christian friends, the means of providing them with scriptural instruction, apart from these poisoned streams. I have named only the Girls' School in Newry, nestled as it is under the fostering wing of the nunnery, and wholly monopolized by the veiled sisters of the order therein secluded. The Boys' School contains twenty Protestants; and there the absence of ecclesiasti—

cal teachers is compensated for in a singular way. The spelling-book used by the children has the usual columns on one page, and on the opposite page *the catechism of the Romish church.* This is studied of course, during the hours of general instruction, and it affords one of the most remarkable specimens of jesuistical ingenuity on the one side, on the other of criminal negligence, if not of more criminal connivance, and on both of utter contempt for the pledge given to the public, that ever I met with. In fact, the sole object in these schools is wholly to fill the minds of the poor little Romanists with the most fearful errors, and darkest prejudices of the apostate church, while the snare is set to take as many Protestants within its deadly hold as may wander unwittingly into the paths of destruction. There is not, in the entire plan, as now developed, one redeeming point. The teaching ordinarily afforded is rarely if ever equal to what the old hedge-schools of the land supplied; and the book of extracts, given in lieu of the whole word of God, is not only a mutilation of Scripture, but an unfaithful translation—not only unfaithful to the inspired original, but in all the cases of its variation from the authorized version it openly and grossly favours popery, by adopting that of the Douay or Rhemish, and often inculcating its worst dogmas. I promised to make no

vague unsupported charges; take then the following specimens. You will probably have heard much of the famous note, *Ipsa*, but may not exactly know what it is: the passage occurs in Genesis iii. 15, where our version thus gives it—"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed—it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." The Douay translates it—"she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for his heel:" avowedly applying it to Mary. This was going too far; so the Lesson-book or Extracts has it—"It shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for his heel." But at the same time this note taken from the Douay version is appended to the page. "It shall crush, &c. *ipsa*, she the woman; so divers of the fathers read this place conformably to the Latin. Others read *ipsum*, viz. the seed. The sense is the same, for it is by her seed, Jesus Christ, that the woman crushes the serpent's head." In further illustration of the meaning attached to this note, you must observe that a print very common among the numerous representations of the Virgin Mary, and known to almost every child in the Romish church, shews her with her foot placed on the head of the serpent. The wicked dishonesty of this note, as introduced here is manifold. Not only is full

countenance given to the idolatrous worship of the Virgin Mary, by recognizing her as the conqueror of hell while her Son is made a mere agent in the work: there is a farther treachery in admitting what every scholar must know is a false translation, as being sanctioned by 'divers of the fathers.' Every body knows that Hebrew is the original tongue of the Pentateuch: and in that the verb being masculine cannot agree with a feminine pronoun; neither does the Septuagint, the Chaldee, the Samaritan, or the Syriac admit it. The commissioners, therefore, have gone needlessly and altogether out of the way, to place this Latin authority, false as it is, in the hands of the Romish teachers to whom the office of explaining the lessons is usually committed.

But there is another more flagrant instance of direct encouragement to the practice of antichristian adoration of Mary. You are aware that the most indispensable part of every office performed in that church is the 'Ave' or 'Hail Mary.' It forms, with the creed and the paternoster, a component part even of the shortest service of devotion; and where time will admit but of one, the Hail Mary is always selected. It is the first act of worship that the child learns to lisp; the last aspiration that falters on the dying lip. By the addition of a few words to the angel's saluta-

tion, it forms an express, unequivocal *prayer* to the woman. How do you think the commissioners have contrived to give the Romish children an opportunity of reciting, and the Protestants of hearing, if not of joining in this purely idolatrous supplication? Pray mark it well. The plan of the 'extracts' is to give chapters for reading; and at the end of each a string of printed questions, to be put by the master, and answered by the children. With that sort of ingenuousness and veracity which shine throughout the work, the preface informs us that the whole gospel of St. Luke is contained in this number; whereas in the first chapter, ten consecutive verses are omitted, and a short paraphrase supplies their place. Among these ten verses is the salutation of the angel to Mary.

Now, observe. In the list of questions printed at the end of this lesson, the following occurs—'How did the angel *address her?*' The child has not been allowed to see the actual address: it is omitted. He has no access to the unmutilated word of God: he cannot answer, "Hail, Mary, thou that art highly favoured; the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." But his memory immediately supplies him with what he is taught to recite daily, at home and in chapel, under the title of the angelical salutation, and he

promptly repeats, " Hail Mary, full of grace, our Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus: Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

I will not go beyond this; I solemnly declare my conviction that if this be intentionally done, it ought to be regarded as one of the deadliest sins ever committed against the majesty of the God of truth. To avoid giving offence to the poor deluded Romanist, a passage is omitted which would at once and plainly shew him the testimony of the Holy Ghost against his most habitual act of idolatrous worship; and he is encouraged to believe that the Bible sanctions it. Not only is the blind led further out of his way, but he is taught to consider that his leader into the paths of destruction, is the infallible word of God. Popery advances her false doctrines by haughtily setting the scriptures altogether aside; but give her the aid of Socinian craft and Liberal recklessness, they will devise a plan among them that shall make the whole fraternity of Jesuits wonder at their own simplicity and straight-forwardness. I have guarded these remarks by the clause, *If this be intentional:* if it be not, we shall see very shortly the impression called in, and another issued, from which the foregoing, and the various passages that

favour purgatory, transubstantiation, and justification by man's meritorious works—all fully exposed by Dr. Newland and others—will be altered or omitted; otherwise the stigma must remain, and the guilt rest on the heads of those who have to answer for it. A Romanist, officiating as teacher, would not, if he could, explain to the children the mistakes into which this treacherous book of extracts must lead them; a Protestant dares not. The priest would immediately discover it, and inform against the offender. Besides, the masters are restricted to the very miserable, unmeaning categories appended to the lessons: they may not overstep their commission. At least, an honest man would not do it; and a dishonest one has little temptation, seeing the mischief ably done to his hand, so far as the lesson book is concerned; but in the other points, the published rules of the Board, which afford a seeming protection against undue preponderance on either side, are so much waste paper. The master is paramount in the school, doing, undoing, evading, altering, and reversing, with an impunity controlled only by one superior authority—the priest.

Yet the open, unveiled violation of rules in favour of the reigning superstition is striking; in England it would not be tolerated. I have remarked on the close juxta-position in which the

national schools that I have seen stand to the Romish edifice. I now find that out of seventy-three schools in protestant Ulster, sixty are built actually within the enclosed precincts of chapels, nunneries, or monasteries; in Leinster, out of one hundred schools, there is not one but what is similarly situated. Among these, one school entirely occupies the basement story of a large Romish chapel, in Dublin. Munster has sixty-eight schools; two only of which are exceptions to the practical rule that, in defiance of the nominal rule places them on the holy ground of Romanism; and Connaught with its twenty schools exhibits no exception whatever!

One more remark, and I quit this humiliating subject: for what to an English Protestant can be more painfully humiliating than to see the name, the authority, the wealth of England thus prostituted to aid the designs of God's enemy against the souls of her own subjects? If help had been given to introduce, under such high sanction, this plan among others already in operation, it would have been an evil application of government influence: but we must remember that an excellent system of scriptural education, supported by a public grant, was set aside; and so far as the withdrawal of that grant could accomplish it, extinguished, in order to substitute for it this

unhappy device, by which 90,595 poor children, nursed in the soul-destroying errors of Popery, are further confirmed in them, and placed more entirely under the despotism of the priesthood, while 15,633 young Protestants are exposed the perils of contamination, from that with which they are brought into daily contact.[1] I may, however, make a few exceptions: in this obstinately Protestant part of Ireland, some few schools set the priests at defiance; and in one which I could name, the grant of books from the board was found unopened, just as it had been packed in Dublin; the master alleging, that if he once produced those books, every Protestant would immediately leave the school. But even on this there is a sad drawback. The heresy falsely called Unitarianism, as Popery is falsely called Catholicity, prevails to an awful extent among the Presbyterian congregations: it has been indignantly cast out by the sound orthodox body of the true church of Scotland, who have purged the synod of Ulster of that unholy leaven; but they cannot banish it from the professing body there, any more than we can extirpate it in England; and, to give error in every possible shape all practicable advantage, a Socinian sits at the Board

[1] These were the numerical returns in April 1837.

in Dublin, to watch over that branch of the antichristian interest. Thus some who are sturdily resolved not to deify the Virgin or St. Peter, are no less fixedly bent on undeifying our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost. Alas for the cause of truth, when such an alliance is sanctioned and upheld by the constituted authorities of the land!

While breakfasting with my more recent ministerial acquaintance, admiring his delightful home and lovely children, and enjoying the converse of a cheerful, intellectual, and enlightened assemblage of friends, we were regaled with the sight of another division of cavalry returning from their northern campaign. I almost wonder at the cool contempt with which the loyal Protestants endure this degrading insult, degrading, not to its objects, but its perpetrators. The former feel this; and I really think that pity for their governors is the reigning sentiment whenever they contemplate this ridiculous exhibition of affected panic, and concern for the public peace. No such demonstrations are made in the south, to intimidate the midnight murderer, or day-light assassin, from his meditated crime. Protestantism is now the only offence deserving viceregal visitation in this country; and happily for them, it is a case where punishment may be inflicted with impunity, which is

more than could be said, if treason and rebellion were laid under the scourge. I am now about to quit Newry, and I shall part with regret from many with whose existence I was unacquainted twenty-four hours ago. Pressing invitations to stay, hospitable offers of all that their homes could afford, have assailed us to the last; and if I were not longing to reach Tollymore Park, and limited as to time, I could hardly manage to escape from these persuasive Newry friends. I leave them calculating on a triumph in the approaching election. Mr. Ellis comes forward in broad and open opposition to the party who have hitherto contrived to maintain a majority. His politics are conservative; his professions altogether those of Protestantism; and the late gratuitous affront having roused many lukewarm spirits, and united some who before were kept apart by minor considerations, I am mistaken if the ostentatious parade of her Majesty's troops among a loyal and peaceable people, does not facilitate the sending to parliament of an additional opponent of her Majesty's very incompetent administration. It is not that I care for whig or tory: little confidence I have in one or the other, actuated as both too generally are, by the hollow principle of seeming expediency, without a reference to the only rule of right; but with my own eyes

I see the daily proofs of a fixed determination to conciliate the destroyers of God's heritage, at the expence of all which they are bound to uphold: and therefore I wish the country a happy deliverance from their mischievous rule.

LETTER VIII.

COUNTY DOWN.

Tollymore Park, July.

You desire me to give you a minute description of all that I should see here: in how many volumes? A plan so well worthy describing, I never before saw; but when I take up the pen, and would transfer to paper the bare outline of what the eye and the mind, even at this moment, can take in together, I am lost in a labyrinth of ideas. We left Newry in a post-chaise, and advanced into a region of grandeur, surpassing all that I had conceived from the expressions of my friends. The road winds at first through unequal grounds, ascending and descending considerable swells; then the banks on the right hand rise to what you would call mountains, did not the distance present you with towering forms, which leave you doubtful whether your near neighbours can be termed any thing more than moderate hills. Picturesque, however, they are in the

highest degree: a succession of almost perpendicular sweeps, often wooded, always gay with wild flowers, and, whenever the slope will admit of it, fine ridges of potatoes, the white and purple blossoms always appearing in distinct plantations, and wearing the fashionable aspect of flowers en masse. With us a potato field is a very homely affair: our straggling ridges, the single rows of plants placed length-wise, and the flat confusion of the whole thing defy all idea of the ornamental. But Paddy knows better: he separates a rising ground into parcels of about two or three yards in width: digging between them a very deep trench, say two feet over, running in as straight a line as the eye of mathematical precision could desire. Across the beds thus divided, he sets the root; so that the ridges do not appear on a front view; and thus a long, wide, highly raised bed of very rich plants stretches from the road-side up the hill, well defined by the separating trenches, and these again supplying a singular ornament to the scene; for the prevailing weed, which bears a bright flower of the deepest yellow, is carefully eradicated from the beds, but allowed to grow on either edge, which it does most thickly; and so beautiful is this belt of rich gold exactly bordering the spacious slips of emerald green, with its uniform tufts of pure white, or else of pure purple, that I am in

doubt whether it is not the effect of design. In short, I must take leave to repeat the assertion which has more than once offended your nationality, that an Englishman knows neither how to grow, how to boil, or how to relish a potato.

After this well merited eulogium on the staff of life in Ireland, I return to the distant landscape, the dark mass of mountains that rose and looked forth, as if watching to bestow the universal greeting, the hundred thousand welcomes of the land on a friendly guest. Just as their bold outlines became more defined, we encountered one of those untoward events to which all travellers are exposed —a regular fall of rain. Not one of those little pattering concerns that you are accustomed to, but a real energetic Irish torrent, coming down in sincere earnest. The poor postilion, with his broken hat and thin linen jacket, became an object of much sympathy to us; and as I have always experienced the truth of the homely adage,— 'Where there is a will there is a way,' our concern proved of some avail to him. Opening a front window sufficiently far for our purpose, we managed to hold a large umbrella over his head, so as neither to impede his view of the horses and road, nor to direct a dripping stream upon his ill-clad person. Frequent practice has rendered us very expert at this operation; and to judge by the

earnestness of the poor people's acknowledgments, I should suppose that it is not a common attention. I cannot, however, persuade myself that any person possessed of a tolerable share of humanity would sit with a folded umbrella in a weather proof carriage, while a fellow-creature endured the pelting of a storm from which he might be screened at so very trifling an expense of trouble and condescension. Our Irishman repaid to the best of his power the little kindness conferred, by taxing his memory for every particle of information there stored: and I think where that failed, he sometimes drew upon his invention, particularly in furnishing a name for every hill we passed.

The rain, though violent, was not very persevering; two or three discharges from the frowning sky seemed to expend its liquid ammunition, and the remaining clouds rolled off, just as we fairly reached the foot of that magnificent chain, the Mourne mountains. Bare and undiversified as regards their surface, which is of a brownish green, or rather a greenish brown, and exceedingly rocky, imagination could not picture a finer variety of outline than they in their changing positions exhibited as we wound along. You must imagine, on your right hand, a good black bog, sometimes interspersed with a patch of cultivation, and on its farther edge, seldom removed

beyond the distance of a moderate sized field, a crowd of mountain tops, sometimes precipitous, more generally descending with a rapid sweep, now intersecting each other, anon forming a sort of defile, quickly terminated by an obstructing individual, with its round, conical, or angular crest fully displayed as we drove past the opening: then again a long unbroken though finely undulating line accompanying you at an equal distance. Turning the last point of this gigantic rampart, you seem to bid farewell to your stupendous companions, and are half wearied with the comparatively flat, and rather sterile aspect of the right hand scenery; while on your left the tall hedge gives place to a stone enclosure, with a plantation within, and you find that you have entered on Lord Roden's estate.

It then became a matter of trifling consideration to me that the mountains had withdrawn; my heart and eyes were both full, overpowered with the consciousness of having at length reached a spot the very name of which had for many years been precious to my thought. For many a long day I had been traversing the land, from Waterford hither, lamenting the evils for which I know there is a radical cure, but not as yet permitted to see extensive power heartily applied to administer that remedy. A calm, firm, uncompromising

resistance against the spirit and genius of popery, a vigorous repression of its external risings, a healing process for the alleviation of the miseries that inevitably result from its secret workings, a persevering proclamation of gospel truth, uncontaminated with any neutralizing admixture, and carried out by all the means that active benevolence and untiring zeal can discover, by schools for all ages and all classes, most judiciously apportioned and sustained; all this and much more I knew marked the presiding influence where I was at length privileged to come as a guest; and when, over the door of a sweet little cottage that broke the regularity of the left hand fence, I beheld an inscription *in the Irish character*, indicating that it was a school, my feelings were more delicious than even they had been at Vinegar Hill. There, a dark and dreadful recollection mingled with every gladsome thought: here was a wilderness of natural grandeur that seemed to shut out the stormy world; moral destitution yet prevailing indeed, but with a sweet budding promise upon the desert, that it should yet rejoice and blossom as the rose.

On the right, the ground swelled more and more, but cultivation was carried to its farthest point. The whole hill side being portioned off, divided with banks of loose stones, and each little

estate having its cottage, each cottage its small hedge row enclosure, with a tree or two bending over it, you cannot imagine how interesting was the picture. Much of turf-bog lay intermingled, giving a sombre cast to the scene; and the remaining soil was evidently rough, much encumbered with stone: but those cottage allotments, scattered very widely and irregularly about, some approaching the road, others perched high on the eminence, were a perfect contrast to the wretched cabins that I had seen huddled together in other parts of the country. While watching the varieties of this landscape, we were almost startled by a sudden rencontre with our giant friends: again they flung themselves before us in unveiled magnificence; and presently a scene more enchanting than I had dreamed of appeared: for the onward road descended, and evidently led through a low ground, beyond which in broad and brilliant loveliness lay the sea. I shall not forget the smile with which the poor driver turned his head to look at me, when a rapturous exclamation burst from my lips: and while we proceeded along a beautiful road, edged with handsome cottages, he remarked, 'Lord Roden's village:' then, passing a most respectable dwelling, with its range of stabling, he added, 'Lord Roden's inn;' and wheeling his horses to the right, where a very

fine gateway and picturesque lodge marked the entrance, he almost triumphantly concluded,—'Lord Roden's park!'

The iron gates were thrown open by a porter clad in the same garb with my friend at Dundalk, whose military bearing well accorded with the Waterloo medal that glittered on his breast. A fine carriage way bordered by flower-beds, overhung with stately trees, forming one of the noblest and most graceful avenues possible, swept along first rising, then with a wide curve descending again, and opening such a view! I shall not attempt to describe it yet: I must first take you to the house, still sweeping round to the right, an expanse of grass enclosed within a light fence occupying the foreground of the mansion, until we alighted at the foot of a noble flight of steps, and entered the building. The first step you take is into a spacious lofty apartment, floored with oak, and hung round with fine portraits and maps; crossing this, you turn to the left, and find yourself in a very long and high but not so very wide hall, with a succession of archways, which produce a beautiful effect. Over the first of these on a broad scroll, in large letters of gold, and in the rich celtic character, you read the greeting, the dear Irish greeting, CEAD MILLE FAILTHE. It is impossible to conceive the effect of these few words displayed in such a place.

Lord Roden, I knew, was still in England; and the Countess was then on some of her daily visits of mercy to the neighbouring poor; so that for a short time we must be alone: but a welcome, an immediate, a glowing welcome, the noble proprietors have provided, whether present or absent, for the humblest guest who can tread that truly baronial hall. I stood for a moment, arrested by the suddenness of the salutation; and my inmost heart yielded the response, 'Yes, I know I am welcome here; for I love Ireland, and my heart's desire and prayer is to serve God in the Gospel of his Son. Therefore I am welcome.'

I must linger a little in this enchanting hall: it is lighted on the left by a row of high and richly stained windows, which cast a most beautiful mellow lustre on the opposite wall, hung with a series of family portraits. Rare cabinets, displaying many costly articles of foreign workmanship, stand at intervals on either side, and in the central part a very fine double staircase admits a large opening between the two flights, over which a broad lantern pours down the silver light of day. This spot again detained me; for its chivalrous character struck an old chord in my heart. Four complete suits of mail, so placed as to give you the entire figure of an armed man on each pedestal, are ranged on the left: opposite, in the square

opening between the staircases, are two stands, each containing twenty muskets, with their bayonets ranged beside them, excellently kept. A large drum hangs near; and over the whole, depending from the balustrades, float five bright banners of various descriptions; while pikes, halberts, pistols, and a great variety of curious arms, are tastefully disposed around. You may understand from this, that the walls of the staircase and landing place form three sides of a hollow square; these are occupied above by a very valuable series of five paintings, of great size, representing the different hairbreadth 'scapes of Charles II. The figures are all large as life; and the portraits and costume excellent. They were painted by Fuller, shortly after the restoration, and are seen to great advantage among so many tokens of devoted loyalty as abound in this spot. Proceeding onward and passing a farther line of painted windows, portraits, and antiques, two doors to the left lead into the elegant suite of apartments that form the dining and ante-rooms, and the splendid library at present used as a drawing room. At the farther extremity of this hall is another apartment recently added to the building, of which more anon.

You will believe that by the time we had traversed this space, I was sufficiently excited to be thankful for a little leisure to compose my spirits

before the noble lady of this noble mansion returned to confirm the greeting of the Irish scroll, and to lead us into the delicious grounds, that, all sparkling with sunlit drops of recent rain, looked more like a gorgeous imagining than a reality of this defiled earth. I could not if I laboured for a week at the task, convey an adequate idea of the beauties of this place: nor could you name an appendage capable of ornamenting a spot that is wanting here. Would you have sublimity? A mountain, planted to its summit with trees of the richest and most luxuriant character rises close to the house; above it appears the long waving line of a noble ridge, called the black mountain; and looking over that, yea looking down with a most patronizing air upon this fairy scene, towers the conical point of Slieve Donard. When this was first pointed out to me, I felt though I did not say it, that Slieve Donard ought to lift his head a little higher, for the sake of a more marked pre-eminence, above his giant neighbour. Yet I was really astonished when, half an hour afterwards, while I was looking up, a thick cloud rolled away, which I had never suspected to lie between me and the object of my curiosity, and shewed such an altitude as I certainly had never pictured to myself. The most striking appearance is the seeming proximity of this splendid peak: you fancy that, if permitted to climb over

the tree tops to the termination of the wooded height, you could pass by a single step to the black mountain, and thence by as easy a transition, to the ascent of Slieve Donard's crest. You may judge of the grandeur of such a combination; but you can form no idea of the enchanting loveliness of the garden ground that separates the house from its magnificent guardian heights. The gently swelling lawn is diversified with every possible variety of ornamental trees and shrubs, arranged in clumps and clusters with faultless taste, or allowed to rise alone, and shew their elegant outline. Flower-beds, stored with the choicest aromatic and brilliant specimens, are cut in the soft grass; while here and there you see an enormous basket, formed of wreathed twigs, adorned with fir-apples, and bearing on the mould that fills them all the delicate creeping and other flowers that can be thought of. These are trophies of the industrious ingenuity of the youthful and noble heir, delighting to add another charm to this region of delights. The famous rhododendrons, averaging from thirty to fifty feet in circumference, form a distinguished feature, though not now in flower: their lower branches rest on the lawn, and each plant naturally assumes a very graceful pyramidical shape. At proper intervals sheep of a handsome breed are tethered, but

seemingly at large, browsing fearlessly on the velvet sod beneath them. Turn from this, and go towards the front of the house—your eye following the gradual descent of the wooded hill as it slopes away, rests on the ocean. From the window of my sleeping apartment I see distinctly, without a glass, the Isle of Man, reposing in mid-sea; and with an ordinary telescope, the shipping in its port is clearly discernible. What would you add to this combination of attractions? Rocks, woods, and a mountain-torrent might improve it. Well, I challenge the world to outdo the demesne of Tollymore Park in these particulars.

Leaving the house in the rear, and the exquisite lawn on your right, you cross a slip of pasturage, and enter the covert of a dark grove, which leads you by a descending path, just wide enough to walk on between the trees and brushwood, until you emerge on the edge of the most romantic stream that ever burst its way through a channel of rock. The latter lies in masses, sometimes to a depth of twenty feet or more, but never for that length unbroken. Huge blocks, hurled, as it would seem, by some gigantic arm, lie in the wildest confusion in the bed of the river; while the fantastic shapes assumed by those which line the banks, the variety of lichens and suckers that spring from every fissure, the darkness of the

narrow chasm, enlightened by the foam of those dancing, dashing, whirling waters, and the grotesque positions into which the overhanging trees have twisted their trunks, generally mantled in ivy,—altogether form such a scene of witchery, that I only wonder how I dare dishonour it by any attempt at a description.' This wild stream, rushing from the Mourne Mountains, winds its eccentric course through the length of the domain, keeping close below the wooded hill, and so perfectly concealed that you must be on its banks to know any thing of its existence. At different turns, where the ground abruptly descends, or the channel suddenly deepens, fine falls are produced; but it is a succession of cascades, sometimes presenting half a dozen at a view, falling from different parts of the same fragment of rock. Man could do nothing here, except to preserve the banks in as perfect accordance as might be with the torrent; and this has very successfully been done. Now a grotto, then a bridge most rustically appropriate, and occasionally a spot of greensward, with chairs and tables *en suite*, embowered in the trees, vary the walk; but still you tread upon the edge, and cannot avoid beholding, at every step, the wonders of the rocky depth beneath, with its ever-varying stream of pure water, sometimes black with the masses of rock and

wood that close it in; then transparent as crystal, while it lightly leaps some barrier, and plays awhile around its base.

In a level part of this enchanted glen, Lord Roden has pressed his wild river into the service to which he devotes himself, and all that he is, and all that he has,—the service of his poor countrymen. Here, with that constant attention to the elegant and picturesque which enhances the useful, he has erected a saw-mill; and very delightful it is to see the mountain river, subdued into quiet force, steadily wending its way for a space, to work by its impetus an extensive machinery. The dense forest supplies trees, without their being missed; and the stream which fed them enables a a few workmen to execute the whole process of sawing, planing, turning, and finishing off every useful article, from the solid timbers that support a substantial house, to the little pegs that unite the fences around it. This spectacle of busy operation, the cottagers coming with their carts for a valuable freight of timber, and the young children to gather chips in their pinafores; the solitude, the loveliness of the woods, the occasional glimpse of those towering mountains, the tranquil grace of the river at this useful stage of its progress, and the peaceable, contented aspect of the poor tenantry who avail themselves of the boon,—all impart

such a charm, that when to it you add the crowning glory of the whole, the assured truth that love to God is the moving principle of all this active benevolence, that nothing here is undertaken, nothing planned, nothing desired, but what has been brought before the Lord in fervent believing prayer, and nothing sought but as a means to glorify Him, and to benefit his creatures for his sake,—you must say with me that sea and land may be compassed without finding a spot where the heart can so rest, so expand, so expatiate, as in this abode of natural beauty, moral elevation, and spiritual peace.

But I must lead you back to the house, for you have not seen the chapel. Fancy a choice collection of all that the sculptor, the painter, and engraver can accomplish to render the oratory of a nobleman's house costly and imposing:—you will then have fancied the exact reverse of Lord Roden's chapel. A plainer apartment I have not seen: it is an oblong square, of a good size and height, the windows just under the ceiling, white walls, and benches with good backs ranged transversely throughout. On the right hand side, as you enter, stands a desk, simply to support a book; with a low stool for all but the stately master, who stands, you know, four inches above men of six feet high; on the opposite side is a chair for

Lady Roden, with a space for the family and guests, no otherwise differing from the rest than as having cushions. At the farther end, a door leads into the park, always open to admit all comers. We are called by beat of drum, the butler striking the great drum in the hall at nine o'clock, morning and evening, to this modest place of prayer; and while the inmates of the house enter from the hall, there is not a beggar on the road who is not equally free to approach by the other entrance. A hymn is sung, a portion read and commented on, and prayer offered; after which the kindest notice is taken of those poor who have any occasion for particular attention. Several families residing near also come to avail themselves of this privilege,—among them one to whom I have already become quite attached, that of Lord Roden's agent and valuable fellow-helper in every good work among his people. Captain Hill officiates during his lordship's absence; but we hope to see this delightful household with its head in his own place before long. Meanwhile, I am getting all the information that I can respecting the system pursued: but I am forced to confess that the attractions here are so numerous and so powerful as to make me almost forget my proper business in the enjoyment of pleasure, such as I have rarely partaken in before. This bewitching

garden—this romantic stream—this baronial hall with its ancestral trophies, and its many reminiscences of former times—above all, the privilege of watching the beloved partner and help-meet for this exemplary Christian patriot in her quiet, unostentatious, daily rounds of mercy among the poor cottagers, with the elevated tone of conversation and pursuits, all tending to the highest object of man's mortal existence, make me shrink from remembering what lies beyond the range of this little kingdom of peace and love, and try to persuade myself that poor Ireland and her native race are cared for in every district as they are at Bryansford.

You will remember that in first alluding to the subject of Irish misery and its proper relief, I mentioned a twofold remedy, either branch of which, separated from the other, must be inadequate to the emergency that calls it forth. Here, the very *beau ideal* of what I want is presented to view; and with a success that would be triumphantly conclusive, did not the blighting influence so kindly fostered by the present government interpose to a degree that would be impracticable without such fostering aid. Lord Roden allows no competition for land; he encourages no outbiddings, he drives no hard bargains, he leaves his tenants no pretext for sinking into abject poverty.

Every indulgence compatible with the encouragement of industry is afforded; arrears of rent are unknown, because he takes care to require no more than what a reasonable share of attention to his proper calling will enable each tenant to pay. If the man be diligent and industrious, he is under no apprehension of being taxed beyond his means; if idle and disorderly, he must make way for a more deserving person. Neither does it require any superior measure of worldly wealth to put this benevolent plan into daily practice; the landlord's interests are as much promoted by it as those of the tenant. I do not believe that any mortal ever yet suffered even in his temporal possessions by being liberal on a sound Christian principle; but men of the world do not comprehend this part of the mystery of godliness any more than the other parts; they find no bank-notes in their Bibles; and a divine promise will not circulate on 'change. Therefore you rarely if ever find such men stepping out of the beaten track, though common sense should tell them the same tale on the credit of actual experience.

Did you ever amuse yourself as I have often done, by looking over the mottoes of the peerage? Some are singularly apposite to the character of their present bearers; others strikingly opposed to them. Lord Roden's is '*Faire mon devoir*,'

and never do I lift my eyes to the scroll that exhibits it over one of the archways in his hall, without thanking God for having engraven it on his heart in a far brighter blazonry than ever adorned a shield. The principle of this motto lies at the root of all his actions; and because, by the grace of God, he seeks his rule of practice no less than of faith in the inspired volume, and the power to act it out from Him who inspired it, "Look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper."

I have, however, only noticed the temporal part of his plan, in the relationship of landlord to his tenants: the other branch is attended to with a zeal that nothing can damp: a perseverance that nothing can dishearten. Up, on the mountain top, as high as a cabin can be pitched, down in the loneliest glen, afar on the distant verge of his broad lands, and close to the home of his heart, the voice of instruction resounds. The hoary-headed man, whose dull ear is doubly closed to any other accent, listens to it in his own sweet native tongue, from the lips of some fellow-peasant who has been made to receive and to love, and is now commissioned to declare, the truth as it is in Jesus. The smiling infant, invited to some school, of which there are many on the estate, drinks in with the pretty jingling rhymes that arrest his giddy little mind, the name of Jesus, unmixed with the crea-

ture-worship of Rome; and learning to rest his babyish cares and hopes on the Saviour's compassionate bosom, feels no after need of supernumerary helpers. For every stage of human existence between these extremes there is suitable instruction provided; and rapidly was the work proceeding, gathering around this beloved nobleman the little ones of his poor tenantry, daily strengthening a bond that should have endured through time and extended into eternity, when this curse of Ireland—I use not the word lightly nor hastily, but with solemn deliberation I repeat it—this dire curse of Ireland, the National Board of Education sent its emissaries here, opened its pest-house of bigotry and error, and by means of priestly influence forced the poor lambs from under the paternal care of a true shepherd, to fold them in the wolf's den. "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord."

The principal schools, those immediately under the eye of Lord and Lady Roden, are just outside the Park-gate. The girls' and infants' schools are under one roof, opposite the gate; the boys' farther down the road leading to Newcastle, the pretty little town that stands on the edge of the bay. In the infants' room a card is very conspicuously hung over the fire-place, requesting that nothing may be said or done to excite vanity in

the minds of the babes; a very wholesome and needful precaution, for it is exceedingly difficult to refrain from expressing admiration, which, even at that tender age, children know how to appropriate, and to abuse too. Indeed, the singleness of purpose that characterizes every public act of the Earl, with his simple desire that God may be glorified, and his fellow-creatures permanently benefited, is traceable at every step of this delightful investigation. If ever these pages get into print I shall not escape a reprimand for saying so much: but in this I have a duty to fulfil. "Faire *mon* devoir" requires that I should hold up to such questioners as you a living proof of the practicability of what all seem to think desirable, but few will own to be feasible. I maintain that if the cloven hoof of pro-popery legislation had not intruded here, I should have been able to show an unclouded illustration of my favourite theory: as it is, I can bear witness that Lord and Lady Roden live in the hearts of their people; and I do not believe that there is one among them who, unless personally overlooked by some reverend Roman, would maliciously crush, I won't say his house, but a leaf of the orange lilies that gaily laugh in my face wherever I turn.

But what, you will ask, have I to say about that formidable attack on the mansion, of which

we heard so much as having resulted from his Lordship's orangeism? It is not for me to correct the mistakes of my predecessors: I can only state two facts. One is, that the reported assault consisted in a few stones thrown, and random shots fired, as an infuriated body of insurgents hastened past the gate, on their way to an expected fight: the other is, that the affair took place, as nearly as I can calculate, some time *before* Lord Roden announced himself a convert to the orange system. His principles ever were, are now, and I trust ever will be, essentially those which placed the house of Orange Nassau upon the throne, and which are thence called Orange; but he did not connect himself with the Association, until convinced by close personal inspection that its original constitution was as unexceptionable as the critical position of the Irish Protestants rendered it expedient; and his object was to restore to its pristine purity what, in different hands, had undeniably been greatly perverted. Since I have strayed upon this ground, and inspected on the spot that most terrific monster who lurks among the lilies, as Love is said to do among the roses, I will enlighten your opacity a little further on the topic.

In the first place, then, the Orange institution took its rise, not from the noble, the wealthy, the

powerful, the ambitious of the land, who might calculate on the value of such an instrument in pursuing their own projects; but among the humbler classes, who finding each his little property, his children and his life, at the mercy of surrounding enemies, the poor blind tools of persecuting Rome, banded in a purely defensive league, to uphold the Protestant church and government, and to rally round their menaced firesides, with united purpose of heart, and combined strength of hand. By degrees, as the fatal spirit of Protestant concession fed the inflated hopes, and nerved the destroying hand of Popery, the spreading danger occasioned an extension of the protecting system; and loyal men of all ranks repaired to it, as to a common centre of union. The ancient badge of Nassau, to this day cherished as the national emblem in the kingdom of Holland, was chosen as an appropriate remembrancer of the Protestant prince who instrumentally delivered us all from the yoke of spiritual and temporal despotism. This society extended itself on all sides; and at this hour, the term Orangeman is synonymous with that of Protestant, throughout the length and breadth of the Romish population. Rebellion could not prosper, dismemberment was hopeless, the integrity of the British constitution withstood all shocks, and the blame

of this was freely, I will not say undeservedly, cast upon the obstinate Orange faction. O'Connell, despairing of success, either by intimidation or force, against such a host of true hearts and strong hands, bethought himself of a notable expedient. The government, secretly influenced by him, were beginning to look very cold on their best friends, when O'Connell was seized with a violent fit of sympathy, bewailed their wrongs, burned with brotherly resentment against an ungrateful state, and assured the Orangemen that if they would only unite with him, he would speedily effect a repeal of the union, and faithfully share with them the spoils of their recovered isle. With a degree of cool waggery, the Orangemen kept silence until he had made himself ridiculous to the utmost of his versatile ability. No language was sufficiently laudatory or adulatory, to be applied to that noble, gallant, devoted, exalted body, the Orangemen of Ireland. On a great public occasion, he seized an orange flag, tore open his waistcoat, and pressed the honoured colours to his patriotic heart, the medal of the society to his truthful lips;—nay, in the enthusiasm of his newly awakened devotion, he plunged a glass into the Boyne, at Navan, and quaffed the beverage to the famous toast, "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and

good King William, who saved us from Popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money, and wooden shoes!'

This was the climax: the diverted Orangemen could expect nothing beyond it. So they very composedly gave him to understand that his eloquence and his antics had been alike vain. Instead of sinking into their hearts, his persuasive words had glided off, to adopt a favourite Irish trope, 'like drops of rain from the back of a duck.' Hence the burst of vituperation, the tempest of compound epithets of execration and abhorrence, that thundered over the heads of the never-enough-to-be-abominated, treacherous, bloody-minded Orange faction. Vengeance on the Orangemen became the subject of his daily device and his nightly vision; and having once obtained the mastery in the Commons' house, by means of his floating majority—that righteous retribution on faithless England, who had provoked it by forsaking her sacred protest—he proceeded to demand, at the hands of a quaking cabinet, the sacrifice for which he panted. You know the enormous, the utterly incredible falsehood on which the charge was grounded — an imputed design to alter the succession, to set aside her present Majesty, and to place the Duke of Cumberland on the throne! Depend upon it, if

O'Connell thought such a thing might be agreeable to the Orangemen, he would have proposed it to them over his bumper of Boyne water; but no, he knew better; neither did he dare to leave that stigma to be investigated. He just caused a false representation of some kind to be made to the aged and harassed monarch, who permitted his royal name to be used, in the language rather of entreaty than command; and well did the traitors who prompted him know that a word of appeal from their oppressed sovereign would do more than an embattled army could do towards the accomplishment of their wily project. And so it did: it disarmed and disbanded the Orangemen of Ireland.

All this I knew at the time; not a sentence has been spoken here upon the subject, except that, when asking an account of the meeting under this roof, at which Lord Roden dissolved his lodge, and all laid aside their badges, I was entreated by one of the gentlemen to drop the subject; for the scene was too agonizing to be recalled without greater emotion than they liked to exhibit. I desisted immediately: my own heart beat too much in unison with theirs to doubt what must have been the bitter anguish of receiving such a requital for their devoted loyalty and unflinching fidelity to the sacred cause. As for the wretched

pretence that the people—meaning the poor slaves of the priesthood—were irritated by the name and symbols of the association, it is as notorious as the noonday sun that the oath so generally taken by them to wade knee-deep in Orange blood simply means Protestant blood; and that, if questioned, they would probably tell you that Martin Luther was the first Orangeman, and Grand Master of all the lodges.

I saw to-day a young English lady, who told me she had been visiting the National School just by, and that the master had been absolutely raving against Luther, in presence of the children; and when she attempted to moderate his violence, he seemed disposed to expel her by force. This excited no surprise in me, having heard so many similar testimonies to the fidelity of these Popish instructors; but, considered in connection with the beautiful mode of teaching, and with the very high degree of scriptural attainment in the schools from which these poor children were so cruelly drawn away, it thrilled me with mingled sorrow and indignation. To return once more to the Orange,—there is not a slip of garden belonging to a house, cottage, or cabin, inhabited by a Protestant, which the lilies do not almost exclusively occupy. Positively I have seen more of them within the last week than ever I did in my life

before; and the question naturally presents itself, If the symbol was so obnoxious to the Romanists, would they leave it thus unmolested by the road-side, where they might destroy the flowers by hundreds without fear of detection? But it is useless to dwell on the mocking fallacy of all that has been urged to blind the honourable and high-minded people of England to the glaring wickedness of the general persecution now raging against Irish Protestants, and Irish Protestantism, and of which this is only a branch. I have the consolation of knowing that, as yet, the real bond of union is strengthened by the means basely used to annihilate it. The devotion of these people to the church and the throne is increased by the peril to which both are exposed. The Orangeman's principle does not reside in his riband, his pass-word, or his sign. Had he been mildly and reasonably requested to relinquish these, or to suspend their use, as a matter of sound expediency and good example, no question can arise as to its having been cheerfully done. What renders the matter so deeply disgraceful to those in authority under the king, is this: that, instead of giving the Irish Protestants an opportunity of manifesting their willing obedience where Scripture has commanded them to obey, the public document which, indirectly, called upon them to annihilate them-

selves as an associated brotherhood, proceeded on the assumption of the most atrocious, baseless calumny that ever was devised. Not content with slaying their victim, these refiners on treachery contrived to blacken his character while they took his life. I suppose you remember the story of Hunne, in the Martyrology: he was imprisoned for his faith; and not daring to bring him to public trial, the persecutors entered his dungeon in the dead of night, strangled him, laid him out very nicely, and then suspended him to a nail. The object, of course, was to make it appear that, under the terrors of a guilty conscience, he had hanged himself; but, unhappily for them, the placid features, closed eyes, well-straightened limbs, and general *tout ensemble*, gave such unquestionable testimony to his having been a cold corpse before he was suspended, that even a Popish inquest in Mary's days could not gainsay the matter. Now, as to who contrived to make the unjust death of this pious man a seeming evidence of his guilt, every body knew, though nobody could bring the villains to justice. Perhaps it may be the same in this case. Every body may know who, in the malignity of mortification, resulting from an unsuccessful attempt on the integrity and fidelity of the victim, conceived the plan of destroying at one blow his life and his good name;

and most people, as in the affair of Hunne's murder, may have a pretty clear inkling of the parties who effected the extinction of the former, and anxiously tried to annihilate the latter; but they are all out of the reach of human jurisdiction: Hunne's murderers have long since been cited to a higher tribunal, and the conspirators against Irish Protestantism are safe in the consciousness that nobody who has the will has also the power to uphold its cause; and *vice versa*. Still, when I took the well-worn folio of old Foxe out of my portmanteau, and pondered over its venerable pages to-day in the Orange lodge, I drew an involuntary parallel; and I never again shall look at the quaint picture of John Hunne hanging in his prison, without viewing the two events in connection.

'The Orange lodge! What treason shall we hear of now? Are not all these lodges dissolved?' Yes, except a few intractable spirits, who are not to be convinced by any logic that loyalty is misprison of treason. They are discountenanced, reprehended, and every way discouraged, by the Grand Lodge, which fully, sincerely, and without any mental reservation, yielded to the royal suggestion,—I was going to say the royal wish; but that I am certain it never was. The apartment to which I allude is not so called by any one but

myself. It is a noble room, an addition to the original mansion, situated at the further end of the long hall, and opening upon the most richly beautiful part of the flower-besprinkled lawn and shrubbery; all the sweets of which are laid open to it by means of the windows actually touching the floor. It was formerly fitted up as a lodge, elegantly hung, and festooned with fine cloth, in pannelled compartments, alternately dark blue and orange; the seats and cushions being of the same. It is now nearly dismantled, and, from its delightfully retired situation and close proximity with the exquisite garden, preferred in summer by Lord Roden as a study, and to transact the multiplied business of his large estate with Captain Hill. In his lordship's absence, I have obtained the privilege of writing in it. Many a solemn, many a spirit-stirring thought is excited when I look around upon the disordered fragments, soon to be entirely swept away, of what for a long series of years formed the outer badge of that within which passeth shew,—that which will survive despite the puny efforts made to destroy it, or to transform it into the opposite of its nature.

It was in this apartment that the sacrifice was made, so costly to those who offered it on the shrine of loyalty—a sacrifice that may appear

trivial to persons at a distance, whether of place or of feeling, from the men who were called on to make it; but which wrung the honest, affectionate hearts that no peril could drive, no bribe allure, no injustice alienate from their allegiance. Here they met in immense numbers; while the beloved Grand Master of the lodge used his powerful influence to calm their agitated feelings, and to reconcile them to the act of more than self-immolation, the severing of a bond, the distinguishing feature of which was that it united the poor cotter with his wealthy landlord, the labouring peasant with his lordly employer, and inspired every descending link of the chain, reaching from the highest ranks of aristocracy to the lowest grade of obscurity, with the sweet consciousness that they were one in the same common cause. The noble holding his loyal Protestantism as the proudest among many distinctions, the poor man cherishing it as his all—and each prepared to make good his pledge even to the shedding of his dearest blood in its defence. Here, in this room it was, that the badges were laid aside—the orange scarfes, or sashes, under which throbbed some of the truest hearts that ever rallied round an endangered church and throne—the blue ribbands, to which were appended the small silver ornaments that distinguished the different officers;

the secretary having a pen, the treasurer a key, the chaplain a bible, all in silver. Here it was that each man despoiled himself of what no open enemy had ever yet been permitted to despoil him, and struggled for submission under the infamous wrong inflicted on his character, and the irritating taunts that assailed his order, from an exulting class of wilful defamers, who hated because they could neither conquer nor corrupt them. All that I can learn of the scene is, that the *lodge*, the grand hall, the entrance, and the broad avenue, were thronged with the brave men and their weeping families. Why, there was hardly a Protestant child in the country who did not feel the insult and the injury. As to the poor Romanists, I do not believe they took any pleasure in the proceeding, except as their guides pointed it out to them as a great step towards crushing Protestantism, and expelling from the land those whom they are taught to look upon as alien usurpers of the soil. The Orangemen were bound to credit the solemn assurance that all rebellious societies should be effectually put down if they would set the example by dissolving their loyal association. I never believed it, as you well know; and at this moment every treasonable fraternity throughout the land is in the full vigour of life and activity, unchecked by the hand of power;

undisguised in its objects and effects. You will say I am dwelling too long on this painful topic; but consider how recently I have sojourned in Wexford, and the view that has been forced upon me, during my short progress, of the rampant position of Popery, and the depressed state of Protestantism on all sides. Gullibility has been often imputed to the English people; in fact, the open honesty of their own character unfits them for the reception of suspicious misgivings concerning others. In this case they are abused beyond all that can be conceived without thoroughly investigating the matter, and sure I am that they will pay dearly for being so grossly misled with regard to the Protestants of Ireland.

The native language prevails here to a greater extent than I supposed; for I thought it hardly existed in the north. Lord Roden is a strenuous supporter of the Irish Society, alike in word and in deed. You have already heard of the school, with its Irish inscription, by the road side: up in the mountains there is no lack of similar advantages for the poor Irish-speaking tenantry; and I have conversed with a very intelligent, sensible master, himself a convert from Popery, who finds much encouragement in his work. In fact, there is not an individual engaged in it who does not acknowledge that a blessing attends him. Go

where I will, and into whatever company, this truth is elicited, often from unconscious, sometimes from unwilling witnesses, that wherever the Irish bible finds admittance, there God manifests himself to be the author, not of confusion, but of peace. I do not mean to say that the worst passions of men are not stirred up to resist the message, and often most dreadfully to maltreat, yea, to murder the messenger; but this is overruled to the wider spread of the work; and many of the fiercest opposers become in turn devoted teachers of what they have vainly laboured to destroy. The plan of the society is to find in any district an intelligent man, always a Romanist you may be sure, who well understands the language. They give him an Irish Testament, and a few primers; promising him a small gratuity for each person whom he shall have taught to read, and be able to produce to the inspector at his next visitation. By this means, both master and pupils are brought into direct contact with the inspired word; its flood of light bursts upon their darkness—its pure and sublime truths conveyed in a language so familiar, so fondly endeared to them, stand out in all their majestic proportions, and the black, deformed, withered brood of anti-christian inventions are put to flight; they cannot endure the presence of the Holy One, re-

vealed in his word. This, this is the object of that desperate enmity displayed by Satan and his instruments. Here is the point at which they drive, in the whole system of anti-protestant contrivance.

The Bible is the mark to be aimed at, whether through the badge of an orangeman, the funds of a school, the temporalities of a parish, or the heart of a minister. It is by Protestant effort that the dreaded book has free course, and is glorified, even where Satan's seat is; and by crushing Protestantism, they vainly hope to say to the word of salvation, "Hither shalt thou go and no further." They cannot succeed: no, they may gnaw their very tongues for pain, but succeed they cannot. I do not believe that any triumph obtained over the Protestants, as a body, will in the slightest degree impede the wide-spreading conquests of Protestantism. Quite the reverse: they do but provoke the Lord to jealousy, setting the briars and thorns in battle array against him, and so hasten the swift destruction that awaits their doomed church and cause. My feelings, as I look from the window of this dilapidated orange lodge, to where Lord Roden's Irish teacher crosses the park, with his Bible under his arm, are those of exultation and joy. It is for my own country I grieve; for Protestant England thus beguiled

and befooled, and betrayed into an alliance against the Lord and against his Christ, by stretching out one hand to snatch the blessed book from the little ones of poor Popish Ireland, and thrust them by thousands into the nunneries and monkeries that defile the land which they darken: and the other to deal a blow upon the very hearts of those to whose faithful adherence, under God, she is alone indebted for the continuance of her empire over this distracted part of our island domain.

I must now tell you something of the Sunday schools, in which I passed some very delightful hours. In the morning I sat by, to learn the method pursued in Lord Roden's own class, which is taught in his absence by Captain Hill. Parts of the Scriptures are taken in regular order; and on this occasion, some verses of a Psalm came in course, which enabled me to remark the great attainment made in scriptural knowledge by the young men and boys before me. We then attended the pretty village church of Bryansford, where sound doctrine was set forth, and very earnestly enforced by the young curate of the parish. Very soon after the service, we adjourned again to the schools, and I took courage to occupy the honoured place of the absent master, and became interested beyond measure in the work. There were four young men—a gardener and a

groom of Lord Roden's, and two Romanists from the neighbourhood—whose answering showed not only what culture they had enjoyed, but on what a soil that culture was bestowed. For the two latter, who sat at the head of the class, my very soul was moved in fervent, importunate, though secret prayer to God for their deliverance from the yoke which as yet they had not shaken off. The chapter, in the Book of Kings, did not afford me the opportunity of getting in all that I wanted, but at length I was able to revert, naturally, to Rebekah's mode of procuring the promised blessing for Jacob; and so managed, that the question should come in course to the most intellectual, and, as I secretly knew, the most bigotted of the Romanists, Whether it was lawful to do evil that good might ensue? He maintained that it was; and we fairly contested that point; while his arch smiles and increasing animation showed that he fully understood my object, and knew I was aware of his creed. He was left without an answer at last; and the workings of earnest thought in his lively expressive countenance, showed, that without even a shade of anger or ill-humour he took a very deep interest in the matter. It was such joy to me to see with what alacrity these men kneeled down, and with what sober devotion they seemed to join in the closing

prayer. God grant that they be found on the right hand of the throne on the great day, seals among many others, to the faithful ministry of this noble and just steward!

There is no second service at the church, so the domestic chapel was fairly crowded in the evening; when a pastor from the mountains some way off, the very beau-ideal of a Flavel or a Baxter, led the devotions, and preached at considerable length on that rich passage, Exod. xxxiii. 12, &c. It afforded quite a taste of old divinity, as the after conversation of the good man did of the zeal, love, and simple devotedness of former times. I cannot tell exactly in what consists the charm that appears to hang over this place, but I seem to realize here a state of being of which I had only dreamed before: yet, they tell me, it is a very melancholy time, for Lord Roden is away. I am going to attempt a gallant enterprise, at which every body smiles, no less than that of scaling Slieve Donard. A party is formed, chiefly of buoyant young people, who kindly promise to leave a basket of provisions for my benefit, some half or one third of the way up, that I may not be starved or stupified during their long absence. I take it all very kindly, but fully intend to eat my share of the good things within the circle of stones that looks from this house like a common mile-stone, but

which they tell me is the size of a church, at least in circumference. I never succeeded in mounting even an ordinary-sized eminence without difficulty, through giddiness of head. Vinegar Hill, which would be a microscopic object beside these Mourne mountains, almost baffled me; but my heart is set on this exploit, and I fully expect to achieve it. There is a prospect of unequalled magnificence, I am told, from the summit of Donard, embracing, besides, an immense tract of Irish scenery, the mountains of Scotland, Cumberland, and Wales: and as the weather is brilliant we expect a noble view. At all events, there will be more to brag of in having attempted Slieve Donard, than in walking over the crown of any height I have elsewhere beheld.

LETTER IX.

COUNTY DOWN.

Tollymore Park.

THE period of my happy sojourn here is now well nigh expired; and I must give you the particulars of our excursion while yet I may raise my eye from the paper to the lofty subject of the tale. There he rises, with his head just unveiled from a dense cloud, the sunshine striking brilliantly upon its nicely-rounded point, and imparting a smile that seems to add another to the many joyous looks which have brightened the whole district for the last two or three days. I might, to be sure, have told you all this in four words—Lord Roden is here. But though you have witnessed, aye, and ardently joined in the burst of welcoming plaudits that greet him in Exeter Hall, you can form no idea of the quiet yet brilliant sunniness that is shed on his own family, his own household,

his own tenants and poor neighbours, by the presence of one whom the Lord has given to be a blessing wherever he goes. Oh that every mountain in dear Ireland had a Tollymore Park at its foot; and every cabin a Roden to care for its poor inmates! I have long appreciated his character, nay, venerated it: but one must see his very face reflected in the sparkling eyes of his own people to know how *they* prize him. And whose testimony shall be taken before that of the poor creatures who are taught by their spiritual guides that to love such a heretic is a sin: to hate and to injure him, a step heavenwards: yet who would give their lives for him any day or hour.

This digression was occasioned by a glimpse of my noble host, passing down to his favourite saw-mill. And now for Sleive Donard in earnest. Our party, as I told you, was very youthful: my own particular beau, Mr. Hill, being somewhat under twelve years, his sisters not much older, and only one besides myself come to years of grave discretion—an English lady, who had before accomplished the ascent, as had Lady Maria, and all but W. and myself. We started most merrily, some on a car and the rest in a phaeton, and dashed quickly through the pretty little town of Newcastle. Here we found ourselves with the sea spreading broadly on our right, and on the left the

beginning of an ascent that it really seemed chimerical to attempt atchieving. We had wound along the foot of the Black Mountain, and arrived where nothing but Slieve Donard appeared, heaving a broad shoulder towards the sea, and raising his tonsured head above it at a most forbidding altitude. Nothing daunted, however, we made our arrangements, burdened the guide with an enormous basket of provisions, and wheedled a little bare-headed, bare-footed goosoon to carry our cloaks and shawls. The first stage was very unpleasant: an iron rail-road formed to conduct heavy loads of stone from a quarry above, tried both patience and shoe-leather in no ordinary degree. I quite longed to reach the heathery region above; and was not a little encouraged by a very common deception occasioned by the disappearance of the actual crown of the hill behind that which rose so steeply before us. Laborious it certainly must be, but not so unattainable as at first it had seemed; and after protracted efforts, with frequent applications to the reviving waters of a most lovely rill that fell, rather than ran down the mountain side, we seemed to near the object of our anticipations. The prevailing impression on my mind was that I had at length discovered the full meaning of two words—fatigue and hunger: for the freshening air, which by

means of our drapery impeded our progress not a little, gave such an edge to the appetite, that I think the prospect of Mike's basket as he trudged in the van, that is, over our heads, drew me onward with attractive force. Certainly I would not then have bartered my expected share of its contents for the fee-simple of all the hills of Mourne. When next you are troubled with a failure of appetite, do not apply to the doctor until you have tried the effect of an altitude of fifteen hundred feet, attained by your own exertions on a blowing day, just over the sea.

But the top was so near! Mike shortly disappeared over it, and after a rest of a few minutes we followed. It was one of the most startling discoveries that ever poor worn-out traveller made. We had indeed gained the highest point, not of Slieve Donard's head, but of his shoulder; and there rose the formidable dome, for such it exactly appeared and probably is in shape, its sides presenting seemingly a surface of rude rock, a little interspersed with vegetation. 'You had better remain here while we go forward,' was the kind suggestion; and one at least offered to stay with me; but the downward view convinced me that we had reached an immense height; and as the clouds gathered quickly over us, I thought it better to bide a mountain storm under the shelter of the

stone walls that peeped over the highest point. Besides, it would be too mortifying to be condoled with on the failure of such an enterprize: so with renewed resolution the toil was resumed, and proved lighter than appearances led me to expect; for those rocky protuberances furnished excellent stepping stones, being generally flat on the upper surface, with abundance of tough fern and heather to afford a safe hold in climbing; while every fresh pause for breath opened a more splendid view than the preceding, as I turned to lean against the hill, and gazed upon the beautiful bay below, with the increasing range of coast on either hand.

Four hours were passed in struggling against the difficulties of the ascent; and when at length we actually stood on the highest pinnacle of this magnificent steep, the prospect, marred and circumscribed as it was by a drizzling rain, would have overpaid twice the effort. If nothing else had been visible but the house and park of Tollymore I should not have complained; diminished to a very toy, they yet looked so lovely, so securely nestled at the foot of that tremendous sweep, that I shall carry the picture in my mind's eye while I live. The sensation of standing at such a height above the abodes of men was very strange to me: it was also very delightful; and while all were lamenting my disappointment in not having a

clear day and extensive view, I did not even wish for them. Nothing could be more striking than the spectacle of the whole gigantic range of Mourne Mountains,—visible from the further side of the bay of Dublin, and from points yet more remote—spread like so many hillocks beneath us. But though diminished to the eye, in grandeur of effect they lost nothing; for the alternate swell and depression, the frequent gully and ravine, the grouping, or if I may speak, the massing together of these 'everlasting hills,' and the sober mantling of their giant forms in a vestment of dark brownish green, deepened almost into purple by the sprinkling of small heather bells in every part, all combined to furnish such a foreground that I should have had little notice to spare for any thing that might lie beyond it, had the state of the atmosphere revealed it all. It was only by walking to the very verge of the mountain's scalp that I could obtain a sight of Tollymore park and house; the former in its emerald green, the latter of the purest white, gave the idea which of all others best accords with the reality of the thing; that of a milk white dove nestled in the boughs of a noble tree: and earnestly did I pray that such might ever be the character of that sanctified abode of peace and love. There was, however, much of pain mingled with the hour's enjoyment. The

heap of stones furnish a melancholy evidence of that zeal for God which is not according to knowledge; those strenuous efforts of man to establish his own righteousness that must end in everlasting disappointment. The stones are of various sizes; many so large that my utmost efforts could not have moved one of them; yet all have been brought up this laborious ascent, either as a matter of atoning or meritorious work, by the poor Romanists of a former age. They are arranged, or rather rudely heaped in an imperfect circle, with some appearance of a division into two or more apartments. Inclosed within the range is a well which the guide told us was holy; and the little boy who carried our cloaks added that the water would heal any sick person who was dipped in that well. Near it was a broad slab supported on uneven blocks, and which, from the vegetation that crept round it must have been there a long time—this was used as an altar. The place is now forsaken, so far as its supposed sanctity is concerned; but the delusion, alas! still spreads from shore to shore of this lovely, ill-fated land, and to whatever point the eye can turn, Rome is exalted, God is dishonoured, and man betrayed.

The exact elevation of Slieve Donard above the sea, is matter of dispute: some rate it at 3200 feet: none calculate it at less than 2800. The

great abruptness of its rise, and the narrow dome in which it terminates, add much to the effect of its real altitude. It is a princely mountain, and until I meet a nobler, I must call it king of its race. Nothing can be finer than to see its lofty head emerge from a cloud, as it has done more than once since I began this letter: and I am told we were wrapped in one during great part of the time that we trod its majestic heights. An hour was allowed for rest and refreshment, during which Mike's basket was lightened to his heart's content; and then commenced the delicate task of descending from our high station to the level of ordinary mortals. Among my many debts of gratitude in this place, I shall not forget what I owe to Lady Maria's new garden-spud, which she recommended as an alpenstock, and without which I should, I verily think, have had the less agreeable memento of sprains and broken bones to freshen my recollections of Slieve Donard. Many an adventurous leap was taken in reliance on its slender point, and I will not deny that I measured sundry parts of the mountain's side by my own length; consoled, however, by seeing others occasionally do the same. Nothing damped the merriment of the party, now widely dispersed, as each undertook to explore the very best path for an involuntary race.

The descent was very rapid, and altogether

exceedingly pleasant; the sea spreading out broadly in our front, and the delicious breeze bringing perpetual refreshment, even when we no longer felt the keen bracing air of the higher mountain. The weather had varied; little rain falling, and that only in a slight drizzle, until we were fairly within reach of our umbrellas, which had been left below: then it came down in torrents, and the "cead-mille failthe" in the hall saluted a dripping party, well able to appreciate its value. It must have been owing to the powerful ascendancy of mind over matter, that, after changing my dress for drier materials, I felt no more fatigue than if I had been strolling for an hour along the margin of the mountain-river below. I cannot otherwise account for it; the four hour's upward toil, during which I frequently threw myself down on the slope to gain a little breath, and power to proceed, while every bone and sinew protested against such cruel taxation; the jolts, jars, and falls in descending, with the intolerable annoyance of the slippery railway, which induced some of the party to take off their shoes for a more secure footing, and which all allowed to be the worst part of the day's work, left with me no sensation of bodily fatigue, but an exhilaration of spirits, equally visible on each of our party, which, if I had not experienced its reality in my own case, I might

have fancied to be assumed for a vaunt. Yet, looking, at tea-time, from the windows of the library to the very spot where we had stood a few hours before, it did appear very much like a dream to have actually achieved such a feat since breakfast; and I will confess that nothing would tempt me to a similar exploit any where but in this bewitching Ireland. They tell me there is rougher work in prospect among the mountains of Donegal, but you may expect to hear that we have accomplished it also.

The following day was a season of jubilee: I had just finished a most interesting and truly gratifying examination of Lady Roden's Scripture class in the Girls' School—had just made every eye among them sparkle and glisten, by introducing as an illustration of "love fulfilling the law," the pain it would give them to be tempted to do any thing injurious to the interests, or contrary to the wishes of their noble landlord, benefactor and friend, when, as we left the door of the sweet pretty school-house, a shout of joy made Lady Roden start, and the next moment her son, who was not expected from school in England for a week or more, threw himself from his horse into his mother's arms; with the joyous intelligence of having ridden forward to announce that his dear father would be here in ten minutes. Cannot

you fancy how the faces looked, in every feature of which a warm Irish heart was eloquently speaking its gladness? The very trees seemed to wave more playfully, the flowers to shine in gayer colours; and the "cead-mille failthe" to stand out in stronger relief, and deeper gilding than before. There was a deep quiet happiness seated in the looks of the domestics, as they stood on the look-out, or passed through the apartments with a rapid glance, to see that all was as the master would wish to find it. I met Captain Hill in the hall; we could only look each other in the face, and shake hands, for many a word have we spoken of mutual encouragement to pray for the preservation of him whom we both view, in his high character of a Christian patriot, as one of the richest gifts conferred by the Lord our God on this dear, desolated, misunderstood, and misgoverned country. At that moment our hearts were too full for speech.

A great deal is said of the mischiefs of absenteeism: it is indeed a crying evil; but residence alone will do little real good. A man may live on his property, maintain a large establishment, keep open house, give a stimulus to trade, and have his eye upon his tenantry, yet do less good than harm. There are two classes of resident landlords very common in Ireland and very injurious to it. One

profess enlarged liberality of feeling; they invite the priest to their table, make light of all difference of opinion—with them it is indeed nothing more—subscribe to his chapel, patronize the national board schools, and leave them under his superintendence. They consider it equally the duty of a Romanist to go to mass and confession, to be idle on holidays, and to observe black lent if enjoined, as it is that of a Protestant to go to church, pay his tithes, and keep his promises. These gentlemen are the chief foster-nurses of Popery, without knowing or intending it; their influence and example alike assist to rivet the chains of error, and to heap up fuel for the beacon fires of rebellion. They may in their hearts wish the country a fair riddance of every Romish priest within its circuit; but they expect to purchase an exemption from the general rule of enmity against Protestants, by abstaining from all that savours of a protest: and even should they send a stout conservative to Parliament, or go there themselves in that character, the political bias is kept carefully distinct from the religious peculiarity; and they are always ready to bear witness how loyal, how peaceable, how well disposed are their own 'catholic' neighbours and dependents.

The other body is composed of men whose prejudices blend in one confused object of reproba-

tion the sin and the sinner, Popery and the Papist —the curse of Ireland, and her native race who wither beneath that curse. They abhor the priest, abominate the mass-house, abjure the national schools, and firmly believe that nothing but the fullest establishment of Protestant ascendancy can save this island. They are perfectly right, so far; but in their detestation of what the aborigines of the land have become, they lose all sense, or nearly so, of what is due to them as brothers of the same nature, heirs of a like immortality of being, whether for happiness or misery. Fully aware of the desperate craft of Popery, and the iron grasp which it fixes on the human mind, and the dreadful perversion of intellect and faculty that it induces, they hold the case to be hopeless: the native race, they say, are too savage, too barbarous, too treacherous, too blood-thirsty to be reclaimed; and the only plan is to transport them, fettered as they are in ignorance and sin, to some distant shore, and to colonize the land with Scotch and English Protestants. This is their real opinion, however it may be softened either by prudence or by the natural benevolence of their hearts. They feel as though, like the Israelites of old, they had a commission to destroy or drive out the original inhabitants of the land because of their sins. Yet they are often among the most kind

and just of landlords: they extend their bounty to the bodies of the poor Irish, and deeply regret the state of their souls; but if you suggest any attempt at convincing them of their errors and converting them to God by means of the Bible, you are told, it is impossible: that the Irish race are beyond your reach: that they will either reject your attempt with insult, or else from mercenary motives pretend to be impressed, affect a reformation, and then take the first favourable opportunity of cutting your throat. Can it be wondered at if country gentlemen hold such sentiments, when even clergymen have been known to utter them, and at public meetings too—bringing as deep and as undeserved disgrace on the orange badge which they usurped, as they did on the church whose professed ministers they were.

Now I say, these two classes had better be absentees than not. The former give materials to form the rebel's pike: the latter sharpen its point; both overlook the origin of the disease, and both despise the cure. There is another class,—oh that the Lord may increase it! I will take Lord Roden as a specimen, and in simply stating what he holds, and what he does, I go as far as I conceive it possible to go in pourtraying the remedy for Irish ills. Like the first named body of men, he shews all courtesy and kindness, without dis-

tinction of creed or party; but he gives no countenance to priestly influence by making a guest of the man who exercises it; his purse is open to build a cabin for any poor Romanist, but not a fraction of the smallest coin that ever it held would he dare to contribute to any purpose connected with the antichristian worship of Rome; neither does he, by counsel or by silence, sanction the soul-destroying practices of the people. Conservative in the highest degree, he takes his station in the senate, and there maintains an open, undisguised protest against Popery, in all its ramifications, theoretical and practical, general and local, ecclesiastical, political, and moral: surrounded as he really is by an attaehed and grateful tenantry, their personal regard for himself does not blind him to the fact, that if commanded by their priesthood they must, at the peril of their souls, set fire to his house, and massacre his family; therefore he advances on their behalf no plea of exemption from the universal blot. Lord Roden believes, with the other class enumerated, yea, he knows, that without the firm establishment of Protestant ascendancy in every department, prosperity in any shape cannot visit this people; but while rigidly enforcing its necessity in external matters, he bears in mind that Protestantism is, in fact, a distinguishing name for

true Christianity; and the ascendancy for which he chiefly labours, is that of divine truth over the heart and conscience of man. He wars against the priest, the mass-house, and the national board, by upholding the authority of God's word, pure, free, and unmutilated, against all systems of human or diabolical contrivance. He assumed the orange badge as an open pledge to each poor Protestant, that in him he should find a helper in the common cause; as a token to each deluded Romanist that he was neither afraid nor ashamed to avow in the bosom of his retired home, or among thousands of opposers, the same principles that he maintains within the safe walls of the British Parliament; and as a public manifesto that those principles are identically what called the house of Orange to the throne of these realms. At the same time, his wish was to revive in the order its originally spiritual and patriotic character; which had been much weakened since its first institution. By the way, this elevation of its character was the chief inducement for putting it down; just as Hunne was murdered for openly confessing the truth, and adorning it with his life. Once more, Lord Roden is fully aware of the depth of debasement into which the native race have fallen; but he well knows what cast them down, and diligently works the lever

that alone can raise them up again. Gladly would he see Popery banished, totally and for ever from his estate, and from the land: still, looking to Him who "willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live," he strives to accomplish the gracious purpose of his Master, by saving, not destroying; by enclosing within the fold, not by driving yet further from its boundaries the poor lost sheep of the house that once was God's Israel in this land. Lord Roden tenderly and widely cares for the personal comfort, the well-being and well-doing of every individual on his property, and he uses the influence thus acquired over their better feelings as a means of doing good to their souls. He is not ashamed to bear the contemptible reproach of trying to proselytize, by introducing the word of God where it would not be received from any hand, save that of a kind, munificent landlord; on the contrary, he feels that he could not otherwise be a faithful steward of the worldly gifts entrusted to him by his Master who, in holy writ, often pleads as a testimony of His willingness to save men's souls, the liberality with which He giveth them richly all temporal things to enjoy, filling their hearts with food and gladness. It is strange how entirely some Christian people seem to forget that they must follow Christ through evil as well as through good

report; and I remember the time when I felt disposed rather to beg and to work for the cause of missions to the heathen abroad, than to speak to the heathen at home, that they might be saved. The reason of this lurking preference I was not long in detecting: the former would bring on me a good report—the latter, perhaps, an evil one, with much present disappointment, vexation, and mortification. You know, I got resolution given me to take up the cross and to unfold the banner at my very door; and I am no stranger to the various contrivances of Satan to obstruct such a work, sometimes with the unconscious help of pious friends, damping, by their cold maxims of regard to the world's good opinion, a flame that they ought to have fanned and fed. To be sure they never did really damp it, thanks be to God; and I feel now enabled to defy all discouragement in my own little narrow sphere of hostilities against Great Babylon, since witnessing what my noble friends—and I am prouder to call them my friends than I should be to call Europe my dominions—persevere in doing for the cause of Christ among their poor neighbours.

Lord Roden, being obliged to go to Newry, sent me on an excursion up the Green mountain—that is, the richly, beautifully planted height over which the Black mountain and Slieve

Donard look down upon us—to visit some of his cottagers: one scene affected me greatly. The exquisite beauty of the winding track by which Lady Maria drove me in the little poney phaeton, now crossing the romantic river by a bridge as wildly picturesque as itself, now following its course, where the most lovely cascades were produced by the downward slope of its channel; then completely closed in, and embowered by the luxuriant foliage that overhung the path; and again looking from the hill-side, through a casual vista upon the sparkling waters of the deep blue sea; all this had almost driven from my thoughts the ultimate object of the delicious drive, until we came to a rude gate, outside of which we left the quiet, petted little poney, to take care of himself and the carriage, and proceeded to a pretty-looking cottage a short way beyond it.

The woman to whom I was first introduced, sat close beside her bed, aged, and evidently feeble, and moreover totally blind. When told that a strange lady was by her, she bowed, and gave a courteous welcome, but with that tremulous timidity which usually attends utter blindness under such circumstances. I then said, 'It was by dear Lord Roden's desire that I came to visit you; he could not accompany us to-day,' and was going on to deliver his Lordship's kind message,

but she, judging I suppose by the tone that the expression came from my heart, repeated, '*Dear* Lord Roden,—any body who loves Lord Roden is welcome indeed!' and groping with both her trembling hands till she found my arm, she grasped it with a fervency suited to her looks. I asked, playfully, 'Do you then know any body who does *not* love Lord Roden?' and many laughing faces came about me to join in the blind woman's eager negative. She then told, with tears of gladness, what a blessing her soul had received through the ministry of her honoured master; and dwelt on all the privileges connected with the reception of Christ crucified into her heart. Her dress had caught fire just before, without her being conscious of it; and while her daughter carefully pinned up the scorched rents to improve her appearance, she dwelt with glowing joy on the security of the Lord's poor little flock, let what may betide their bodies. The sorest of her trials was that of being now prevented by increasing infirmities from attending the chapel, so far below the site of her mountain abode; but with this too, she had learned to be content. Before leaving the apartment, I was asked to look into the neighbouring bed, and see the fine little baby just added to the family party, consisting of three generations. Such a bright, smiling, intelligent

face as the mother lifted up to greet us; and such a glow of pleasure overspread it, when she heard the remark, that his lordship would be delighted to hear he had another tenant in that cottage! I could not lose the image of the dear old disciple, with her cheerful resignation to a very heavy infliction: I could not cease to think of her prayerful exclamations of gratitude to him who had been the appointed instrument of conveying to her this rich blessing: and I saw at once by what means Lord Roden's hands are held up, in his sustained, protracted conflict in the cause of his country. It is the poor man's prayer that upholds the nobleman's course; it is the fruitful return of an imparted blessing, that refreshes him on his way. Every individual whom he is the means of bringing to Christ, pleads a Christian's privilege on his behalf; and the help that so many are agreed in asking for him is multiplied from day to day. Oh, that all our men of rank, of wealth, of ability, of influence, knew how to avail themselves of this rate of exchange! The true patriot has now a most difficult part to perform, in his public, senatorial capacity; and often when he takes his arduous post in the heated atmosphere, and mingles in the uncertain debate, the evening prayer of some poor cottage family on the remote mountain-side, or deep in the distant glen, tracing

to his faithful superintendence the peace, the comfort that is theirs, would rise before the Lord, an acceptable sacrifice, and the answer be sent by a swift messenger, to cheer its object when, perhaps, no man stands by him.

You have asked me, Is it true that Lord Roden, while professing to rely on the arm of God, still 'keeps his powder dry'? In return, I would also inquire of you, which act manifests more of Christian charity, the punishment of a crime or its prevention? It is perfectly true, that the powder is kept dry, and that the injunction to keep it so appears on the stand of arms in the hall: it is likewise true that hard by, in very large letters, is the text, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" and the two are just as reconciliable as, in any other case, is the use of means with an entire dependence on him who has appointed them. You know that, in this country, outrages are rarely committed by those who dwell on the spot: bodies of men from a distant place are summoned, and employed in the work of destruction. If a hostile attack were planned against Tollymore Park, it is not the County Down that would supply the murderous gang. Tipperary, or Galway, or some other remote district must afford them. Is it not an act of positive mercy to the wretched perpetrators, and the more wretched instigators of

such horrors, to present such a front as shall deter them from the crime? I know what a clamour has been raised by that song, the burden of which is Cromwell's advice to his troops on crossing a river. 'Put your trust in God, and mind you keep your powder dry.' Cromwell was a heartless, ruthless, hypocritical aggressor; but it does not follow that his advice abstractedly was wrong. Ahitophel gave excellent counsel, though from a bad motive, and for a bad purpose. The song in question[1] has nothing to do with the point at issue, whether a Christian should needlessly lay a temptation in the way of sinners to dye themselves yet deeper in guilt by destroying his body, because he knows his soul to be safe in the Lord's keeping, or whether he should restrain them by shewing that, as a conservator of the public peace, and a magistrate too, he beareth not the sword in vain. You know that I can go as far as the Quakers do in reprehending and denouncing even defensive warfare; but with all these feelings unchanged, and desiring rather to fall beneath the hand of an assassin than to send his unprepared soul before the judgment seat, I heartily concur in the propriety of presenting such an aspect as shall, humanly speaking, preserve us both unharmed. "Except the Lord keep the city, the

[1] See Appendix G.

watchman waketh but in vain." Most true: but it does not follow that the watchman is to sleep on his post. Rivers of blood have flowed in this unhappy country, through the neglect of means which God, as we have every reason to hope, would have blessed to its preservation.

I have now to give you a precious document which was brought to me from Newry, in the shape of a hand-bill. At first I vainly thought it an election squib: but the gentlemen assure me it is authentic; posted, and distributed by thousands among the Romanists. This Michael Burke is the titular bishop of the diocese, and, of course, holding sway over the minds and consciences of his miserable followers. You may now see how faithfully the mitred priests of Rome abstain from political interference, and how admirably they fulfil their promises which we, or rather the English nation in general, so complacently swallowed in 1829. Mr. Ellis is prosecuting a most successful canvass in Newry: the high priest in question had a turbulent assemblage last Sunday, whom he stimulated by every possible means to resist, even by brute force, the return of the popular candidate. You will here see the allusion to this mode of keeping holy one Sabbath-day, with the promise of a similar desecration on the next. Here is the hand-bill just as it is before me.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION

OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. BLAKE, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP, TO THE CATHOLICS OF NEWRY.

'DEARLY BELOVED CHRISTIANS.

'It is at all times strictly obligatory on a Christian bishop to watch, with unwearied solicitude, over the flock which the Holy Ghost, with an especial intimation of the most awful responsibility, committed to his care; but most particularly is he obliged to do so in all emergencies of extraordinary moment, when duties of the utmost importance and of incalculable magnitude are to be performed by those whom he is bound to instruct, and when he beholds them surrounded by temptations of the most dangerous nature, artfully prepared either to prevent them from doing what is right, or, what is worse, to make themselves instruments for the degradation of their country and of their own characters in this world, and for the destruction of the happiness of their immortal souls for all eternity. And, if it be the indispensable duty of your bishop to enlighten, to exhort, and to warn you upon such occasions, so it is equally your's to hearken with docility, and to regulate your conduct by the principles of sound

doctrine. "*Obey your prelates,*" says the apostle, (Heb. xiii. 17.) "*and be subject to them. For they watch, as being to render an account of your souls, that they may do this with joy and not with grief: for this is not expedient for you.*"

'You are called upon at present, dearly beloved Christians, to exercise your right of voting for the appointment of a member of parliament, who is to stand as your representative in the august senate of the British empire, to make known your grievances and wants, to defend your interests, to claim your rights, to co-operate in making salutary laws for the nation, and thus to correct all public abuses, and to redress whatever is amiss in the management of public affairs. The right of voting for such an appointment has been communicated to you, not for your individual benefit, nor to pay a compliment to your private friend, but entirely for the general welfare; and should be *conscientiously* used, only for the good of the entire community, including all its classes and subdivions. We beseech you, therefore, to consider the nature and importance of the trust with which you are honoured, the magnitude and wonderful extent of the powers which belong to a British House of Commons, and the frightful responsibility which is attached to your *trust*, unless you fulfil your duty as you ought, in selecting no other person as your

representative in that grand assembly, but one whom you *perfectly* know to be honest, and governed by liberal and truly philantrophic principles; whose object in offering himself is to promote the welfare, not of a section of the people, but of the entire community; who has already proved himself not merely by professions, but by a long series of facts, and by the whole tenor of his life, worthy of public confidence; one who would have an identity of interests with his constituents; one, in short, whose sentiments would be in exact accordance with those so admirably expressed in the speech from the throne, by our already renowned and glorious Queen, and with those measures which her enlightened ministers have pledged themselves to carry, and the success of which nothing can now prevent, if those who have the right of voting will, at the coming election, only do their duty to their long-afflicted, long-oppressed, and misgoverned country.

'On this day week, we shall have something more to say on this most important subject. In the meantime, we beg you to turn it often in your minds, and may *the Father of lights, and God of all consolation*, enlighten, sustain, and direct your virtue, that your example, on this trying occasion, may shine forth as it did at the last election, that you may show yourselves even still more worthy

of your country, and of your divine religion: and may "*the Lord of peace himself give you everlasting peace in every place. The Lord be with you. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.*" Amen.

'† MICHAEL BLAKE.

'*Newry, July 23,* 1837.'

You will observe that the date of this 'pastoral' is Sunday last; and that for Sunday next the attention of the faithful is bespoken for the farther instructions in store. To explain the force of Dr. Blake's injunction as to letting their light shine forth as it did at the last election, I must tell you how his 'dearly-beloved Christians' then conducted themselves. On the Sunday and for several days before and after it, they were collected in immense parties by the agents of the 'liberal' candidate into large open spaces, where they were kept by the attractions of music, dancing, whiskey, gambling, and still greater outrages than these on public morals, until they had been moulded into every purpose required; thence taken to the hustings, and polled against their interests, their promises, their consciences, and even their wishes. Under the influence of this brutifying and exciting process, they kept the town in a fearful state for some time after; and bloodshed and the gaol completed

the work. Some of the poor people eluded the deadly snare laid for them, and remained within their homes. What was the consequence? Their right to be numbered among the 'dearly beloved Christians' became suspected; strong parties burst into their dwellings in the dead of night, and, dragged from their beds, they were forcibly conveyed to distant places, and there locked up until the election was over. It is to the perpetrators of these deeds of depravity and outrage that Dr. Blake addresses his pastoral, inviting them by a repetition of their conduct at the last election to 'shew themselves' men even still more worthy of their country and of their divine religion.'

But the point to which I mainly wish to draw your attention is the declaration thus openly made by an authority which they deem infallible, that the Romanists of Newry will not only ensure 'the degradation of their characters in this world;' that is, utter temporal ruin, and the imminent peril of their lives; but also incur 'the destruction of the happiness of their immortal souls for all eternity,' if they do not support Mr. Brady, the staunch advocate of repeal. In England you cannot conceive the tremendous force of such expressions from such a quarter. Dr. Blake has only to speak a word privately, and from their respective altars each priest will denounce the individuals in his

congregation who have disobeyed the mandate, and sinned against their country and their own souls, by daring to act independently at the poll. They will then become the victims of an unceasing persecution: if in trade, none will thenceforth deal with them: if in the labouring class, none will employ them. Should the Protestants befriend them in these particulars, interposing between their families and starvation, their persons will be insulted, their dwellings attacked, and their lives menaced on all sides: while the terrors of everlasting perdition will be kept before their eyes, by the stern denial of those rites on which the poor deceived creatures verily believe that their salvation depends.

Now, consider in what way this plan is likely to operate throughout Ireland. The franchise is so extended that the great bulk of voters, in three provinces, consists of those whom the priests can drive like a herd of cattle, by means of such arguments, privately administered, as Dr. Blake, with more zeal than judgment, has openly promulgated. Mr. Brady is a fair specimen of the men patronized by the priesthood: a legitimate joint of what is expressively termed 'the Tail,' pledged to follow O'Connell, and to move but in accordance with his volition. The destruction of the Protestant church and dismemberment of the

empire, is what these men openly, avowedly aim at: their numbers must increase with the increasing boldness, decision, and activity of the Romish priesthood, whose delegates they are: that number in the Commons House is even now able, as a floating majority, to decide any question brought forward, where the regular parties that compose the British representation are divided: and thus are we already prostrated beneath the paw of the Apocalyptic Beast, who having imposed on our wise legislators by exhibiting his lamb's face, was, on the strength of it, courteously admitted among them; and now with his dragon's voice prevails to lead captive the British government, and to trample upon the British constitution.

CHAPTER X.

COUNTY ARMAGH.

Tandragee Castle.

I SHALL not attempt to tell you with what feelings I quitted Tollymore Park. The morning was very cloudy, and made even the chapel look dark: but there was light within. I think Lord Roden's exposition of the eighteenth Psalm will be one of the last things that I shall forget, if that can be forgotten which belongs not to the things of time. No man living is surrounded with richer blessings than Lord Roden: it is enough to say that what God in nature has done to beautify the spot where he dwells, that God by grace has surpassed in the beloved circle who inhabit it: the outward being but a type of the inward gifts. All this he sees, feels, and devoutly acknowledges: yet Lord Roden bears as heavy a cross as any man I know. Patriotism of the highest and purest kind is his ruling passion; and who that loves poor Ireland but must go mourning for her every day?

Who that desires to see his Lord and Saviour glorified among his own people, his brethren after the flesh, but must take up Paul's keen complaint of continual sorrow and heaviness at his heart? Lord Roden is not one of those deceived good men who think it inconsistent to view politics and religion in that connection wherein I really think the Holy Bible presents them to us: he does not wrap himself up in spiritual abstraction, caring nothing for them that are without; or, with a refined sort of fatalism, consoling himself with the idea that since what must be must be, he may look on and say amen to all the doings of Satan, secure that God will bruise him under our feet shortly. No—the heavenward language of his soul is, "Am I not grieved with them that rise up against thee?" and this grief throws him in an especial manner on the promises of God in the Gospel of his Son. My heart is too sore to write much of Tollymore since I have left it. May the dove of peace ever find her tranquil nest among its beautiful bowers! As the mountains are round about it, so may the Lord be round about his dear people there! As the shining ocean spreads before it, so many a bright eternity of blessedness ever form their prospect! And for the kindness shewn to me, and many another humble guest, received in the name of a disciple, may the promised

recompense be returned a thousand fold into their generous, affectionate, and hospitable bosoms!

Preferring the car to all conveyances, I accepted that at the hands of my noble entertainers as far as Kate's Bridge, where Lord Mandeville's car was to meet us. His lordship and family are abroad; but a very cordial invitation from my old friend Mr. Porter, in whose hands every thing is left, was too tempting to be declined; particularly as Lady Roden had, just before it came, been expressing her anxious wish that I could see 'that beautifully managed estate.' I knew that the plan adopted here was modelled on that by which Lord Farnham's property became so conspicuously superior to the generality of Irish estates; Mr. Porter having enjoyed the office of his lordship's private secretary at Farnham, before he came to Tandragee. I therefore determined to take this place on my way to Donegal, making my desire for information subservient to the pleasure of seeing a valuable and valued friend, after many years' absence. The first two or three miles of our journey were through what is still a *terra incognita* to me: for instead of remarking the peculiarities of the road, I kept an immovable gaze turned in the direction of the Mourne Mountains, soon totally hidden by the intervention of very inferior but much nearer heights. In a short

time the rain began to descend heavily; and before reaching Kate's Bridge, where we stopped at the respectable house of a staunch northern Presbyterian, whose little general shop supplied the neighbourhood, I was more completely soaked than I remember to have been for years. A huge turf fire, in the back kitchen, where a grand wash was going on, afforded a partial drying; and then we mounted Lord Mandeville's car, driven by the smartest little fellow imaginable, and rattled on, under such a driving deluge of rain, that I was obliged to shut out it and the scenery together, by holding an umbrella before my face. All I know of the country is, that potatoes and orange lilies appeared the staple commodities, with an increase of corn-fields as we approached our destination; indeed, the landscape became exceedingly rich, after leaving the mountain track.

Tandragee possesses a feature peculiar to itself, and very picturesque. The town consists of one very long and exceedingly broad street, the ascent of which is formidable. At the top stands the castle; a large, dark, ponderous-looking gate facing you, with rather a frowning aspect, overhung by trees of immense growth; and among them the church steeple looks out, from the bosom of the enclosure. The gates passed, you proceed by a short drive into a quadrangle, the four sides of

which are formed by the castellated building, which is singularly antique in appearance, though, in fact, rebuilt within the last few years. The inner gates are fortified, after the old fashion of defensive warfare; the material is grey stone, and the *tout ensemble* very feudal. The square, deep-set windows, with much frame-work and little glass, and the whole contour of the building that completely surrounded us, the paved court-yard without the least mixture of vegetation, and the gallery by which we had to enter,—all formed a strange contrast to the lightsomeness of sweet Tollymore; and not being in the mood to fancy anything unlike that favoured spot, I did not, at first, do justice to the castle. A most cordially Irish reception, however, from my old friend, with the unexpected pleasure of meeting the Dean of Tuam at the door, prepared me to enjoy with high zest the treat which was in store; for, passing through the library, we were led into one of the finest conservatories possible, with gigantic fuschias and other magnificent plants rising to the very lofty glass dome; and in the centre, upon a high table, stood what they were pleased to call my garland—a beautiful fabric, four feet high, and of proportionate dimensions, formed entirely of flowers. Each column is the thickness of your arm—a plump one; and you never could believe

so elegant and superb a thing to be the contrivance as well as the execution of a poor gardener. Yet so it is: the gardener and his men, unasked, produced this lovely piece of architecture to express the value that they entertained for certain pennyworths of knowledge, circulated in the shape of little books, through the lending libraries of Tandragee. It must, however, be confessed that the orange lily was unsparingly displayed, with a liberal admixture of purple tints, and the *Sweet William*, a naughty political flower much cultivated in the 'black north,' and which ought to be put *hors de combat*, the next time a military investment takes place. My well-soaked drapery had time to dry upon me before I had sufficiently admired my garland; and then our friend took us on the lawn, in front of the castle, the situation of which is more splendid than I suspected. It stands on the very edge of a descent so steep, that the tops of the highest trees, growing below, are very far beneath your feet when standing on it. Had not the rain prevented, we should have enjoyed a sight of the castle to great advantage from the road, it is perched on such a commanding eminence. From it the prospect is beautiful. A lofty turret, very hard to ascend, by a ladder placed perpendicularly, and fastened to the wall inside, commands a magnificent look-out, em-

bracing Lough Neagh, and a circuit of almost boundless extent. But what pleased me beyond all the rest, was a distinct view not only of Slieve Donard, but of Tollymore Park, the house alone being concealed by the line of an intersecting mountain. The distance is full twenty English miles, so you may judge how elevated must be the one, and how conspicuous the other spot; for we used no glass.

I shall now give you a sketch of the plan by which Lord Mandeville's property is managed; and in so doing, I hope to embrace the main points of that great question, How can Ireland be rendered prosperous, and her people tranquil and happy? To afford a clear insight into the improved plan, I will sketch that which generally prevails on large estates. The landlord appoints an agent, to whom he pays a percentage on the rents which it is his business to collect, as well as to regulate the division and distribution of farms, and in all respects to act as a medium of communication between the tenants and their landlord. The agent's duties on an extensive property are so various and so difficult, that much of the practical detail must be left to others, the under-agents, persons much inferior to the agent; and drivers, on whom the actual collection of rents virtually devolves; for they are sent out at regular

periods to urge the payment, and receive from the tenants a fee on each visit. They are empowered to drive the cattle of defaulters to the pound, whereby the distressed tenantry are subjected to heavy expences in fees to the pound-keeper, besides an additional demand from the driver. It is a common observation among those who have experience in the collection of any description of dues from the lower classes, that in proportion as compulsory means are resorted to, voluntary payments diminish. The system is a demoralizing one; the feelings of the peasantry being blunted by the frequent demands and rude threats of these subordinates, armed as they are with summary powers, become hardened by repeated exposure; and those who possess the means of making up their rents, or discharging their arrears, are often induced to withhold payment, because it is not the general practice to pay on the first application. The result of this plan is harassing to all parties, prejudicial to the tenant, and inconsistent with the duties of a conscientious landlord. I believe Lord Farnham was the first who ventured upon a total change of system, abolishing altogether that which I have described, and substituting in its place a mode of moral management, which superseding the ruder methods of compulsion, might at once promote the prosperity

and happiness of his tenantry, and secure to himself a due and punctual return of the proceeds of his property. What do you suppose was the result, when he fairly reduced to practice a scheme that most people considered as beautiful, but visionary? Why, at the end of seven years, on an estate of upwards of twenty-five thousand acres, the arrears of rent did not exceed one hundred pounds.

The base which Lord Farnham took, whereon to erect this moral edifice, and the rule by which he fashioned the work, were the Holy Bible. Every part of his plan had reference to it; and of course education was primarily alluded to. Twelve school-houses were built in different parts of his estate, where the children of his tenantry, without any regard to religious distinction, all received scriptural education; and this has been successfully persevered in for fourteen years. He did away with the drivers, and in their stead appointed five inspectors of districts, who were forbidden to receive fees from the tenants, and could therefore have no personal interest in either pressing or relaxing; neither had they power to enforce payment by distraining or distressing the poor people: they were selected, as being each by constant residence and intercourse best acquainted with the families and feelings, the wants and circumstances

of the tenantry in his respective district. The law of kindness was that by which they were enjoined to regulate their proceedings; their duties were executed with mildness; and thus armed with no terror, but possessed of the high moral influence that such bonds of connexion and such a mutual good understanding could not fail to invest them with in the sight of the people, they acquired an ascendancy never enjoyed by the most arbitrary and despotic manager under the old system. The rules privately printed for the guidance of these inspectors are beautiful; the link which they form between the landlord, or his agent, and the humblest of the labouring classes, are, in my mind, the precise *desideratum*, for the absence of which both have so long and so dearly paid. They are placed under the immediate direction of the moral agent, to whom their reports are regularly made, but with orders to obey also the land agent, and to render him every assistance that he may require.

This is a very brief outline of Lord Farnham's admirable plan; and fully convinced by his own observation of its practical excellence, thoroughly versed in all its details, my friend Mr. Porter obeyed the summons of Lord Mandeville, to assume on this very large estate the office of moral agent, and to introduce the improved system, to the total exclusion of all others. You

must know that in this part of the country, land is at such a premium, that if a farm of five or ten acres is to be disposed of, a ready purchaser is to be found who will give fifty or a hundred pounds for the good will, as it is called, of the tenant in possession, being at the rate of £10. an acre, the yearly rent averaging from twenty to twenty-five shillings per acre, and this land, perhaps, out of lease at the time. The feeling of security against dispossession, added to the anxiety which I noticed in a former letter to become the holder of land, induces this; but many evils result from the competition. The man who freely offers fifty pounds, does not perhaps possess twenty; he runs in debt for the balance, probably at high usury, and all to enter upon a farm requiring great improvements, which he has no capital to expend on. Besides, fees are, in such cases, frequently paid on the mere promise of the agent, and invariably demanded by him on each lease actually granted. This furnishes a strong temptation to subdivide the land most injuriously; and one of the many evils brought on themselves by the anxious bidders, was that of being put into possession of an acre or acre and half, on the mere promise of paying the agent's fees; and then when they first appeared with a half year's rent, the sum was taken and placed to the credit of the

aforesaid fees; while a heavy arrear of rent was allowed to accumulate on the head of the perplexed and helpless occupier. Such was the state of affairs here, and you may perceive in it a striking confirmation of what I told you when writing from Wexford. Lord Mandeville however appointed a land agent, who was alike competent and disposed to carry out every plan of judicious improvement, and who is a most valuable helper in the good work now prospering. On placing this gentleman over the tenantry, Lord Mandeville also addressed them in a circular, which set forth, first his anxious desire to fulfil his responsibilities in a manner that should conduce to their mutual benefit and happiness, being convinced that the real interest of landlord and tenant could not be separated; and that making the discharge of their relative duties according to the will of God their object, he trusted they might all seek and receive God's blessing on their endeavours. Mark, my friend, these truly wise men do not build on the sand; openly acknowledging the Lord in all their ways, how can they but find him directing their paths? Lord Mandeville's circular goes on to abolish the usual fees, to establish inspectors, to prohibit high rents for the prevention of any just excuse for arrears, to forbid the subdivision of farms, to do away with fees or

leases; refusing also to give leases on lives, and substituting for that uncertain calculation a definite term of years; to guard against the mischief and injustice of the cottier system, and the oppression too often practised on the lower classes of tenants at will; to promise a nursery of fruit trees for the benefit of such tenants as may enclose orchards, and exhibit neatness and industry in their farms; to arrange the schools under the superintendence of Mr. Porter, who has also the care of a lending library in each school, of which all his tenants may enjoy the advantage, on application to the schoolmaster; to announce the regulations under which persons inconvenienced by loss or sickness may receive aid from the loan fund, instead of borrowing money at an exorbitant interest; to assure them that medical advice and medicine have been provided in a way that will secure proper attendance on the sick poor throughout all the estate. Lastly, to direct how communications are to be made to his lordship, who sets apart a day in each month for the purpose of replying to them; and so he concludes with a desire that these endeavours and regulations may be blessed with mutual advantage. It makes my heart glow with joy to see the name of an English nobleman, the heir to an English Dukedom, appended to this valuable document.

I now proceed to tell you what I have learned from Mr. Porter of his doings, as moral agent here, and of the results that he has witnessed. His first anxiety was to make the schools more efficient than, under the general class of teachers which he found, they could become; Lord and Lady Mandeville kindly seconding his wishes by a liberal advance of salary to these important functionaries, he was able by degrees to bring about a change, alike advantageous to the children, and satisfactory to their employers; and he says he can challenge any district in Ireland, to show him on one property thirty teachers to surpass them in respectability and efficiency. A great reform was at the same time introduced among the girls in the branch of needlework. Mr. Porter justly observes, that teaching children in their rank embroidery, is calculated to give them a taste for dress, unsuited to their circumstances; he was vexed to see girls able to work a fine collar, cap, or gown, who could not make a common article of apparel for their brothers or themselves. Accordingly he commenced by setting all the girls to work on some strong coarse shirts, suited to the wants of the labouring classes; and the increasing demand for these and for school- knit stockings, led to a more extensive manufacture than had been dreamed of: but this I must

reserve until I come to describe the clothing store. The number of schools augmented rapidly: for one Infant School there are now five flourishing on the estate; and the others in proportion. Twenty-two school-rooms are now regularly attended by two thousand three hundred and thirty-four children daily; in addition to whom there are six hundred and sixty-seven constant in attending the Sunday Schools, making a total of three thousand and one under scriptural instruction on Lord Mandeville's property. Does not this gladden your heart to read, as it does mine to write it?

But the great practical evil against which these noble reformers, Lord Mandeville and his two agents, had to fight, was the sale of unlicensed whiskey. I must give you, as nearly as possible in the very words of my friend, the amusing history of this part of the campaign. The Shebeen houses, as they are called, are to be found in every neighbourhood; and though no outward sign denotes the business carried on within, every body knows that the occupier 'keeps a bottle.' 'I required, said Mr. Porter, 'through the inspector, a return of all such persons on the estate, and by means of friendly warning and advice, succeeded in many cases in stopping the practice. Some, however, notwithstanding their fair promises, continued to supply 'a little drop' to any who called

in; but even this could not escape the vigilance which the system of inspection ensures, and due 'notice to quit' was served on the offenders. Six months passed over; the day arrived for taking possession, and instructions were given to dispossess a woman of doubtful character, living about a mile from this town, who still persevered in the the sale of ardent spirits without a licence. Her furniture was removed, the door locked, and she was turned adrift. On that night an armed party came to the house of a widow adjoining the premises, and as this widow was supposed to have informed against the culprit through a covetous desire to obtain her garden, the most tremendous threats were held out towards, not only herself and family, but also towards Lord Mandeville, Hunt, Porter, and company, if the woman was not forthwith replaced in full possession of her house and premises.

'In this quarter of Ireland, the lawless party call themselves 'Tommy Downshire's men,' and another visit from them was promised if their demands were not presently complied with. This was a case of emergency; now was the time of trial, whether Lord Mandeville was to possess his rights, and to wield the power which he held in support of the laws and of morality, or make up his mind to retreat before Tommy Downshire

whenever he chose to appear. I held a consultation with my excellent fellow-labourer, Mr. Hunt the agent, and we agreed to write to his Lordship for permission to level the house with the ground. Lord Mandeville's parliamentary duties at that time detaining him in London, we could not immediately ascertain his mind on the subject; and Tommy Downshire's men, thinking us too tardy in obeying their orders, paid a second visit to the poor innocent widow, who really had no more to do in the business than you had, breaking into her house at night, and smashing to pieces her dresser, with its plentiful store of delft, and other things. They demolished every window in the cottage, and departed with the assurance that the lives of the inmates would be the next sacrifice. Just as the report of this outrage was delivered to Mr. Hunt and myself the next morning, came also a letter from Lord Mandeville, giving us full permission to level the house. This was most opportune: we summoned all the workmen under the steward, repaired to the spot, and in twelve hours after the visit of the armed party, there was not a vestige of the Shebeen house remaining.'

'And what followed?'

'Oh! the effect was immense; these determined proceedings shewed the country that we

were not to be intimidated, but had resolved with at least as much spirit and courage as they could boast of, to restrain vice by all the lawful means in our power. The enemy never again appeared, and we heard no more of the matter: but I think we had within a very short period to rejoice in the suppression of about twenty such establishments; while many of the women who used to put 'the bottle' to their neighbours' mouths, are now amongst the most regular customers at the clothing store, respectable in conduct, and comfortable in their circumstances.'

'Does not a great deal of the mischief perpetrated in Ireland, originate in meetings at these Shebeen houses?'

'Nearly all of it,' my friend replied. 'Many a respectable female dates her ruin and disgrace from them; and here political offences are plotted and ripened for execution. The profit netted by the owners of such unlicensed places is very great; I have known frequent instances, especially in Meath, and on the borders of Cavan, where a man having made his corn into whiskey, appoints a night, and issues regular cards of invitation, to this effect—'A ball will take place at Pat Lavery's on Sunday evening, the — day of ——.' This is a signal for a gathering of all ages; lads, lasses, and old folks who come to get a sup of the

'drink.' The lads treat the maidens, nothing being provided by the person giving the ball but music and lights, the liquor is paid for; the night is spent in carousing and all manner of revelry; and next morning, Pat Lavery has realized a sum to pay his rent, satisfy his priest, and do many other things beside.'

Do you not agree with me that the razing of the Shebeen house was both a gallant and a most philanthropic exploit? In their hearts these people love a resolute man whom they cannot frighten; and this admixture of unshaken firmness with benevolence and sympathy, is the secret that so few can discover in all their attempts to find a method of governing the Irish. It is by these means that such an improvement has been wrought in the circumstances of the tenantry on this and on Lord Roden's estate, who, with all his overflowing tenderness of feeling, is as firm as the base of Sleive Donard in all that relates to moral restraint. You know, he banished the system by allowing the large fine for an illegal still to be levied on the district, refusing either to intercede for, or to assist the people, who were all cognizant of the offence, and declined to give information after his fair warning. It requires a strong share of moral and personal courage to act thus; but where those in authority rightly use it for the

punishment of evil doers, they always find themselves upheld by Him whose delegated ministers they are. The kindness afforded by medicine, medical advice gratuitously supplied, loans of seeds, looms, wheels, clothing and money, produce a powerful effect on the minds of the peasantry; but these are all withheld, and every token of favour withdrawn, if they neglect the orders to whitewash their houses, and to remove the heaps of litter and manure from before them—those unsightly and unhealthy appendages to the poor man's cabin, without the aid of which he could not cultivate the little patch of potatoes; but which it often requires something more powerful than argument to induce him to place any where but just at the entrance of his abode. The only benefit that the contumacious tenant never forfeits, is the education of his children. That blessing is conferred on all, irrespective of merit or demerit; the excellent landlords considering that the more degraded the parents and their dwellings may be, the greater is the need for training up the poor children in better ways; and for striving to approach the incorrigible people by means of their well-taught little ones.

I hope you are not yet tired of Tandragee; for I have much more to say. My stay is so limited—not quite three days—and the weather so hostile

to out-door investigations, that I am glad to sit, even at this season, over a good turf fire, and glean information from one so admirably qualified to bestow it. The clothing store is a curious apartment, and it is quite amusing to see a gentleman so *au-fait* in all that concerns the details of a country shop, and the economy both of male and female attire. The plan of banishing useless embroidery from the girls' schools led to this capital institution; and here, in a room under the roof of the castle, you may see as regular an outfit of cottage habiliments, and such furniture as the loom or needle may supply, as the best in London could boast. Every Wednesday the Poor-Shop is opened, and the customers press in from all quarters, none being admitted but the tenants, cotters, and day-labourers of the Tandragee estate. The former pay the fourth part of their bill for clothing quarterly; the latter, when the steward hands them their weekly wages, leave two shillings with him, which he pays into the loan fund once a month. Tailors are employed who are enabled to furnish articles at a slight cost to the fund, yet with a fair profit to themselves; and they are obliged, under a fine, to deliver the goods on the day week after they are ordered. What the children earn is divided into four parts; one of which goes to the little work-

woman, a second to the mistress, a third for the purchase of threads, &c. and by a further improvement, the children are paid, not in money, but by tickets, value from one penny to a shilling, which entitle the bearer to articles of clothing at the shop, equivalent to the amount of tickets presented. I have some of these pretty bank notes, which are not transferable; and I have also a beautiful specimen of patchwork to exhibit, in the shape of a large counterpane, all made by the dear active little Irish fingers; with a dozen of handkerchiefs that might pass for fine French cambric, all grown, spun, woven, and admirably made up, by the tenantry of this favoured nobleman. Oh, surely the Englishman *is* a favoured man, and surely he may bless God every hour of his life for it, who comes to poor Ireland, and settles on her soil, alike minded and enabled to be a blessing to her children! It is a peculiar sort of delight that I feel at Tandragee; because its truly noble owner is my own countryman, labouring to heal the wounds that our fathers have made, to uproot the curse that our fathers planted, and to scatter all around him the glorious gospel-light which England has never yet fully imparted to her poor sister.

Before leaving the shop, I must tell you something of the expence at which poor Paddy may

make himself, and the wife and the children decent. I will name the lowest prices: A man's shirt is 2s.; a suit of clothes 15s.; great coat 18s.; pair of stockings 1s.—making a complete outfit for £1. 16s. A woman's entire apparel, including bonnet and cloak, may be had for £1. 0s. 6d. A girl's for 5s. 5d. and a boy's for 9s. 10d. A bedstead and bedding complete, with blankets, sheets, and rug, for £1. 1s. 10d. A beautiful patchwork quilt, like mine, fetches from ten to eighteen shillings. Altogether it is a delightful contemplation, and gives rise to feelings of bitter grief that so few, so very few should be found thus paying back to the Lord, in the persons of his poor, a portion of the wealth which they derive from their possessions in Ireland. I must just give you a glimpse of the medical department; it is, like every thing else, judiciously ordered, and so as to do the most possible good. A clever professional man is retained to attend three times in the week, once in each district, at the several dispensaries, and to visit those at home who are too ill to come for advice; Lord Mandeville supplying the means for this noble work entirely out of his own purse. The returns of one year may afford you some idea of the comfort and benefit derived by the poor from this source. Out of 5209 patients, the number of deaths is 44, including eight from fever.

The number of separate visits at their own homes was 1705; and of prescriptions 11,248.

With respect to the loan fund, the amount lent in 1836, was £1540. 18s. and the instalments repaid within the year, amounted to £1162. 16s. 5d.; while the quantity of clothing sold in the poor shop in the same year was £555. 15s. 8d. Can you not imagine what the judicious circulation of such a sum among the poor Irish tenantry must do towards improving their condition, and softening down the harsher features of a character sorely deteriorated, and severely judged? There is no place in Ireland where the Romish priesthood have less power over the people of their communion, or where the power is more effectually crippled; while gratitude to their noble benefactor is manifested by the tenantry in various ways, alike pleasing and encouraging. This fine property includes 10,654 acres, with a population of 9206 individuals.

You will perhaps say that, excepting in regard to his schools, I have not shewn Lord Mandeville as doing much in the way of spiritual instruction. That is the crowning work. He has appointed a very zealous clergyman to the office of his chaplain, who preaches in each of the country schoolhouses once a fortnight, and in the two schoolhouses in Tandragee and Portadown once a week,

thus proclaiming the gospel of Christ twenty four times a month to congregations that daily increase. These sermons being in the evenings do not interfere with the parochial clergy, but act as auxiliary to their exertions. Until his lordship met with this valuable minister to aid his work, he made it his own business to instruct his tenantry, and might be seen in a school-house, overflowing with delighted auditors, who listened gladly to his declarations of the blessed gospel. Temperance societies are encouraged; a free choice being afforded to all to take or refuse the pledge, and if the former, to determine between the moderation and the total abstinence plan. Care is taken to place the matter on a truly Christian basis, so as to exclude boasting, and to guard against the peril of that self-applauding error which is apt, in some cases, when it has nipped off a bud to congratulate itself as though it had laid an axe to the root of the evil.

One striking instance of a marked and total reformation I must give you. In the year 1789, a Sunday-school was opened at a place called Bluestone, on this estate. A rock, or immense stone, formerly stood there, at a place where three lanes met, and was dreadfully famous as the rendezvous of Caravats, Shanavests, and other lawless bands, who preceded the Whitefeet, Rockites,

Ribbonmen, &c. of our day. On this blue stone illegal notices were posted, and it was remarkable for every thing that was bad. At length some murderers being seized, tried, and convicted, were executed and interred at the three lane's ends, at the blue stone, which, as the legend says, was buried with them by the officers of justice, deep beneath the surface of the ground where it had stood. The place, however, has retained its name, a memorial of what it once was. The founder of the Sunday school here was Joseph Malcolmson, who yet lives to rejoice in the abundance of blessing that has crowned his work. He is a devoted old man, still keeping his little grocer's shop, where the Home Missionary, and every preacher of righteousness always finds a heartwarm welcome to the hospitable board of the patriarchal man, spread by the hands of his aged partner, ever seeking the privilege of entertaining such as come in the Lord's name. Blue-stone, from being a by-name to designate all that was evil, is become the most orderly, peaceable, and respectable neighbourhood in the county! the Sunday-school numbers from three to four hundred pupils; the teachers have all been brought up in it; and to this school is attributed, under God, the marvellous change wrought in the character of the people. Old Josey Malcolmson, whose heart glows

with the fire of true Christian zeal and love, is looked up to as a common parent by all around him; and the general hope is that he may be spared to take part in the jubilee which Lord Mandeville purposes holding, if God permit, in the year 1839, to celebrate the half century that will then have elapsed since the little one which has become a thousand was first established at Bluestone.

I must leave you to ponder over these long, but I trust not uninteresting details, of what I could easily extend to the bulk of a volume by merely doing justice to the subject. I have much still to see, before leaving the castle, if the weather proves a little more favourable; and as it is now settled that I go by Belfast to Derry, I may write to you from the former place with some further account of my present interesting residence. I will, however, just add that having got as far as the infant school, more than half way down the long hilly street, I have been exceedingly delighted by the spectacle. A very spacious room, remarkably lofty and airy, holds the liveliest, most intelligent and comical set of little creatures, admirably taught. They were kept considerably beyond the regular hour, for our inspection, and their own amusement, as it proved; for we afterwards engaged them in a regular game at play, to the in-

finite delight of their parents, and elder brothers and sisters, who, coming to fetch the babes home, were provided with seats near the door, and greatly enjoyed the sport which respect prevented their attempting to join in. The frolic consisted in our building a very high pyramid of wooden bricks, and then allowing the little creatures, all properly ranged, to let off a volley of the same harmless missiles at the word of command. Nothing could have better elicited the national characteristics of drollery, energy, and shall I add mischief? They had gone through all their exercises with wonderful precision, and had well earned the little effort we made to repay them. It was delightful to observe the decent appearance, contented air, and affectionate looks of the elder spectators; and the heartfelt interest with which they listened to hymns and prayers, in which the little creatures lifted up their tender voices. Yes, this indeed is a link between parties too long and too sternly severed; and if a cloud passes over my mind while contemplating such a scene, it is in the shape of a sudden recollection of that hateful National School plan. It has started up like Satan in paradise, to blight the work which God himself had smiled upon, and pronounced very good.

LETTER XI.

Belfast, August.

LITTLE prospect appearing of a change in the weather, a plan was devised to shew me the Lower demesne, as it is called, of Tandragee castle. I was seated in a small carriage, or rather a garden chair, with one good-humoured young Irishman between the shafts, another at the back, Mr. Porter and W. well cloaked, on foot beside me, two fine dogs to complete the cortége, and in this fashion was actually paraded not only through the grounds, but also along the endless street of the town. Think what a gaping train would have followed such a show in our country! In Ireland, let your situation be what it may, you have only to laugh, and every body laughs with, nobody at you. The descent, however, into the Lower demesne was no laughing matter: the united strength of three men could scarcely prevent my carriage from running full speed down the bank, at the bottom of which rushed a most formi-

dably rapid little torrent, with a level bridge just sufficient for a safe passage; had I missed it but by an inch there is no saying what would have been the consequence. This is the strangest place I ever beheld; and certainly it must be magnificent when the weather allows it to be fairly seen: but what with the thick rain drops incessantly falling from immense trees over head, the double gloom shed around by cloudy weather, and the nervous trepidation excited, I could scarcely discern the features of the scene. The most remarkable were the height, size, and number of its venerable trees, and the violent speed of a river that went hurrying on between smooth banks, and with no visible cause for such extraordinary rapidity. It is much wider than the mountain stream at Tollymore, but the waters, at least on that day, were so yellow and turbid that they reminded me of the Douro; as described by some of my Peninsular friends. Just as I reached a fine prospect on its borders, the rain came down in such torrents that it was absolutely necessary to retreat; and I can only say that from a very slight view under very unfavorable circumstances, I think Tandragee a most noble place. We took shelter in a boys' school house, where I was much pleased with the method of teaching pursued, and the progress made by the lads: afterwards we paid a short visit to a family

of whom I should have liked to see more; and returned in state to the castle, dripping at every thread. We were to have dined with the Dean of Tuam, whose handsome place looked most inviting from the library window, but to reach it was impossible: I had taken cold already, and dared not run any farther hazards.

Sunday morning proved bright, and we walked to the boys' school across the grounds, where I chose a very young class, and tried hard for an hour to impress on their tender minds the import of that comprehensive verse, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." My dear little boys were very attentive, and the period being elapsed, I enjoyed a specimen of the uncompromising spirit which I so dearly love. The children being drawn up on each side the long room, the teachers at the bottom, Mr. Porter at the head, all joined in singing those fine stanzas of Watts—

> In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
> Lies, a fair type of Babylon.

After this, we repaired to the church, and then I had another class of another school, a Scripture class, who answered admirably on whatever point

they were questioned. Being too soon for afternoon service, we walked up to the top of the steeple, and thence I took a long earnest survey of the Mourne mountains, and sent my heart into the midst of the beloved dwellers at the foot of Slieve Donard. There was a shocking deed perpetrated here not long ago: who were the culprits has not been discovered; but these wild Irish will stick at nothing, however treasonable. You have not, of course, forgotten the memorable campaign in which Lord Mulgrave sent his troops to gather laurels among the lilies. Tandragee is an awfully bad place: there was no knowing what might happen if the town was not strongly garrisoned before the 12th of July. It was even said that a garland of the obnoxious flowers was to be stretched across the street; but if any such enormity was in contemplation the presence of the troops happily prevented the outrage. They marched in, took up their quarters to the best advantage, furbished their arms, primed, loaded, and went to bed. Instead of following their praiseworthy example, some wight was hardened enough in wickedness to provide himself with a long pole and a rope, and in the dead of night ascended the church steeple, which as I told you, crowns the hill, and is visible to the whole town. In short, when the military looked out from their

cantonments 'at the top of the morning' they beheld, to their inexpressible dismay, the complete frustration of all their labours in the preventive service; for there, in audacious defiance of the allied powers in Dublin, a flag, hoisted on the steeple, danced right merrily in the breeze, just as though it had done nothing to be ashamed of. You may suppose what a cry there was for scaling ladders to take it down—no such thing: the soldiers looked at it, and went to breakfast. No notice was taken—it might have been rather a delicate step to invade Lord Mandeville's territory, and the church is within his castle-wall. His lordship was not there, it is true; but, somehow, the flag was left to float, and formed a very pretty object in the sight of the people, who have too much sense to quarrel with an orange lily, and who wondered from what the troops came to protect them.

The flag-staff, which seemed to be neither more nor less than the slender trunk of a tall young tree, was still lying on the steeple, where I lingered to enjoy the luxuriant prospect. It was indeed indescribably grand, and gave me an idea of what I lost through the misty atmosphere on Slieve Donard, which is about ten or fifteen times as high as the point where I then stood. Lough Neagh was very distinctly seen, as a glittering silver

speck in the far north; and when I thought of the blessings shed around on the many thousands of tenantry here and under Lord Roden, I really felt an elation of spirit that almost realized by faith the fond wish of my heart to see the circle of peace and happiness gradually enlarging, until it should, like the sunbeam then emerging from a passing cloud, spread its mantle of joyous light over the whole territory of dear Erin. This feeling attended me throughout the succeeding hours of divine worship; and I prayed for my adopted country, that those who love her may be commissioned to take up the prophet's strain and say, "Fear not, O land; rejoice and be glad, for the Lord will do great things."

It was arranged that we should start by six o'clock the next morning for Portadown, to meet the Belfast early coach. Our kind friend purposed accompanying us, but I forbad it, finding how severely he was suffering from a cold taken in our service. A warm invitation to Rostrevor was reluctantly declined; and after taking a last, long, admiring look at my garland, which had retained its beauty unimpaired for three days, I bade farewell to a spot which it will always cheer me to think upon, and rattled off, under the superior coachmanship of the sharp little fellow who had driven us to the castle. The horse

was in high condition and higher spirits; the lad was proud of his mettle; the elegant car was light as a feather, the road downhill, and W— says, that of all his Irish adventures, he shall the longest remember our flight from Tandragee. It was, indeed, at a rail-road pace we started; and in the freshness of a lovely morning after so much rain the sensation was altogether delicious. When the horse was pleased to slacken his pace a little, we could better distinguish the features of the country, which presents a noble specimen of justice done to the rich soil of Ireland. Portadown is a neat little town, belonging also to Lord Mandeville, who is building a handsome school-house near the church. Here we anticipated the coach by half an hour; and here I forfeited my hard-earned Protestant reputation, in the sight at least of some zealous partizans. As an impartial narrator, I am bound to give you the facts of the case.

Two coaches pass from Armagh to Belfast, nearly at the same time; Mr. Porter had advised me to take advantage of the first, if possible, lest there might be no vacancies in the other. We learned from our little driver, that one of these was a Protestant coach, and the other a Roman one; and it was evident which way his predilections lay, by his frequent assurance that there was

every prospect of the Protestant coach coming up first. At last a vehicle approached: we had left the car, and were walking past a house, at the door of which stood a stout pugnacious-looking man, who, in reply to our hasty inquiry, whether that was the Armagh and Belfast coach, said, 'Not at all: but the coach will be here just now.' However, a few doors onward they drew up, and commenced changing horses, and I sent W— to ask the coachman where they were going: 'From Armagh to Belfast.' 'How soon?' 'Directly: we shall be there before ten.' On this, I bade W— secure forthwith two places, and get the luggage mounted. But how shall I describe the indignation of my mis-informer! he shouted out, 'That is the Popish coach; you won't get into Belfast in any time. The Protestant coach is just coming up. Sure you won't go in that!' and finding me resolved, he at last exclaimed, 'Mr. Porter would not go in that coach for ten pounds.' I could not help laughing, although indignant at the untruths so freely told, evidently by an interested individual on the watch to benefit his own establishment; and the sly humour that played on the features of the adverse party, the quiet drollery of both coachman and guard, suppressed by personal respect, as they most courteously answered my inquiries and installed us in the

empty vehicle, formed a favourable contrast to the angry professor of orthodoxy. Lord Mandeville's livery on the one hand, and in the other an order to be set down at the Downshire Arms in Belfast, affording a guarantee for our Protestantism; and I was really glad to prove my dislike of such narrowness, real or assumed, by an extra measure of civility and of liberality towards the 'Popish coach.' It is not by making their religion a reproach, and a bar to their success in fair trading or honest labour, that we shall detach the people from it: far otherwise. I feel it a most important duty to avoid such needless and injurious collision with their feelings, and on this principle I do most cordially concur in the abolishing of processions, party tunes, and the parade of badges, where they would be construed into an insult against the poor people. Moreover I am certain that the Orangemen would cheerfully have laid aside all outward signs, if requested so to do, for the sake of peace and good-will: but this does not excuse, it exceedingly aggravates the wrong inflicted on these loyal men; and the insult offered by dispatching troops, under an affected apprehension of what nobody really supposed would occur. Such treatment is directly calculated, and I firmly believe as far as the real governors of this country are concerned, *delibe*—

rately planned, to produce what it is ostensibly done to discourage. Both parties know it to be so.

You would be surprised at the close, the perfect resemblance that the road to Belfast from Armagh bears to England. I could hardly persuade myself that Lisburn was west of St. George's Channel: there is nothing Irish about it. The immediate approach to Belfast is splendid: a fine road, high cultivation, beautiful villas, substantial brick houses surrounded by bleaching grounds, the look of prosperity, and total absence of every thing opposed to it, might have prepared me for the aspect of the town itself, which, nevertheless, struck me with astonishment. The streets are wide, straight, and admirably paved; the buildings capacious, uniform, and equal to some of the best commercial parts of London; particularly the High Street, with its broad flagstones, its lofty houses, spacious hotels, and very handsome shops. The situation of this noble city is enchanting: it stands on a broad lough, with a mountainous back ground, plentifully interspersed with gardens about the environs, and altogether it rejoiced my heart to find such a spot in Ireland; so free from the distressing drawback that abound even in Dublin. But this is the north, the 'black north,' the PROTESTANT north!

My privileges here are very great, as you will

acknowledge when I tell you that our hospitable welcome was prepared at the breakfast-table of that truly Christian soldier, whose touching narrative of the 'Loss of the Kent East Indiaman' has so often instructed and delighted us. He commands the garrison here; his Highland regiment, distinguished by the singular title of 'The Happy,' is a splendid one; and I have seen them to advantage under the animating circumstances of a contested election, just about to take place, where the peace and security of this noble mart mainly depend on their temper and firmness. Parties run very high in Belfast; the Protestants being divided among themselves, while the Romish enemy, or rather enmity, is strong in bitterness, though weak in comparative numbers. Such life and bustle as the broad thoroughfares present would be highly amusing, did not some bodings of a violent conflict damp that feeling. Here you might behold a knot of gentlemen, most earnestly discussing the merits of respective cases, and balancing the probabilities of success; there a group of peasants, just arrived, receiving information from their city friends, and with looks of stern resolve, or fiery impatience, venting in their own language the sentiments of their hearts. Carelessly lounging by, you see now and then a Highland officer, his air of good-humoured un-

concern neutralized by the keen quick glance that ever and anon takes in the general aspect of things around him; while at the windows of a large building, and probably at others which I did not observe, parties of private soldiers are to be seen, with the same quiet yet watchful expression of countenance. To complete the picture, numerous bodies of the armed police, in their dark-green uniform, are scattered in every direction, mingling among the people, conversing with some, admonishing others, menacing not a few, and evidently operating as a powerful check where such is greatly needed. It was through this assemblage that we wound our way, never impeded, nor falling in with anything like a crowd, to visit the institution where those afflicted classes, the blind, and the deaf and dumb, receive instruction. A day's sojourn would not allow of my seeing more than this of the interesting objects with which Belfast abounds; and I did not regret the selection. The number of pupils is small: they appear as one family, united to each other and to their teacher by no ordinary bonds. Never did I behold looks more unequivocally expressive of love and confidence than those which the deaf mutes bent on their master; while the mild, sad countenances of the blind were lighted up at the sound of his voice. I could really have passed the whole day

among them, it was so delightful. The plan pursued with the latter class is that of reading by means of embossed characters; and this they did with the utmost ease. It was no matter to what page, line, or word you guided the finger: the blind girl or boy proceeded from that point, reading the Holy Scriptures with an evident relish and enjoyment, until told to stop. The other class, of course, are instructed by means of slates and the finger language; and one touching spectacle we had of the value of the latter, when a little girl who was quite dumb took the hand of a little boy perfectly blind, and by forming the letters on it with her own fingers, quickly told him who we were, our number, names, and so forth. A large slate was placed on an easel, round which the deaf mutes arranged themselves; and various words and sentences being written thereon, they gave us, according to their respective rates of progress, their answers, explanations, or observations. All this was done with a glee and gladness perfectly enchanting, and equally indescribable. You can scarcely know what the human countenance is capable of, in the way of animated eloquence, since you never saw a group of deaf and dumb Irish children. In explanation of the plan by which they were led to make the most rapid progress I ever witnessed, a lesson was gone

through, to the extreme delight of all the children, and our great entertainment. You know what mimics they are—necessarily so, since all their wants must be expressed by signs, previous to education; and they can only convey their meaning by dramatizing the matter. Well, a chubby-cheeked little fellow, the very *beau-idéal* of infant drollery, was called forth, and another, not much bigger, was summoned to perform the various offices of tailor, shoemaker, hatter, and barber, for his benefit. Measure was first taken, and particulars noted down, with the rapidity of thought; then the operator, squatted on the floor, proceeded to cut out, sew, and smooth the respective articles, which he brought home and put on. All was merely action; no material present; but the different things represented being also spelled by the finger language, a complete lesson was learned and communicated amid the merry laughter of the pupils. The operation of shaving was too much for the muscles of the gravest among us: it was done to the life, from the first setting of the chair to the last wipe of the patient's chin with an imaginary napkin, and the keen examination, ringing, and pocketing of a visionary piece of money. In the midst of their mirth, several of the dear little creatures turned a most compassionate look on the blind, whose case appeared to

move them deeply; while the latter were quietly intent on their own far higher studies; and one among them was actually teaching W. to print his own name. You may suppose I was in high favour with the deaf and dumb; even the youngest among them, who could hardly shape a letter, were all full of chat with me, finding that I was so perfectly at home in their untaught signs. I never witnessed a scene of more unclouded happiness, beaming and sparkling in every face; yet, alas! there was that in it which drew many a sigh from the pious friends around them: for the difficulty of communicating to them that spiritual knowledge of which their blind companions were freely quaffing, is extreme. Only two or three were sufficiently advanced to comprehend abstract ideas, by means of language; the rest having been but a few weeks under tuition. There was a splendid little Romanist, a most promising genius, still in petticoats, whose energies appeared to lie very much in his fists, so far as the practical demonstration went: over him I offered many a secret prayer, and he was on the point of crying when he ran round to repeat his good-bye. In truth my very heart clung to these children, nor had I to complain of any lack of reciprocity. May the Lord's richest blessing rest on this humane and pious undertaking! I am sure it will. A

house where the blind are taught to read God's word, the deaf virtually to hear it, and the dumb to spread its joyful sound, is surely most precious in his sight. The most appropriate inscription for such a place would be, "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?"

The barracks are very spacious, finely situated outside the town; and Colonel Macgregor's house is farther on, enjoying a view of the bay, and of a singular mountain, the outline of which is really a colossal representation of the countenance so well known through Europe—Napoleon, the scourge of God. Whilst we were at dinner, tidings arrived that the soldiery and people had already come into collision; but in a trifling degree, and only for a few moments, through the quiet determination and steadiness of the Highlanders. We hope the election will pass over without any serious disturbance.

The evening has been spent at the mansion of a hospitable friend—a friend of a few hours' acquaintance only, yet already united more closely in the most enduring of all bonds, that of Christian fellowship—than the children of this world could be united in many years' intercourse. Here, in addition to the family with whom I spent the day, we had a guest whom you or I would go no small distance to meet: Dr. Cooke, that concen-

tration of Protestantism, that bold champion of our church, and just pride of his own. I need say no more to convince you of my enviable condition, except that Dr. Cooke speaks most exultingly of the success attending the Irish Scripture readers' labours. He considers their work as actually and effectually undermining the foundation of Antichrist in this land; and looks for such results as you have occasionally rebuked me for anticipating from means so insignificant in man's sight. I am sometimes silenced but never convinced by what is said to the contrary. I am positively certain that the man who assists to proclaim the Gospel among the native Irish in their own tongue does more to heal these embittered waters than in any other way he could possibly do. History, reason, observation, and my own actual experience in the work, all combine to strengthen a conviction that for many years has been exposed to every species of trial. I allude, of course, principally to the adult Irish-speaking population; but even as regards their children it is of paramount importance to enable them to read that blessed book in the language that sounds so sweet within the poor mud walls of their own cabin. The fact that every individual who acquires the power of reading Irish becomes anxious to learn English, and is enabled so to do by means of the primers circulated by that

precious Irish Society, ought in itself to animate every lover of England and of Protestantism to the work. Think of the sum required to salary a regular teacher among the peasantry—not quite one pound per quarter! Does not the bare idea of so much good to be achieved by such a trifle make the sovereigns fidget in your purse? Let them out: by the aid of a little of the unrighteous mammon committed to your stewardship, the word of God shall run and be glorified through the length and breadth of this isle. I will prefix no epithets; my heart is too full of love and compassion for it to be easily poured out on paper. Some there are who fancy that it is a species of affectation on my part, done for effect, when I do utter somewhat of these feelings. The Lord alone knoweth what is in us; but I think he sees me guiltless in this matter; for while the apprehension either of injuring the cause or needlessly exposing myself to reproof, often leads me to impose a painful curb on my tongue or pen, by refraining from such language, I solemnly declare that the warmest expressions which ever escaped from either upon the subject, were utterly inadequate to convey the depth, the extent, the all pervading character of that love which I do, and by God's grace, ever will cherish for Ireland.

This is a short letter: our places are taken in the

mail which leaves Belfast at eight o'clock, and which will, in twelve hours' time, if all be well, convey us to the walls, the glorious walls of the maiden city. A word I must add however, on the subject of Derry. In the humble volume bearing that title, which I ventured to publish a few years since, I have inadvertantly and most unintentionally wronged the Presbyterians of the north. Dr. Cooke has pointed out the error, which consists in representing them as being all implicated in the reported extravagances of an individual, Hewson; and also as being about to fight with the Episcopalians in the Diamond, for the use of the cathedral. It seems that Dr. Reid, in a recent work, has strongly protested against me on the score of these mistakes; supposing that I followed some prejudiced writers of that day. This I did not; having only Walker's Diary, and Graham's History of the Siege, in addition to Leland's history of Ireland; and I was totally ignorant of any dispute on the subject. Dr. Cooke, well knowing that the unity of the true church of Christ is as dear to my heart as to his own, most fully acquits me of intentional error; and I am anxious to make an *amende* to our brethren of the north, by cordially correcting the mistake which I am vexed to think has run through the five editions of that little work; but which, if ever it reaches a sixth, shall

be fully rectified. Meanwhile, lend me your assistance in making known this retractation; for you can bear me witness that out of her own distinct pale the Church of Scotland has not a more attached ally than your poor friend. Descended, maternally, from the covenanters of the north, I glory in inheriting a portion of their uncompromising feeling, and more than theoretical protest against great Babylon: and I should creep into Derry with somewhat of the conscious treachery that oppressed Governor Lundy when he stole out of it, if I hesitated to avow my regret in this matter; since Dr. Reid has deemed it worth a passing reproof in his learned and weighty volumes. May it please him who in 1688 moved the hearts of the Derry Protestants as the heart of one man, in the cause of his assailed truth, and made them strong, and enabled them to do exploits the very mention of which still cheers us in this day of rebuke and blasphemy—may he cement in the closest bonds of mutual love, confidence, zeal, and holy courage, the members of these sister churches, which have stood together so long, and will yet stand, rejoicing in the triumphs of his truth, and in the overthrow of his enemies!

LETTER XII.

LONDONDERRY.

Derry, August, 1837.

HERE I am, hemmed in by the maiden walls of Derry. Sundry misgivings had assailed me, lest a disappointment in highly raised expectations might cast a damp where all was disposed to glow with delight. The dread of a modernized town was uppermost; but how vain were such thoughts! I am revelling in the fullest realization of the vision that has charmed me from childhood: and if I can succeed in giving you but a faint sketch of this most unique, most spirit-stirring spot, you will say there is good reason for so doing.

But I suppose you will expect to come in regularly by the mail, according to promise: we must therefore return to Belfast. After an early breakfast, our kind friend Mr. M'C. sent us to the coach; and we rapidly passed through the

still tranquil streets, so soon to be thronged with political combatants flocking to the hustings. The road, bordered on the left by high and picturesque hills, commands on the right, a continued view of the harbour, or lough, a beautiful piece of water, bearing many a tall vessel on its advancing tide towards the quays. We had one fellow-traveller, a lively, pleasant military officer, whose recent return from foreign duty in a regiment where I have many friends, and a still more recent recruiting expedition among the Mourne mountains, afforded subjects of mutual interest, not lessened by an equally mutual love for Ireland. The road is, in some places, eminently beautiful, adorned with rich seats, and noble plantations. At Antrim we saw one of the fine old round towers; and soon after we had some momentary glimpses, through openings of the thick plantations of Shane's Castle, of the famous Lough Neagh, the pride of Irish lakes; equalled in size only by three others throughout Europe. It is twenty miles in length, fifteen in breadth, receives the streams of six large rivers, and includes an area of 100,000 acres. I longed to pause, and to take a survey of this inland sea; but mail coaches are unfriendly to the indulgence of such hankerings after the picturesque, and had not the prospect of Derry been before my mind's eye, I should have regretted

abandoning the more accommodating mode of private travelling. As it was, I could only repeat the well-remembered stanza founded on one of the wild legends of these imaginative people,

> On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays
> When the clear cool eve's declining,
> He sees the round towers of other days
> In the wave beneath him shining:
> Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime
> Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
> Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
> For the long faded glories they cover.

And this I had to write down in pencil for my fellow-traveller, so much did it please his fancy. At Ballymoney, to our sincere regret, this gentleman's journey terminated, his recruiting party being stationed near it; and we bade him a very reluctant farewell. Independent of the pleasure one always enjoys in polished, intellectual society, we had derived so much information from his exact knowledge of the places through which our route lay, that it was doubly a loss. But this is Ireland, as I had no reason to forget; a very gentlemanly youth, an outside passenger, overhearing me express something of the latter cause of lamentation, without saying a word about it took the vacant place, and most obligingly told us the name, history, and local associations connected with each

spot; regretting that he was going no farther himself than Coleraine. I love to record these little instances of a courtesy that is absolutely inherent in these Irishmen. The quiet watchfulness, or whatever you please to term it, by which they contrive to anticipate whatever wish a stranger might form as to an increase of his comforts, and the easy, unaffected, unostentatious manner of shewing kindness, which enhances the value while it precludes an oppressive sense of the obligation—this is what throws such a charm over Irish society, whether during a lengthened domestication under the hospitable roof, or an hour's casual acquaintance in a stage coach. When I meet with an English traveller whose experience does not tally with mine, I am sure that he has to thank his own impenetrable reserve, want of frankness and good humour, or else an insulting appearance—I may say affectation—of contempt for the people and their country. Not a day has passed since our landing in Waterford, in the course of which I have not experienced some practical illustration of that beautiful injunction, "Brethren, by love serve one another."

Coleraine is a substantial town, with a very fine sheet of water, the Bann river, flowing through, or rather past it. Here too we found all the bustle and excitement of an election going on,

with indications of very turbulent feelings on the part of those whom Dr. Blake would distinguish as ' dear Christians;' which in his parlance means, bibbers of whiskey, and breakers of heads. Newtown-Limavady, with its long street succeeded; this was one of the garrisoned places that held out against the rebels, in 1641; and it bore an important relationship to Derry during the memorable epoch of the defence. At this place my young companion chose to mount the outside of the coach, leaving me with an humble fellow-traveller, an elderly domestic of a noble family, who had already exhausted her little stock of information in the details of a death and a marriage, and the present state of her venerable master's gouty foot. I knew enough of the family to take some interest in what it gratified her to tell.

The region on which we had last entered was wild and barren; a sort of moorland, swelling and falling; while now and then the indistinct outline of some object of which I could not decide whether it was a cloud or a mountain, appeared on the horizon, overtopping the irregular hills that skirted our left. To the right, I knew we were not very far from the sea; in fact we had enjoyed at one point a fine view of it near Coleraine, and were within a few miles of the Giant's Causeway. On that side, I was watching what I thought a

a very lovely lake, with a mountain barrier, and hoping every minute to obtain a sight of its boundaries, by passing one end; but in this I was disappointed; the water still kept us at a distance, it was still to the right, a little in front, and a most picturesque crag that abruptly terminated the lofty line of hills on our side, and thus left a comparative level between us and the lough, receded more and more as we advanced. This shewed that we were in some measure following the course of the water, on which I kept my eyes fixed, wondering when we should pass its southern extremity; and conceding to it the palm, as far as a noble boundary went, over all the lakes I had yet seen. The long, regular, undulating line of mountain tops on the farther side seemed endless; and while watching the rippling of its tide, I was startled at seeing a distant sail on their bosom. Could it be? I presently thrust my head out at the window, and received from the coach-box a confirmation of the half-formed guess —Yes, it was LOUGH FOYLE.

Just then the coach stopped to change horses, and a minute's interval saw me mounted on its highest seat. None but the coachman, the guard, and W. remained; and behind the latter, who sat with the coachman, I chose my station, making little of the shower that impended, while mine eye

truly affected my heart as I looked on the grand liquid thoroughfare so passionately coveted by Popish James, as a medium of communication between his Irish adherents and their disaffected brethren in Scotland, so obstinately withheld from him by the heroic defenders of Derry. Yes, there was the Foyle, upon which the dying gaze of many a famished Protestant had been fixed, in vain hope of the supplies cruelly detained by the inhuman Kirke: the Foyle, whose flowing tide had borne the Mountjoy upon the boom, and, held in the hand of the Lord, had broken the fetter of Popery from the necks of three kingdoms. Oh, for a pen that could write my feelings as my looks devoured that object, and feasted upon the stately ridge of those Ennishowen mountains! At that time, both guard and coachman were below, and the single horse which had been put to appeared a little restive: I happened just then to glance towards it; and the poor ragged fellow who was holding the bit, catching my eye, exclaimed with a look of most affectionate concern, 'Darling lady, don't be at all alarmed—he's as quiet as a lamb.' 'Darling Paddy,' thought I, in return, 'may the Lord, who even here wrought so wondrously to deliver your land from the thraldom of Antichrist, shed the light of his glorious Gospel into your heart, into your cabin, and through every corner

of your own sweet isle!' As to being alarmed, in the then state of my feelings, they might have yoked wild horses for me, provided they kept their heads towards Derry.

The road now had become exceedingly good, the country well cultivated, and numerous vehicles rattled past us, the drivers announcing with merry cheers that Sir R. Ferguson was elected. Our coachman was evidently not elated by the news; and as I knew Sir Robert to be what is called a liberal, I hoped to find his dissatisfaction arose from the same source as my own. No such thing: Coachee was a staunch Romanist, and one of the most unreserved character too. He not only communicated to us his religious faith and political creed, but assured me that the events of 1688 consisted in a rebellion of the English settlers, headed by Martin Luther, against King James; and that the Irish were defeated by William of Orange bringing a great army over to help the rebels. I, of course, gave no direct contradiction, only remarking that I thought Martin Luther must then have been dead for some time, as he lived in the reign of King Henry VIII.; and with regard to the siege of Derry, that the French rather than the Irish prosecuted it; and the Derry people had done good service to the country by not giving it over to foreign enemies. No, he

assured me, there was not a Frenchman in Ireland at the time. Yes, I persisted, I could shew him in history books that it was Conrad de Rosen, a French marshal, who drove the poor harmless Protestants from the neighbouring counties to starve under the walls of Derry; and that it very much shocked the Irish army, who were treated quite impertinently by their French allies. 'Oh,' said he, with a most commiserating look, '*you have bad memories.*' A very courteous way, you must allow, of taxing my veracity; but I was not discomfited. 'Sure now,' I resumed, 'it is not my memory I am depending on: how should I, when I was not born at the time, nor you, nor our fathers before us? We have books printed in that same year, and they tell us all about it.' With a very knowing look cast over his shoulder, he observed, 'Them books were written by Luther and his people; but St. Patrick gives a different story.' 'Was St. Patrick there?' 'He was, or else St. Columbkill; I'll shew you his chapel presently.' 'Now,' said I, 'if St. Patrick and Luther had both been there, I'll engage it was on the one side they stood; for they taught the same doctrine.' This bold assertion seemed to confound him; but an energetic shake of the head, and another, 'Oh, you have bad memories,' was all that escaped him. I proceeded to relate that

when Patrick came over, he found the ancient Irish quite heathens, worshipping stocks and stones; that he brought them the blessed Bible, told them that it was there they would find the will of God made known; and by preaching what was in that book, he brought them to believe on Jesus Christ; and now those who keep the Bible keep the religion that Patrick brought here. 'Oh, it's all wrong!' says coachee, and began to appear sulky. I had kept a sharp look-out right in front, as he told me when I remounted the coach that Derry was straight before us. I now happened to turn to the left, and far away I saw a spire on elevated ground, with one of the sun's last rays resting upon it. 'What is that?' I asked, pointing to it. 'Derry.'

Our road had curved a little, which occasioned this surprise. The broad, beautiful Foyle, grew broader and brighter as we approached, and the sky cleared up. 'Now,' said the coachman, whose pride or something else was gratified by the tone in which I repeated 'Derry!' with some epithet of endearment prefixed—'now I will shew you where the boom was put across the water. You see the fellows laid a great bar of wood, as thick as that horse's body, from one side of the Foyle to the other, to hinder the ships from coming up to the town; but for all that,' he added with

much glee, 'they cracked it in two, and the place was relieved.' 'Was not that a great exploit?' asked I. 'Sure it was—you never heard a more wonderful thing.' It was evident that his Derryism was stronger here than even his Popery; and I sighed to think how times were changed in a few years, since the Romish titular himself in his pontificals used to lead his flock in the procession, swell the shout of 'No surrender,' and toss off a bumper to the glorious memory. This is a fact: until the baneful spirit of so-called conciliation roused in their bosoms the hope of recovering their ascendancy, vast numbers of the Romanists voluntarily wore the badge which is now denounced, under pretence of hurting their feelings! The coachman pointed out the memorable spot, and on a beautiful little island, just in sight, he shewed me the ruins of Columbkill's chapel; then continued his discourse, giving a history of the miracles performed by Columbkill and his successors; with a story concerning a false disciple, that equalled, for the extravagant absurdity of its details, the most open burlesque I ever met with. My heart was moved for this poor Irishman: I longed to enter fully on the subject so important to his peace; but we were almost at the bridge, which lay a perfect level above that noble water; while before us rose the town, covering a lofty

hill, on the apex of which stood the cathedral; and just on the bank where we were passing was an old grey stone, pointed out with great eagerness by the coachman, as 'St. Columb's well.' He then, with much feeling, suddenly said, 'It is a pleasure to talk with ye: many a gentleman have I told these things to, and they always laughed in my face, and treated me like a fool. You have not laughed at me—there are few like you.' I was about to make an affectionate reply, but all his attention was demanded to his horses: he wheeled them—we were on the bridge—the firm boards lay beneath us, the noble Lough on the right, the city in front, with the river circling round it, and in a minute I was under the wall—the lofty, dark, impregnable wall of Derry, beneath which we wound for a short space, and then alighted at the Ship Quay, where the vessels landed their welcome stores in 1689. Matters were soon arranged at the office. 'Where is Brown's hotel?' 'Oh, just through the gate: we'll carry your luggage in a moment.' So, after thanking the coachman and guard for their civilities—an accompaniment that in their eyes trebles the value of the money given,—I walked, with as light a heart as ever beat, after the porters, and entered the fortress, passing the Ship Quay gateway, and feeling in every fibre of my frame that at last I was,

indeed, really and bodily, within the walls of DERRY.

Brown's hotel is but a little way up the street on the right hand; fully meriting the good character that Inglis has bestowed on it. Here, instead of the friend whom I expected to meet and to escort me eighteen miles further beyond Letterkenny, I found a note, apprising me that he was obliged to start for Dublin, in consequence of the City and University elections, and would not be back for some days: at the same time telling me how to proceed. I bespoke apartments at the hotel, and flew away up the street to the Diamond, but not without encountering on the way a person on the watch, with a warm invitation from the aunt of my truant friend, who lives near it. Thither I promised to repair, but the temptation was irresistible, and before entering her house, I had paced the ramparts half round, and pressed the sod that lies above the heroic defenders in the Cathedral grave-yard. Stranger as I was, every turn of the place was so familiar to me, that I confidently led the way, and named the different objects to my wondering companion, as though I had never been outside the walls. This done, we repaired to the house of the kind old lady, who threw open at once her door and her arms, and even wept a welcome. Oh,

these warm-hearted Irish, why cannot I live and die among them.

I had literally reckoned without my host, when engaging the rooms at a hotel: such a thing was not to be named, not to be thought of. My domicile was prepared at the house of one whom I had not yet seen, as he was then engaged in an evening lecture; but he soon arrived, and it did not require much rhetoric to convince me that I must needs remain for four or five days in Derry. You may accordingly look for a journal, for the first day of which this may suffice. We are delightfully housed in the upper part of Ship-quay street, which Inglis truly describes as one of the steepest in Europe. It runs in a perfectly straight line, from Ship-quay gate to the Diamond; the ascent is indeed such that the house-tops resemble a flight of stairs, each being necessarily so much elevated above its predecessor. This is not very far from Brown's hotel, yet I should think the ground-floor is at least on a level with his attics. Of the prospect I can say nothing, for it was dark when I came here: but this I know, I am within the walls of the ancient fortress of Protestantism, and with mingled feelings I review the past, contrasting it with the present, and questioning as to the future. My consolation is that still, "The Lord reigneth," even Jesus

Christ, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Wednesday.

A day to be remembered; for the Lord's former mercies have been made to pass in review before me, with a vividness that infuses new life into the hope too easily sickened. I rose this morning refreshed in body and elate in spirits, longing to look around me. On first meeting my kind host, he presented me with a valuable gift, the half of a cannon-ball, found fast wedged in the walls of an old house, taken down a few years since, where it had been lodged and broken by coming in contact with some yet harder substance. I could not but think, when contemplating this memento, of the promise, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." It was remarkably fulfilled during the siege, and while I live I shall treasure the broken missile of a baffled foe. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, raining oft and heavily, I have enjoyed a vast deal out of doors. At eleven o'clock we repaired to the cathedral, where service is celebrated on Wednesday and Friday mornings; and thither I went with joyful feet, carrying the cannon-ball in my handkerchief, that I might be the more stirred up to bless the Lord, and not to forget his benefits.

Before describing the church, I should give you a sketch of the town, by which I understand Derry within the walls. It does, in fact, stretch out to a great extent beyond them; but the spot so exquisitely interesting to the Protestant is bounded by these venerable bulwarks. You must first imagine a figure nearly resembling that of an arched door, the bottom or straight line of which lies duly north-east, looking down Lough Foyle. The outline is rendered rather angular by the bastions, which you know are projections carried out to admit of guns being so placed as to send their shot externally across the gates, thus covering them from an assailing enemy. A wall, embracing the town, inclusive of the bastions, runs quite round without an interval; this is in most places just high enough to allow a tall man to lay his arms comfortably at the top, and lean on them: the depth on the outside is twenty-four feet. Parallel with this wall runs another, rising about a foot or two above the rampart, and descending to the street. Thus the rampart or mound of earth is built in by both, and being in no place less than twelve feet wide, beautifully kept like a garden walk, it furnishes the most commodious and delightful mall imaginable. There is no break in its continuance: it passes over the archway of each gate, and is reached by easy

flights of stone steps from the street at short intervals. Each bastion, of course, adds an open space to the ramparts, grass-grown, where the children play, servants beat their carpets, or solitary loungers recline on the walls. The only place where the street does not run along the rampart, is that occupied by the cathedral-ground; there a handsome iron railing is added to the inner wall, while the outer one rises to a considerable height, screening the sacred edifice from the aim of hostile batteries in that direction. To understand the appearance of the town, you must imagine a spacious square very nearly in the centre, the middle of which is occupied by the town-hall, formerly the guard-house whence the Boys snatched the keys on the memorable 7th of December; from this draw four perfectly straight lines forming a cross, and you have to the north-east Ship-quay Street, terminating in the gate of the same name: to the south-west Bishop's Street, with Bishop's Gate at the end: to the south-east Ferry-quay Street, ending at the famous gate which was first shut in the face of Lord Antrim's regiment, and to the north-west Butcher's Street, with its gate, where the Protestants, driven by De Rosen, lay perishing for three days in the sight of the famished garrison. All these are wide handsome streets, with excellent shops and private

dwellings. At the bend of the supposed arch between Bishop's and Ferry Gates, is the Cathedral: and on the opposite side the Bishop's house and garden. The main thoroughfares are intersected at some points by others, but with such mathematical precision, that I have not succeeded in detecting any thing but rigid straight lines within the curve of that which follows the course of the ramparts. The most singular feature, however, is the size of this strong-hold. Its extreme width from gate to gate is considerably less than the length of the wooden bridge that crosses the river below; and the line from Ship-quay to Bishop's Gate, where the town is longest, does not nearly double the width. It is impossible not to be struck with the justness of William's remark; speaking the words of worldly wisdom only, he exclaimed on first beholding it, that if there had been a single soldier either without or within the walls, it could not have stood a day's siege: so helplessly exposed it looks from without, so hopelessly untenable within, and every way so narrow, so confined. De Rosen's burst of angry contempt was equally natural, when, on seeing the mighty fortress, to reduce which he had been sent on a long and difficult march, he swore he would make his soldiers fetch it to him, stone by stone. No perusal of the history, no description, however

vivid and minute, can give you an adequate idea of the wonders of that eight months' defence, but see the place, and you will be constrained to exclaim, " Surely this was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

The next thing to be noted is the superlative beauty of the situation. The hill rises to an elevation of 119 feet, and it is impossible to say from what point the most enchanting scenery may be commanded. Excepting where the noble Lough stretches out towards the sea, there is a fine swell of the ground on every side, most richly cultivated in corn fields, flax, and pasturage, with many extensive pleasure grounds, elegant villas, and plantations sloping to the water's edge. The western bank is fenced, as I told you, by the lofty range of Ennishowen mountains, between which and the Lough are many splendid seats of private gentlemen. The other side is exceedingly irregular and picturesque, being a mixture of island, isthmus, bay, and promontory, all in miniature, with pretty white mansions peeping through a wilderness of shrubs. Beyond the bridge, Foyle, as a majestic river, sweeps gracefully round the hill's base, the opposite ground being planted by its occupiers, and decorated in all the varieties that taste could plan, and affluence accomplish. The city without the walls covers a great extent

of ground, but I cannot fix my attention upon it at all. Derry as it was of old, is every thing to me; and follow as I may the guidance that bids me look on this building and on that, my fancy presently transforms them into batteries, forts, and all the etcetera of a hostile encampment beleaguering the town.

It is now time to conduct you to the Cathedral, which, notwithstanding sundry trifling appendages, such as turrets, battlements, and a huge cross; with a fine spire of stone replacing the old wooden one, is still the same Cathedral where the little flock, hemmed in by hordes of ravening wolves, while destitute of the meat which perisheth, daily assembled to crave at the hands of their pastors that which nourisheth to eternal life. This is the building where not a pane of glass was left unbroken by the enemy's shot, while the stedfast hearts that were here lifted up in prayer to the God of heaven, derived new strength and resolution for the defence of his cause upon earth. His cause it undubitably was: as such they maintained it, and as such he accepted, owned, and crowned, with a marvellous deliverance and ultimate triumph, their self-immolating devotion. The interior of the cathedral is like that of our larger parish churches, to which it is also assimilated in the Protestant simplicity and sobriety of its public

worship. Here is no chaunting of confessions and supplications to musical notes; no set-out of surpliced boys, to sing mechanical praises, and amuse themselves during the rest of the time. The establishment consists of a Rector, (the Dean) and three curates who alternately, through God's grace, 'pray the prayers, read the lessons, and preach the sermon.'

On entering the church, the first thing that strikes you is the simplicity of the edifice; lofty and spacious, well lighted and handsomely fitted up, it still presents an aspect of that sober plainness, the reverse of which would be intolerable in a place so fraught with the most solemn and affecting reminiscences. The pews are of oak, large and well arranged; on the left, as you proceed up the chancel, is the Mayor's seat, handsomely hung, with the ancient arms of Londonderry curiously wrought on the back. The Bishop's seat, or throne, is elegant, covered with purple velvet; and there are pews suitably set apart for the Dean, Corporation, and other public functionaries. The reading-desk stands on the right hand, and the pulpit is centrally placed, facing the door: behind it is the east window of an imposing size, of plain glass, needing no ornament to enhance those which I am about to describe. On the downward slope of the window sill, an

inscription is cut, containing a spirited sketch of the main particulars of the siege, written as it seems immediately after it, and relating on what occasion the accompanying flags were captured by the besieged. These flags are now reduced to the least possible fragments depending from the staffs, still perfect, which are secured to the wall, and made to incline towards the communion table. I must leave it entirely to your imagination, to conceive with what emotions I gazed on these precious memorials of poor Ireland's deliverance: for though the battle of the Boyne struck the decisive blow, yet, humanly speaking, it was to the previous defence of Derry that William owed the opportunity of gaining that or any other battle. The act, too, was purely defensive; which strips it of the revolting unchristian features of aggressive warfare; and I felt as I looked upon the trophies, that the house whence the united supplications of his people continually entered into the ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth, was the fittest place for depositing the memorials of his gracious answer.

It was not until after the morning service that I allowed myself to examine these things: my first duty, my dearest privilege was to fall low before the Lord, to thank him for past mercies; and, remembering the years of the right hand of the

Most High, to ask in confident faith for the continued repetition of those mercies. I never prayed with such fervency for the native race of Ireland, the victims of Popery, as when kneeling in Derry Cathedral, with the cannon ball before me which their fathers, under the influence of their church, fired against the fortress of Protestantism. I prayed that the day might speedily arrive when, under that very roof they should press to hear the glad tidings of salvation by faith alone, through the blood of a crucified Redeemer. [1] We then took a minute survey of the edifice, inspected the old registers, bearing the memorable date, and finally mounted the church roof, which supported two cannons during the siege; and thence, by no very easy ascent, up a perpendicular iron ladder to the steeple.

And here I beheld the fullest confirmation of what I had never doubted, the really miraculous character of the deliverance. We deliberately

[1] This was in August 1837. During the season of Lent 1838 the pious and zealous clergymen of Derry cathedral engaged in a course of controversial sermons on the points at issue between the church of Christ and popery. Notwithstanding the prohibition of their priests, and in spite of every effort made to keep them away, by prolonging their chapel service, &c. the poor Romanists every Sabbath evening flocked to the cathedral, and there stood, a dense crowd, filling every part of the building, and with the utmost attention listening to the word of life, preached in direct and avowed refutation of their errors. This hath God wrought!

traced, on the high commanding ground that surrounds the place, the exact position of every corps, battery, and single piece of ordinance, by means of an authentic plan which my kind Derry friend sent down for on purpose. Had the spot been selected as that which would prove the most hopelessly untenable of all the fortified towns in Europe under the modes of modern warfare, none would have blamed the choice. On every side it is wholly commanded, insomuch that the ground would seem to have been originally shaped for that purpose. The post where the royal standard was disgraced, together with the person of the unhappy monarch, by advancing against the only loyal and faithful class of his subjects, and then making a precipitate retreat at the first discharge from the walls, stands conspicuously, but not very near, on the borders of the river Foyle, on the same side with the town. Thence to the waters of the Lough a continuous line of encampment swept along the hill side, every battery having the full range of the city. On the opposite shore, the line was again taken up, and carried round until it met the river which, at its narrowest part was in fact the only break; for the Lough was crossed by the boom, formed of the trunks of large trees chained together in a solid mass, and made fast to either bank. I was really awe-struck when

this spectacle lay before me; and when I looked down upon the little enclosure below, when I considered its exposed situation, the crowds that were pent up in it, the havoc committed by incessant bombardment, those terrible missiles exploding in every street, the wells rendered useless, the stores exhausted, raging thirst, gnawing famine, the devouring pestilence, the number and rage of the foes, the impracticability of summoning friends to succour, or supplies to save them from perishing of want; when I numbered the weeks and months during which their longing looks were vainly directed towards the mouth of the Lough, conscious that military forces and abundant stores were hovering there, with the false promise of an approach; I know not which prevailed, astonishment at their endurance, or abhorrence of the base ingratitude, the reckless wickedness of the present race of Protestants—falsely so called—throughout this empire, who have surrendered without a blow, without a struggle, the citadel of our national faith. SURRENDERED! Yes, I stood where the crimson flag had waved by day, and the beacon of distress had blazed by night, and the thousands of dead had been tolled to their graves beneath, while the very breathing of that word surrender was punishable with death! I stood on the top of Derry cathedral, and felt that the prize for which

they struggled even to the latest gasp of agonized mortality, *we* had surrendered.

At this very time, Sir Robert Ferguson was being chaired. I tried to overlook the individual, and the cause which he upholds—the surrender cause—and to realize more vividly two things: the diminutive size of the town through every street of which we traced the cavalcade in an exceedingly short time; and the small number of persons who sufficed to crowd it. Both these particulars bore strongly on the subject that engrossed my mind, and two or three smart showers of rain were insufficient to drive me from that exposed but indescribably interesting spot. My Rev. friend indulged me with a longer stay than I had dreamed of: alike the place of his birth and of his ministrations, Derry is precious in his sight, and as a true, devoted Protestant clergyman, mourning over the spiritual desolation of his countrymen, he could fully participate in my feelings, so far as I uttered them: but indeed many of them defied the powers of speech to express. I descended from that hallowed and endeared spot, and with a swelling heart paced among the graves below, the inmost desire and prayer of my soul being for grace to be found always true to that cause, in which those whose ashes lay beneath my tread had been faithful unto death.

Thursday.

A DAY that sets at defiance the services of clogs and umbrellas. A torrent is sweeping down Ship-quay Street, and I must remain within, which I can contentedly do, seeing that the walls of Derry are still round me; and many interesting subjects occupy my thoughts. A good man, a scripture reader, has been telling me of his work among the poor people here; but I found that it was to the nominal Protestants, not the Romanists, he took his message. The latter he seemed to regard as unapproachable; and that any attempt at instructing them must necessarily fail. To say truth, there is too much of that impression discernible even among pious people in the higher classes in the extreme north; the national character of the Aborigines is often held in great contempt, and an idea seems prevalent that nothing can be done with them, in the way of reclamation. On inquiry, however, I cannot find one who has been personally rejected in an attempt to give them instruction, though each has heard from somebody else that it would be fruitless. There is a growing interest excited by the reports, and still more by the actual proceedings of the Irish Society, who have agents among the mountains of Donegal; and I confidently hope to see the work proceeding vigorously ere long, even

under the walls of Derry. It is so evidently the policy of the priesthood to *make* the people savage, in order to discourage our attempts, that there is no judging fairly of what their natural characters are. Ardent and excitable we know the Irish to be, of whatever rank or creed; and when on such a soil is carefully sown, from early infancy, the seeds of all doctrinal and political evil, in addition to the natural produce of the unrenewed heart of man, the marvel is, not that they become the dangerous beings we find them, but that a single week passes over without some general outbreak of the mischief so sedulously formed and fostered within. God's people are now thinking on the scattered stones of this Irish Zion; it pitieth them to see her in the dust; they are beginning to pray earnestly over the ruin; on the strength of their prayers they will work also—and we shall see the bright days of Derry-Columbkilla restored, through the seed of divine truth so faithfully preserved by her Protestant children in 1689.

The first ecclesiastical foundation was laid here by Columbkill, about the year 546, before the inventions of Popery had obscured the pure faith taught by primitive Christians. Columb was a native of Donegal, who after years of devotion to his native country, passed over to the Scottish isle

of Iona, to spread the knowledge of Christ among their northern neighbours, accompanied by a party of his disciples, or fellow missionaries. From him the place, originally named Derry from its abounding in oaks, which that word in Irish expresses, received the additional distinction of her apostolic teacher's name. How the thick cloud wafted hither from Rome obscured her sky, it is needless to repeat; or again to dwell on the agency by which she, with the rest of Ireland, was brought altogether under the yoke of Antichrist. Our business is not to brood over the past, but to seize the present, and to work for the future: and I do long to see this glorious, this beautiful spot take the lead.

We have been discussing the project of the Derry and Raphoe clergymen, who seem still inclined to hope that by yielding a little to the government plan of education, they may gain important concessions on the other side. Their object is to obtain such a modification as shall do away with the most pernicious part of the system. But they are prepared to give place by subjection, no, not for an hour, to the lying spirits of Popery and Socinianism; therefore, when it comes to the final point, they will be disappointed. On these grounds I have been, and still am, wholly opposed to the experiment, because it wears the aspect of

a compromise where none really is thought of; at least, not by any with whom I have conversed. We remain mutually possessed of and strengthened in our former opinions. Time will decide.

Yesterday I sallied through Butcher's gate, in quest of a relic, but did not go far: that quarter, called the Bogside, is the counterpart of our London St. Giles', and inhabited by a most uncivilized population. I did not explore it, but learnt much from others concerning it. Oh, how I longed for time and opportunity to make a regular sally through that gate into the enemy's camp, after the fashion of 1689, armed with the sword of the Spirit, and seconded by a determined party of Irish-scripture readers! That is the precise spot where the Protestants perished, who were driven under the walls by De Rosen, and I certainly will canvas my English friends when I return, for means to attempt what I allude to. The blood of martyrs has ever been the seed of the church; that among the sufferers in those days were many true martyrs, cheerfully perilling their lives for Christ's sake and the gospel, is indubitable; Colonel Mitchelburn's will gives evidence so far as words can do it, that he was one of that spirit; and I will not be satisfied until, over the bones of these slain, the blessed gospel is

received among the dwellers in the cabins of Bog-side.

In the court-house I saw some interesting remains of 1688; antique metal staves borne by the sheriff's officers as badges of their authority, and an ancient sword of state, used at the same period. It is not a feeling of gratified curiosity that the sight of these things produces. I could weep over every relic of those by-gone days of firm, unyielding Protestantism; and still they bid me—I cannot help repeating again the text—"Remember the years of the right hand of the Most High;" furnishing a plea for renewed mercies. It is one of the evil signs of our day that men so lightly regard the memorials of their fathers' deliverances: that such ought not to be the case is evident from scripture; nay, it is distinctly named as provoking a judgment on the forgetful generation. We are lapsing with fearful rapidity into the Laodicean state of lukewarm profession, and unholy self-confidence: to remain in it is to disgust the Lord, and to ensure our rejection. Observe how, throughout the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Prophets, the mercies vouchsafed to their fathers are made the main arguments in the mouths of God's people, pleading for favour towards themselves; and in how striking a manner the Lord himself adduces it as a motive for staying the

indignation which the sinful deeds of their descendants provoked. I fear a heavy charge will lie against us on this score, little as it seems to be considered by Christians, either individually or collectively.

Saturday.

One of the most interesting gratifications that I have enjoyed was afforded yesterday, in being allowed to examine the communion-plate belonging to the cathedral. The very cup that was so often pressed to the pale lip of uncomplaining fortitude—the very salvers that held the morsel of sacramental bread, when none other was left in the grinding famine—the very plate that received their alms, the whole amount of which, however liberal, could but have purchased a moiety of *tallow, starch, and dry hides*, during the latter part of the siege,—all these I held in my hands, while the scenes that rose before my mental eye were almost too overpowering. Oh, *they* knew the value of that faith for which they suffered; they counted the law of the Lord's mouth not only dearer to them than thousands of gold and silver, but more precious than the pulse of mortal life that throbbed so feebly, yet so undauntedly within: they knew, by terrible experience, what "a famine of bread and a thirst of water" was;

their flesh was withering like grass, their strength drying up like a potsherd, their tongue cleaving to their palates through its blighting intensity; yet all this they suffered freely, voluntarily, perseveringly, unshrinkingly, rather than that, through their surrender, WE should endure the far more terrible "famine of hearing the words of the Lord."

I thought I could never have resigned that battered chalice: the very circumstance of its being the cup—the blessing which Rome, in her profligate audacity, would presume to wrest from us, and replace it by her own loathsome cup of abominations—rendered it the most apt, the most sacred, the most thrilling of all possible mementos. I doubt not that it was so regarded by many a lowly follower of Christ in those days; and I do pity the person who, in any day, can raise that cup to his lip in Derry cathedral, without a secret and solemn act of self-dedication to the cause of Christ, in direct opposition to the work of Antichrist, who dares, concerning the cup of which our Lord commanded "Drink ye all of this," to say in the name of that Lord, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." How long are these false prophets to teach and seduce God's poor ignorant people, while those to whom he has both given knowledge and committed authority, look on in acquies-

cence, if they do not even help forward the work?

My sojourn terminates to-day. If I were not going to visit friends whom I long to see, and a place to which a seven years' invitation has drawn me, I should not be able to quit Derry. However, it is arranged that we leave Ireland by the Foyle, instead of returning to Dublin or Belfast; so that I shall again see the maiden city. My heart cleaves to her and to her people; for I have met with some, of both sexes, whose bosoms glow with the sacred fire of 1688, and who, if the trial came again, would assemble round the standard of their faith, the HOLY BIBLE, and from their very souls breathe out the ancient watchword of their fortress —NO SURRENDER.

LETTER XIII.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Ballymacool, August.

ALTHOUGH I cannot say that I never before knew what grandeur was, having recently left the mighty hills of Mourne, yet to discover the charm of what may be called savage magnificence, *it* was necessary to visit Donegal. I have seen wonders within the last few days; but before proceeding to this, I must take leave of Derry, where my last left us. Shall I relate an event, the repetition of which may be ascribed to incorrigible vanity, but which I really cannot be content to withhold? You know the famous brotherhood of the 'Apprentice Boys of Derry,' an association to which honorary members are admitted, but sparingly, and none who are not considered firm in cherishing and upholding the sacred principles of 1688.

Many attempts have been made to put down, by indirect means, this enthusiastically loyal and strictly constitutional body; but in vain. By a recent enactment, all party processions were prohibited; but as the 'Boys' could not believe a celebration in which the Romish bishop, priests, and people formerly took an active part could come under this head, they had the temerity to disregard it, and walked round their own ramparts as usual, on the anniversary of the shutting of the gates, two years ago.

For this daring act, twenty respectable young men, descended from the original defenders of the fortress, were arraigned at the bar; and nine of them, because they would not plead guilty in a matter which they could not understand to be legally punishable, were committed to the common goal for a fortnight. This, by the way, is not the surest mode of extinguishing a flame; but let it pass. The association exists, in all its pristine vigour, no attempt having been made to dissolve it. The Marquis of Londonderry is an honorary member, as are many of the first gentlemen in Dublin and elsewhere.

The car that was to convey us from the maiden city stood at the door, and I was anticipating the pain of a farewell look at the old walls, when some young men of this formidable fraternity

made their appearance, with a document that, at least, I shall know how to value better than I could ever deserve it—a simple, affectionate, beautifully written address, expressive of that unity of principle which, I bless God, does indeed exist between us, and tendering a welcome to their ancient city, upon grounds that must appear passing strange, considering the awfully illiberal character supposed to belong to the club, as it is called. Their thanks are tendered for what they kindly denominate 'exertions *on behalf of their benighted countrymen*' — those countrymen who are taught that every man wearing an orange riband is inclined, if he could, to put them to the sword! They are, indeed, so taught; but they are not apt scholars—not one in five hundred believes the calumnious falsehood. Now, as to whether the Apprentice Boys have given me their badge—the medal I had years ago, from a dear friend at present in my sight—you must not expect me to tell: the gaol is outside the walls, and I have no wish to lodge there; but I am admitted an honorary member of the association, having the high privilege, too, of being actually akin to the heroic Colonel Murray, so famous in the defence; and, as such, I am entitled henceforth to bear the motto which, by the divine blessing, I will act up to, in its highest, holiest,

purest, and most extended import—'No surrender.'

After a most interesting conversation with my kind brother 'Prentices, in which I elicited not a little of the old, and, I will add, sacred fire which our Solons are so clumsily trying to extinguish, ignorant or heedless of the ruin that must follow to the country and to themselves, I departed, bearing my precious trophy through Bishop's Gate, beyond which a fine street extends to a considerable length, and pursued the road by which King James decamped after his unsuccessful demonstration against 'the ancient fortress of British freedom,' as my new friends justly term it. The scenery here is most enchanting; the river rolls along, a broad, peaceful stream, through a succession of verdant and ever-varying landscapes, rivalling each other in beauty. As we approached a curve in the road, our hospitable friend, who had accompanied us thus far, bade me turn and take a parting look at Derry, then emerging from behind a swell of the ground. This was a superb view: the 'city on a hill' rose most majestically in a conical form, girt with her dark wall, crowned by her noble spire, and seemingly encircled by the river, fed by which a thousand luxuriant trees and shrubs relieved the otherwise stern outline of that embattled town. Make

what allowance you will for partiality, and for enthusiasm too, if you please, still Derry is, in situation and general aspect, more beautiful than you can imagine from any description of mine. Even Inglis, who was as little troubled with picturesque visions as most men, and whose pages rarely offend in that way, was surprised into the language of downright eulogy when it burst upon his view. A double farewell was given, to the maiden queen, and to the friend whose unremitting attention had rendered our sojourn there doubly gratifying; and we began to explore the features of Donegal.

Nothing very striking occurred, except the distant view of most singularly shaped mountains, until we had travelled a few miles, and were met by the light car of our present host; we then found enough to engage attention. The road became rugged and unequal to a degree; and as we every now and then alighted to walk up some steep ascent, the fine specimens of geology afforded among the stones cut for repairing it surprised us. We selected some beautiful pieces, but having surmounted the hilly path I had no more leisure to look down. Scratch upon paper what rough outline you will, something approaching to it might be found among the forms that rose before us, scattered at unequal distances, and

bearing more the appearance of uncouth villas contrived by a colony of independent giants, each building after his own taste, than any thing I had seen before. Two particularly attracted my notice, of which one rose to such a point that I doubted whether the top would afford standing room; and the other presented the correct outline of a barn, or a country church without a steeple, most exactly fashioned. This last is particularly conspicuous, standing, as most of them do, detached, and looking over an extraordinary range of country, as I afterwards found when perched on its summit. The nearest of them must have been more than ten miles distant, others twenty; some no doubt much farther. Beneath us, on the right, a fine arm of Lough Swilly appeared, rolling its tide through innumerable little channels, and covering, when full, the sands that spread broadly on either side. The fine mountainous region of Ennishowen lay to the right, extending from the Swilly to the Foyle, and forming the northern barrier of the isle. All was rude, abrupt, wild, stern, and gigantic, aptly accordant with the tales that every history of Ireland necessarily touches upon, of the fierce chiefs, Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Cahir O'Dogherty, Phelim O'Neil, and their followers, who rendered it the most troublesome part of the British dominions, until James I. colonized Ulster

so extensively with his own countrymen as to transform it, through their persevering industry, and the powerful influence of such an example; and to render this province the pride of the land. Donegal, you know, is the ancient Tyrconnel—a name of sanguinary notoriety on the historic page.

Every mile of the road now added something to the grandeur of the view. Lough Swilly has some superb scenery visible even from this point; while a nearer approach rendered the tapering point of Ariga, and the architectural correctness of Muckish more striking; besides revealing fresh groups of dusky and fantastic forms in more remote distance. The foreground was one uninterrupted spectacle of fertility, that graceful plant, the flax, spreading in luxuriant crops over the surface, studded with its beautiful little pale blue flowers. Potatoes of vigorous growth and fine healthy blossom, and fields of corn that might rival our best English agricultural countries, diversified the prospect; while the cabins, in general, ranked with our cottages; an air of neatness and comfort pervading their inhabitants, which was easily accounted for by the spinning wheels discernible in, I think, every one of them into which I contrived to peep. Here is a specimen of what may be done in Ireland by bringing the land fairly into cultivation, and furnishing the people with employment.

Hitherto the condition of the north has generally confirmed the theory that, be the religion of the people what it may, they will prosper under such circumstances: but proceedings attendant on these elections have proved the contrary. Sligo, which has hitherto enjoyed a character for tranquillity and good order commensurate with the best places of the north, is exhibiting a fearful contrast, under the influence of the Romish priesthood, who are bent on returning to parliament such men as shall forward their own views, at whatever price of outrage and bloodshed it may be done. It is lamentable to find persons, capable in all other subjects of analysing, comparing, and drawing just inferences from what is presented to their view, so completely hoodwinked on this point. They adduce the improved condition of the Romanists keeping pace with that of their Protestant neighbours in these districts as a proof that their religion is no bar to national prosperity, where outward encouragement is afforded, and justice rendered both to the soil and its cultivators; but the question is not whether the poor Romanist under such circumstances will avail himself of advantages common to all, whether he will build his cabin more substantially, clothe himself and household more comfortably, and present, as others do, a striking contrast to the miserable peasantry of the

south: it is whether he be not secretly bound to use all these advantages as weapons of offence against the peace of the country, "forsaking his own mercies," and abandoning himself to every lawless, every sanguinary pursuit, when summoned so to do by those whose interest it is to prevent his long enjoying a state of outward prosperity that may in time produce an inward attachment to the government under which he lives. As well might a man argue from the unruffled aspect of the Atlantic on a calm summer's day, that an open boat would be as safe and suitable a conveyance across its bosom as across that of the land-locked lake, half a mile over, as maintain that the country can abidingly prosper whose Protestant government has to bear rule over a population devoted to the See of Rome. Travellers visit Ireland during an interval of calm, and forget that however the stormy swell of its waters may for the time be hushed, a breath may rouse them in the space of one dark hour into a paroxysm of foaming rage, that shall, ere it subsides, work the destruction of all within its reach. These elections will open a page of information before the eye of England, more legible and far more instructive than the accumulated folios of her parliamentary committees, and well-paid commissions, of the past ten years. The only doubt is whether she will wisely

read it, or turn away from unwelcome truths, until the calamity overtakes her which all her wilful or affected blindness cannot avert.

After a pleasant drive, with as small a proportion of level ground as I had ever yet met with in a similar space, we entered and passed through the neat prosperous-looking little town of Letterkenny; but not until we had crossed the Swilly in the form of a rivulet running under a scarcely perceptible bridge. Letterkenny consists of a long street, with a very rapid descent, beyond which a pretty road led us to the gate, and a short approach under some fine trees to the house of these expecting friends; who, flocking down the broad steps, commenced the 'cead-mille failthe' reception before we could even jump from the car. You would delight in this situation, it is so completely shut in that you need not, unless you choose to think about it, know that there is any visible world beyond its limits. The house, large and commodious, with an entrance hall spacious enough to please me well, stands closely surrounded on three sides with well-grown trees, forming a sort of verdant niche for it to rest in. Before it, gradually slopes down a very fine lawn, tastefully planted with clumps and single specimens of the most ornamental species—pine, cedar, beech, oak, and bay, prevail: but many others abound. Beyond,

the eye is again lost in shrubberies and minor plantations, over which rises a swelling ground, variously cultivated, with one or two pretty cottages on the ascent; and to the right, not wholly visible from the dwelling, is a handsome mansion belonging to a branch of the Stewart family. Mr. B. says he will cut away some of his redundant wood on that side, and lay the prospect open: I can easily imagine how you would protest against it, but it will probably be done.

Sunday morning displayed a delightful scene: I was conducted by our friend to the rear of the dwelling, where no fewer than three rooms were occupied by the children of his tenants, each member of the family taking a class; the master's being composed of young men and boys who had made some progress in Scripture knowledge. Many an hour have we together devoted to the same work among the poor ragged little outcast Irish children in St. Giles'; and you may imagine how delightful it was to see my fellow-labourer thus pursuing the same avocation, surrounded by this well-clad, healthy, respectable-looking assemblage, to whom the family invariably devote the first hours of each Sabbath morning. Oh that every gentleman's house in Ireland could boast of apartments thus furnished!

The parish church being under repair, divine

worship is held in a large school-house in Letterkenny; it is well attended, and the Rector is one who eloquently preaches Christ crucified as the sinner's only hope; while alas! crowds are flocking to the mass-house just by, to worship a deified wafer, putting their trust in the arm of flesh, and vainly going about to establish their own righteousness, which can never profit their souls. Nothing is to me so melancholy a spectacle as the deeply devotional appearance of these poor lost sheep, as they go to the poisoned pastures in quest of nutriment. Oh that England would stretch out yet more munificently a helping hand, and provide Scripture readers for every peopled track in this inviting country! I had been told that the Irish language was very little spoken here; it is extremely prevalent; and among the crowds of poor destitute creatures who on every Thursday morning assemble at Mr. B's gate to share the bounty which his liberality deals forth, in meal, potatoes, &c. a great majority speak the native tongue, though few if any are entirely ignorant of English,—or Scotch as they call it; for that is the title by which the settlers are generally distinguished.

It was with no small measure of delighted expectation that I prepared for a trip to the great barn, as I cannot help calling that singular moun-

tain. The car was prepared, in compliance with my obstinate predeliction, rejecting gig, phaeton, and coach for that lively vehicle. Mr. B. sent forward a relay, for the road is tremendously rugged, and so long that no one believed we seriously meant to make a single day's jaunt of it; nor was it for lack of the most pressing invitation to pass the night at a beautifully-situated mansion, midway, that we all made up our minds to the exploit. I obtained a fine view of Mr. B's extensive property, as we drove between the fields of ripening flax and corn, and at length arrived on the never-to-be-forgotten roads of the wild region. The first remarkable thing we passed was Lough Veagh, one of the most bewitchingly beautiful lakes that the sun shines upon. It lies at the foot of a precipice, so verdant, so richly wooded even there, and on its more sloping bank so exquisitely adorned by the hand of taste, following the guidance of creative skill, that I could have lingered long to gaze upon its loveliness, had not the very minutes been precious. Muckish still retained his architectural form, and it was a puzzle to me by what means we were to mount the roof: but after turning and winding with what seemed an interminable road, we came to the accessible side, and to confess the truth, Slieve Donard was a staircase compared with what lay before us. In height the

monarch of Mourne surpasses his brother of Tyrconnel by some 800 feet; but for abrupt steepness, aggravated by the absence of stepping stones and stout fern, which lent so welcome an aid in Down, Muckish was far more impracticable. However I have a great dislike to being beaten back in an enterprize fairly commenced, and as in the former case resolved to persevere. We left the car at the only cabin within reach, which boasted of something called a stable; but the noble animal that had drawn us could by no manœuvre make himself small enough to enter any door on the premises, and was compelled to stand outside during our five or six hours' absence.

Fancy me now, first floundering through a narrow bog, which lay between the road and the mountain, and then commencing such a work, that had not the stout arm of my friendly guide lent continual aid, I never should have reached the first two hundred feet of the ascent, which was just a level to the 2000 that lay beyond. A dozen times I wished myself on the dullest flat in Europe, rather than to be toiling under a sultry sky up an almost perpendicular wall of smooth grass; but, after a longer effort than that expended on Slieve Donard, the top was really gained, and with it the dissipation of my delight-

ful dream of repose; for, in lieu of the green-sward on which I resolved to recline the moment we reached the summit, there was a sort of burlesque on the mystery of Macadamizing—a coating of small sharp stones, seemingly arranged with the keenest edge uppermost, rendered hot by the powerful rays, and not only refusing a seat, but scarcely affording a comfortable standing-place.

Yet all was forgotten—recent fatigue and present discomfort, in contemplating the scenery around. I despair of describing it. We stood facing the west, and looked down upon such a tumult of rugged magnificence as had never entered my imagination. The mountains before us were all rock, scantily clad here and there with mosses, lichens, and rough grass, but still lifting their craggy peaks in naked sternness, and in every variety of form that fancy could devise. Directly in front of us rose four pinnacles, of nearly equal height, and with a regularity that would beseem the turrets of an old castle; and what would you suppose lay in the cradle thus formed? A lake like crystal. Look where you would—west, south, or south-east—you were dazzled by the radiance of a hundred suns, flashed forth by as many glorious lakes, some very small, others of great size—some lying in the bosom of what seemed a soft green meadow, others sur-

rounded by golden sands, but the greater number at various elevations upon rocks and mountains. It was enchantment; it cannot, I am persuaded, be paralleled. Turning to the east, there roamed Lough Swilly along the many channels that he has formed for his abundant waters; and farther yet, the long unbroken chain of Innishowen shewed the course of the Foyle; and if I did not see Derry, my wish was father to the thought; for I think I did. To the north—but to obtain a full view here it was necessary to cross over to the other side of the ridge; and after literally cutting my boots to pieces, on the sharp stones, I had the consolation of finding so much of grass and wild herbage as sufficed us all for a pleasant seat:—to the north, then, lay outspread in all its majesty the mighty ocean. The island of Torry seemed almost within reach; and oh what an endless variety of exquisitely-formed bays, estuaries, creeks, and graceful indentures, did that northern shore present! We seemed to overhang the ocean; it was as though it laved the foot of our gigantic resting-place, though really at a considerable distance. The perfectly isolated situation of the mountain exceedingly increased the grandeur of our elevation. There seemed no intermediate step between us and the lower world; but how we ascended and how we should again

descend, appeared an equal mystery, all sides being, in our then position, alike abrupt and inaccessible. I envied the engineers who, engaged in the ordnance survey, had pitched a tent and lived for a while on that mountain height. We had nothing to secure us from the intensity of the sun's rays; but that only enhanced the delicious effect of the cool azure that canopied the deeper, darker, cooler blue of the wide-spreading Atlantic, which melted into it in the far horizon, marked perchance by the small white speck of some stately ship, diminished to the size of a pearl, which linked the turquoise and the amethyst. Yet even from this I turned repeatedly, to look upon the four singular turrets, with their baby lake so beautifully cradled many hundred feet from earth's level plain. Arrigal looked splendid from this post; and Mr. B. told me that I was not mistaken in supposing it a mere point; for that, after climbing it with no small difficulty, he seated himself astride, as on horseback, with one foot on each side of the mountain.

Can you imagine the sea in the wildest possible state of commotion, with the waves thrown up in all varieties of form? Magnify them in size, and suppose them suddenly petrified, you will have the nearest idea that I can convey of the rocky wilderness beneath us. But I shall tire you with

this vain attempt to describe what baffles description; and I must desist. It required all the rhetorical powers of my friends to persuade me that we ought to commence our return; but the fact was indisputable; and after convincing ourselves that a stone allowed to drop on any part of the edge, save one, would thunder along till it reached the bottom, we bade farewell to this scene of matchless sublimity; and I found myself, I hardly know by what means, once more ankle-deep in the black bog below. W. says he never had such work in his life; but would like such a frolic every day. I believe he rolled down the greater part of the mountain, under the direction of Miss B., who stepped the heights like a chamois, smiling in conscious security at the mischances of us miserable lowlanders. Muckish, in Irish, signifies a pig's back: it is sufficiently expressive of the sharp, level ridge, but does not describe the general outline of the mountain.

The 'hotel' had provided for us an enormous dish of delicious potatoes; and we discovered that the hospitable poor creatures had dug up their summer store from the little garden to feast us. These, with our own provisions, appeased the appetite which, as you may suppose, was by this time pretty clamorous; and after a jolting that, despite the excellent springs of the car, strongly reminded

me of our approach to Drogheda, we reached home between ten and eleven o'clock, tired, I confess; and with my boots hanging in shreds, which came down scatheless from Slieve Donard.

Our next excursion was to a different scene. Lough Salt was the name given to a high mountain, the long, indented ridge of which attracted my notice; and Mr. B. told me he would thence shew me a prospect that would surprise, if it did not delight me, more than Muckish. This I took the liberty of doubting; but any new exhibition of the romantic features of this glorious country was a desirable thing, and we started again in great spirits the following day, with a different horse, two having been completely knocked up by the former excursion. A long road, less rugged, but also less picturesque than that to Muckish, brought us to the foot of this ridge; and then an excellent carriage-way, wide but terribly steep, led us towards the summit. We walked beside the car, chatting; and but for the pleasant society, I should have thought it rather a heavy affair; but what was my astonishment when, on rounding the point that terminated this ascent, I found myself in a truly magic circle, enclosed by a lofty precipitous mountain—the very ridge in question —on the right; on the left, a graceful sweep of high, but more gently sloping hills, under which

the road wound, the intermediate space between that and the steeper rampart being occupied by a lough of considerable width, great length, and depth literally unfathomable by any stretch of man's ingenuity. The tall crag was slightly curved, rendering that edge of the water which kissed its base equally so; the other bank was considerably rounded out; and, to enhance the loveliness of this graceful outline, no distinct boundary was perceptible at either end: the lines melting off, as it were, in the distances. After pacing, in the silence of awe-struck admiration, the margin of this beautiful lake, we came to what seemed the end of it; but here a little stream, not a foot across, ran gurgling in pure crystal through the grass, close under the sheltering rock, and fell into a smaller, indeed a very small lake, rendered almost black by the deep shadows cast on it; for here the basin was almost entirely surrounded by perpendicular rocks, rising to a gigantic height.

Seated upon the grass, on the pleasant slope that lay between these two strangely situated pieces of water, I felt as though I had really escaped from all the harassing conflicts, the turmoil and disquietudes of life. So perfect was the seclusion, so profound the tranquillity, so grand yet so lovely the features of the scene, that I could not help thinking of the hiding-place pro-

mised to the Lord's people when he arises to shake terribly the earth. Confined within that romantic boundary, the character of the water yet resembled anything rather than stagnation: there was a beautiful ripple perpetually ruffling its bright surface, adding activity to peace. The finely indented ridge was not bare, but the herbage scanty, short, and brown, intermixed with much stone; and some rough shrubs afforded a few mouthfuls to the lean goats, one or two of which I descried near the top. There was also a pathway for man's footsteps; but it must require great strength of nerve to tread it, suspended over such an awful depth of water. The nearer bank was interspersed with blocks of limestone and granite, sparkling in the sun; over which gay wild flowers crept, as also they did in great profusion up the bank on the other side of the road. A trifling ascent in that direction threw open a magnificent sea view, with all the mighty headlands and mountains that render this part of Ireland so fine; but I could not stay to look upon them. I returned to the lonely glen to commune with my own heart and be still. I thought how delightful it would be to gather into this natural fold a multitude of the poor wanderers of Erin, and to tell them, what every object around seemed to join in proclaiming, that God is love. What a glorious land is this—

'Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile!'

As in the music of the Irish, and in their national character, so it is in the natural scenery of their country. Some unexpected trait of the softest beauty continually steals upon you in the midst of what is dark, stern, and wild; something of the latter breaks in, where seemingly it has no business, just to remind you that what you are contemplating is Irish. The grandeur of this mountain tract of Donegal is really savage; yet I am mistaken if the sky of Italy looks down on any thing so softly, so enchantingly lovely, as this Lough Salt. Tollymore is the realization of a fairy dream; yet there the cataract flashes across your path, foaming impetuously over its rocks; and Slieve Donard haughtily rears his crest, or rather cairn of rugged stones, above the delicate verdure of that smiling scene. How is it that tourists who use the pencil rarely select the really characteristic features of this enchanting isle; and how is it that even less justice is done to the fine traits of natural character perceptible through the ferocity and other evil things with which the mother of abominations has inoculated the native race?

Not satisfied with having shewn us two such specimens as Muckish and Lough Salt, these dear friends planned a third expedition, the object of

which was Mulroy Bay; and although we encountered enough of heavy rain to damp our energies, the excursion overpaid all. Mulroy Bay is one of those deep indentations by which the ocean, as though attracted by the picturesque scenery, roves inland. Here the water is girdled in by a belt of crags, not very lofty, but beyond description beautiful; being decked with the brightest verdure, and reclining, as it were, on a couch of emerald green, adorned with wild flowers; while at their feet a little strand of clear pebbles, strewn with every variety of sea-weed, conducts the advancing tide to lave the barrier, or sparkles in the sunbeam during its retreat. Strolling beneath one of these rocks, which was hung like an old castle with a mantle of ivy, I suddenly met a group of Irish women, two of them bearing infants in their arms. It was impossible to resist the opportunity; so, after eliciting by a few questions the various uses to which they could apply the sea-weed so profusely heaped around, I turned the discourse to the bountiful kindness of the Lord, who would not let a little wave roll upon their shore without bringing them a gift in token of his love. At this they fairly seated themselves on some of the rocky fragments, the better to listen; and then I spoke of God's crowning gift, even his own only and well-beloved Son, freely bestowed; and of the

Son's equal love in freely giving his life for us: and sought to direct them to the source of all true wealth, true happiness and peace, in the midst of their deep poverty and many sorrows. They were but a few words, yet they came from my heart and went to theirs, I think; and I felt as though I tried to pay a drop of that ocean of debt which my country owes them. Occupying, as we do, the land which God gave to their fathers, we are unquestionably so placed in order that, while reaping their carnal things, we may sow unto them spiritual things; and the Lord marks every neglected opportunity of inviting these straying sheep back to the fold.

The road to and from Mulroy Bay is very superior, in point of population, to the others. But the satisfaction of looking on a neat country town, with its church, its glebe, and its little commercial traffic, was sadly damped by the appearance of that nuisance, the National school, of course closely adjoining the Romish chapel, to which the system will act as a powerful buttress to stay and to strengthen what would otherwise speedily fall. This is the extreme point of my excursion: I have travelled through thirteen counties, and have freely conversed with all whom I met; yet can I safely assert that hitherto I have not spoken with one individual who did not deprecate the plan, as

fraught with most ruinous consequences to the people of the land, and subversive of the principle of the Union. In candour I must likewise add, that more sorrow and regret have been expressed to me by the Protestants of Ireland, on the occasion of this pernicious experiment having found an advocate in a truly pious English clergyman, than at all the dishonour done to them by open enemies. A slight wound from the hand of a trusted brother is felt more keenly than many stabs from that of an adversary. However, they are not discouraged: their experience may be that of Paul,—"At the first, no man stood by me." But to this they will be able to add, with the tried apostle, "The Lord stood by me and strengthened me." He makes trial of their faith now, that they may make trial of his truth and love. The persecuted people of God, in this country, have a fairer prospect before them than those who, in other lands, *as yet*, sit secure, dreaming that they shall see no sorrow; and all the mad experiments wantonly tried upon them and their cause, will only provoke the Lord to shew himself strong in their behalf, and to let the philosophizing intruders know that he who toucheth them toucheth the apple of His eye.

On Monday we must return to Derry, as the steamer starts by nine o'clock on Tuesday morn-

ing. I shall leave Donegal, more than ever impressed with the conviction that on the heads of bygone generations of British Protestants must rest a heavy share of responsibility, as regards the present state of Ireland. By British Protestants I mean those of both countries. England is fearfully guilty, in that, while holding the patronage of the Irish Church, she has sent into this country a succession of men to bear the high office of spiritual pastors, who, with a few bright exceptions, thought of the fleece and the fat, and of nothing more. Ireland, on the part of her Protestants, is guilty, in that they have actually looked upon the miseries of her priestridden race, without anything that could be called a real effort to break the yoke of bondage from off their necks. The time for making this effort was after the establishment of William on the throne; but perhaps it was too much to expect that, while yet smarting from the wounds of their bigoted persecutors, the rescued party should at once become their voluntary teachers. The following age presented no such barrier: Popery was strictly curbed by severe penal laws in its external manifestation, but the poison was allowed to work within. Bedell, Boyle, and Usher had no successors in the spiritual, neither had that disinterested patriot, James Duke of Ormonde, in the political, world of poor Ireland.

It is unavailing as afflicting to trace the progress of fatal mismanagement during prosperous times, issuing as it did in the sanguinary burst of 1798. The Union placed our country in a position of far greater power to confer good, while its accompanying concessions invested the enemy with more abundant opportunities of working evil. Coercion was found to be unavailing; conciliation was then resorted to, and helped forward the mischief; until, instead of bringing our fellow-subjects, by God's appointed means, to a participation in the blessings of Christianity, we have flung our own national faith as a sop to the fierce Cerberus of the triple crown, only to learn how speedily his capacious jaws could ingulph the gift, and then renew his stunning yell for more. It ill becomes us to recriminate, where all parties are so deeply guilty concerning our brethren: one path is yet open to us, and that is one which has never been totally closed. Prejudices that stood not in the way of learning to cluck with the Hottentot, though they could not abide the barbarous sound of one of the finest languages in the world, daily spoken in our London streets, and prevalent among three millions of our nearest neighbours,—these prejudices have now been put out of countenance; so that Christian men are at last content to yield the point of obliging a native Irishman to study our

grammar before they inform him that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Yet the obligation is not fully recognized: the ministers of this Church do not generally look upon the Romish peasantry as the lost sheep whom it is their duty to seek and to bring back; and too many of the Protestant laity allow themselves to be hindered in the exercise of an imperative duty, that of rendering their influential position, as to the temporal circumstances of the natives, available for their spiritual advantage. We wonder and complain that the Ethiopian does not change his skin: some talk of boring a hole through the island, and keeping it under water for a day or two; others of exporting the whole native race, and re-peopling the land with a different breed; others, again, are disposed only to confine them to Connaught, with a menace of driving them into the sea on the first provocation: but, alas, how few apply themselves to preparing the bonds of love wherewith to draw this forlorn, this perverted people back to God!

In fact, the Creator of the world is entirely left out of the various schemes for bettering a country that he has made so rich and so lovely: how to render it a tractable appendage to our own imperial isle, is the grand question: how to make it the kingdom of our God and of his Christ, is

another, and it would seem a wholly irrelevant matter. 'Establish Popery as the state religion,' says one; 'Give them useful knowledge, without any religion at all,' quoth another; 'Administer the tee-total pledge,' suggests a third; while a small section, amid the smiles of pity and jeers of scorn that such a proposal must elicit, soberly says, 'Christianize them.' And to this it must come, or a besom of destruction will sweep the land, directed by Him who will not always be insultingly overlooked by his rebellious creatures. The servant who, through blameable ignorance, knew not his Lord's will, shall then be beaten with stripes; but what a scourge of briars will be prepared for the back of those who, unavoidably knowing their Lord's will, which they cannot help hearing in their houses of worship, through pride, through prejudice, through indolence, or unbelief, refused to do it!

LETTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

At Sea, August.

LIKE a pleasant dream, my summer tour is ended, and dear Ireland, with all her touching associations, lies many a long mile to the west. I could not write before starting, and now the resource is welcome. We were brought to Derry by our considerate friends, in the family travelling carriage, after bidding a reluctant farewell to their sweet retreat, and its magnificent neighbourhood. I preferred the coach-box, not only for the parting view of Swilly and his glorious mountain hosts, but for the first and best sight of Derry and the Foyle. Both were afforded me, under a splendid sky; and with a bounding heart I found myself once more within the walls; and almost immediately afterwards perched on the top of the steeple.

In my former letter I neglected to mention Walker's testimonial; it is a noble column, and

the statue is very fine; but not being part and parcel of the *bona-fide* antiquities, it attracted less of my notice than was justly due. The Chapel of Ease I ought likewise to have mentioned; and to have rescued Derry from an unjust stigma which Inglis, through some misconception, left to rest on her population. He says there is no reading-room, or public library; there are three; and one of them is of great extent, arranged in a handsome building very near Brown's hotel. Corporation Hall, which occupies the site of the old Guard-house, in the centre of the Diamond, is a noble room, commanding a full view of Lough Foyle, and containing a painting of the town just as it was in 1688—an article that I found it difficult not to covet.

The evening was lovely; and so late as between ten and eleven o'clock we all indulged ourselves with a stroll round the ramparts, which we twice encircled without meeting a human being, save two lads who appeared to belong to the shipping. I have already described the relative position of the cathedral, where an iron railing alone separates the grave-yard from the south-eastern corner of the ramparts; against this railing I stood for a long while, until the scene was so impressed on my mind that it cannot be obliterated 'while memory holds her seat.' There, in the pure light

of as brilliant a full moon as ever shone upon it, stood the modest, but noble pile. The building has no transepts; it consists of two parts only, the plain body of the church, and its spire-crowned steeple; still there is something about it strikingly unique, even if you could separate it from the thrilling recollections that I should be sorry for one moment to banish. Not only the chaste outline, in fine relief against the sky, but every turn of the architecture, every minutiæ of the finishing was distinctly seen; save where about eight feet of the base lay hid behind the mound formed by unnumbered accessions of that which once lived, and moved, laboured and endured, until the spirit departed and dust returned to dust. Here the moonbeam fell slantingly on the unequal mantle of long rank grass, revealing the few solitary wild-flowers that, heavy with dews of night, drooped their closed petals, as though in melancholy contemplation of what rested beneath.

And what was it that reposed beneath? The poor remains of manly, and lovely, and infantine forms, many rent by mortal wounds, hundreds wasted to death by famine, thousands swept away by pestilence originating in hunger, drought, terror, and the dreadfully crowded state of that diminutive town during the burning heat of summer. Mingled with their dust, were grape-shot, cannon balls, and

the fragments of those destructive bombs which frequently buried themselves among their victims. By day the scene had been powerfully exciting; but under that soft, pensive light, it struck a different chord; and I could have wept over it while a tear remained for me to shed. "Have ye suffered so much in vain?" was the interrogatory that apostrophized the unconscious mass of mortality; and then I looked towards Innishowen, so peacefully slumbering in the mellow light, and thought how the native population, deep in the defiles of that wild region, were still sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, at the distance of a century and a half from the achievement of these devoted beings, which placed Ireland altogether under Protestant ascendency. Close behind, and encircling our left, was the high rugged wall, with its broken watch-tower, port-holes, and unequal outline: while a little to the right a bastion spread its angles, and opened a view to the rising grounds whence a destructive bombardment was constantly directed across the river. If the stillness of a summer night, shedding the pale moonbeams on its surface, can impart such an interest as we know it does to a grey ruin remarkable only for its picturesque effect, what, think you, must it have appeared, when the objects thus illumined, shadowed, and hushed into solemn still-

ness, were the old barrier walls of Derry, her venerable church, and the graves of her slain—the romantic mountains of Inishowen, and the swelling waters of Lough Foyle! Envy me what I then enjoyed, but pity me that I enjoy it no longer. The moonlight now, after the lapse of four and twenty hours, strikes on the foam around me, shewing by the rapidity of its sweep how fast we recede from that western isle, which ought to be, and which might be the most precious jewel in England's crown, instead of proving as it does the sharpest thorn in her side.

Once again, before our friends were stirring, W. and I hastily encircled the ramparts, and traversed the streets of Derry; and shortly afterwards I had disengaged my foot from the shore with a more painful, though unseen, effort than it would require to separate a mass of iron from the magnet. If one of the neatest, most commodious vessels that ever breasted the sea, and one of the most courteous, gentlemanly, considerate commanders imaginable, could reconcile me to the parting, I might have left Ireland in the Robert Napier, without a pang; but neither this nor a casual meeting with most agreeable society, could do it. We were speedily at large in the Foyle, and from that memorable spot where the Mountjoy broke the boom I looked upon the city,

striving to realize Captain Bowring's emotions, when that sight inspired him with resolution for so daring a blow. It was no marvel, for Derry on her hill is most conspicuous, notwithstanding the mass of additions that almost hide the ancient boundary, and as Bowring's family were there I could comprehend his feelings. He succeeded, and fell at the same moment.

A little beyond, we overtook and passed the St. Columb, a small steamer bound for Glasgow, so densely crowded with passengers that her bulwarks were fringed by their legs hanging over the sides. These were all poor Irishmen going to seek a precarious employment in the harvest fields, to earn the rent of their miserable cabin, and the dues of their grasping priest. What a monstrous anomaly, that the labouring class of Ireland should thus be compelled to migrate for a few weeks' employ, while her rich bog-lands are unreclaimed, her fine soil half cultivated, and her abundant mines almost altogether unworked! Certainly the spirit of blindness is poured out upon our rulers; and is leading all classes equally or at least similarly astray.

The ancient fort of Culmore, so famous in the siege, stands on a commanding point of land; and beyond it the Lough widens into a magnificent expanse, again contracting ere it meets the sea.

Hitherto the scenery had been of the more cultivated and polished description, presenting a succession of elegant seats and villas; but now we were to survey the far-famed coast of Antrim, the fine weather allowing us to keep close under it. Some of our companions being bound for the Giant's Causeway, we were sure of seeing that extraordinary place. Bearing away to the west of Lough Foyle were the sublime headlands of Donegal, abrupt perpendicular cliffs and mountainous projections, the height of which would have astonished me had I not lately looked down upon them from Muckish. As we rounded the eastern shore, every mile brought an increase of sublimity. Indeed I know not where so many remarkable objects can be found within a similar space. We passed Port Stewart, an exceedingly pretty town, romantically situated on the brink of the sea; and soon found ourselves abreast of the black ruins of Dunluce Castle, occupying a high detached crag, accessible only by a sort of bridge thrown from another rock of equal height. The ruins are very extensive, but not lofty; their effect resulting principally from the singular site, rising as it does immediately from the sea. The Causeway then appeared, and amply fulfilled my expectations, which is not always the case. Never did I behold such an accumulation of the grand, the

graceful, and the fantastic, as the ever-varying outline which those fluted cliffs presented. Sometimes you might trace a human countenance in a profile of one or two hundred feet; here a gigantic organ, there a gallery, then a stack of chimnies; while advancing from the main land into the sea, fragments of every possible shape, all bearing the same singular character, seemed sporting among the playful waves. I would not have exchanged that passing sea-view for a day's excursion among its inland wonders. Carrick-a-rede next engaged our attention, a huge mass of basaltic rock separated from the coast, and used during the season by those employed in the salmon fishery. It is singular, not only from its extremely picturesque aspect, appearing as though rent away by some mighty force and flung into the sea, but more so on account of the slight bridge of rope fearlessly thrown, and vibrating in the breeze at a height of eighty feet above the water. The chasm which it crosses is sixty feet in width; and along this perilous path a fisherman will tread with a hundred weight of salmon on his back.

Unhappily I lost the grandest of all these noble features on the Antrim coast, for we passed Fair Head while in the cabin at dinner; and I was not aware of it until too late. Subsequently our course lay directly away from the land, and I had, as I

thought, taken a last look of the narrow dark line skirting the north western horizon, when suddenly an apparition rose, the very first glimpse of which extorted an exclamation from my lips—'The Mourne Mountains!' It was indeed that mighty chain, with Slieve Donard towering high above his fellows. So distinct was the outline, that I could fix my eye upon the precise spot where Tollymore Park lies; and hour after hour did I gaze on it, until I knew that the neighbours were collecting, and the family prepared at the beat of the great drum, which suspended beneath the banners served as a gong, to meet them in the dear chapel. All the excited feelings of the day seemed then to find vent in the tears that flowed, while in heart I joined their evening devotions.

We were upwards of fifty miles distant by the captain's reckoning, who said I might have made that voyage a hundred times without obtaining such a view of the Mourne hills. It was ten o'clock before we lost their magnificent outline, and even then not distance but insufficient light excluded them. A brilliant beacon glimmering in the horizon still marked the entrance of Belfast Lough, while the moon broadly rested on the opposite coast of Scotland. At one time, before sunset, Slieve Donard and Ailsa crag appeared equidistant, and of similar height; but the latter

was much nearer. Repeatedly I was summoned on deck by the kind captain, who declares that he never remembers such a night at sea. The moon hangs beneath a canopy of the deepest blue; so invitingly brilliant that he prepared a powerful glass to gratify me with a telescopic view of that orb, infinitely surpassing any that can be gained on land. Returning to the cabin I was again hastily called on deck to witness a beautiful but tantalizing sight. The Isabella Napier was proceeding home, scarcely discernible in the dim distance. These two elegant packets start at the same time, the Robert from Derry and the Isabella from Liverpool every Tuesday; and vice versa on the Friday. We were now to salute; and this was done by each ship at some interval first throwing up a large rocket, which cleft the dark clear sky with splendid effect; then burning a blue light over her side. The result of all these fires gleaming over such a sea was inconceivably lovely. I have passed many weeks upon the ocean but never witnessed any thing to compare with it. The revolving light-houses were also new to me: they are so coloured as to throw across the waves alternate tints of blue, crimson, deep yellow, and pure white, each continuing for the space of a minute or two. By this time we were off the Isle of Man, but every local link with Ireland seemed

severed when the packet had passed on her way; and I descended to my solitary cabin, being the only female passenger, not to sleep, but to muse over the remembrance of these eight delightful weeks, and to sum up the result of my observations.

It is soon told: Ireland as she is, must continue to be a tormenting enigma, baffling the utmost skill of worldly men, and paining the hearts of those who look beyond the passing pageant of time. Ireland as she ought to be, would prove to us a tower of strength, a mine of wealth, and a crown of beauty. Bring to bear upon her but a reasonable share of English enterprise, directed by Christian wisdom, and supported by characteristic liberality, and never did the most fertile field give such promise of repaying an hundred-fold the culture bestowed on it, as she does. I appeal to facts: I recur to the estates of Lord Roden and Lord Mandeville, which I have carefully examined, and to those of Lords Farnham and Lorton, which lay out of my track. Exceptions to the success of their plans do emphatically prove the rule; because those exceptions can ALWAYS be traced to the influence of Popery, fostered as it is by the legislature, beyond their power to repress it. Ireland is not like a field that has merely lain fallow, and thrown up weeds; it is like one that has been perverted from its

original use, and built upon, and encrusted with stones and gravel. We have a great work to do; to pull down these buildings, to cast out this rubbish, and by a persevering process to overcome obstacles that must be surmounted, IF we would have our fruitful field again to plant vineyards upon, instead of having our eyes offended, and our whole estate poisoned by the mass of pest-houses surreptitiously erected. That the thing is practicable, is certain, for this reason, that it is a plain, positive duty, and as such, both incumbent on us, and sure of receiving a blessing from on high in its honest performance. But if this will not be, if we are too cowardly, too niggardly, too unfaithful and unbelieving to choose the right path, these things must go on from bad to worse: nothing is stationary: nobody is neutral. Bind the victim hand and foot, and fling her yet more hopelessly into the iron furnace of Rome: deal blow upon blow at the Protestant church, and heap insult upon insult on the Protestant people: banish the Bible from every school, or mutilate according to the most approved Popish and Socinian patterns; leave the native tongue of the most untamed millions among the aborigines, to be used by the Romish priesthood as an unfailing instrument for exciting them to sedition and sanguinary outrage; do all this, and as much more

as you please, under the false colours of liberalism, and the falser cant of 'useful knowledge.' The result is soon told: you sow the wind, and shall reap the whirlwind.

Poor Ireland! who can look upon the loveliness of her scenery—lovely always, even when it assumes so much of the savageness of rude sublimity, as I have vainly attempted to sketch in Donegal—and not desire to see it smiling in prosperity, as even in desolation it cannot help doing? Who can trace the ardent devotion, the fervent attachment, the unhesitating obedience of her native race to that which they erroneously esteem the truth, their dauntless courage in its defence, and their unwavering fidelity to its interests, without feeling that such a people, illumined by the beams of the everlasting gospel, would indeed shed forth a brilliant light upon surrounding lands? Who can contemplate the spectacle of her Christian clergy, maintaining their arduous post against every discouragement in the midst of persecution, affliction, and distress; of a Protestant community, continuing stedfast in loyalty under all the varied trials of centuries past, and still holding the land for those who give them neither thanks nor support, without the strongest emotions of sympathy, admiration, and respect? My heart is too full of these things to part from the

country without a pang of unaffected sorrow, deepened by a sense of the kindness, the affectionate kindness that has bound me more strongly than ever to the green isle. These are my parting thoughts, as they occurred on the deck of the Robert Napier.

'Tis past, like vision faded—the mountain swells between,
To shroud thee from my lingering gaze, unconquered maiden queen;
The Eastern point is rounded of thy Foyle's retiring bay,
And Inishowen's giant troop in distance melt away.
Wild rocks with crumbling turrets topped are frowning dark and high,
The headlands bold and beautiful successively sweep by,
And onward ploughs our gallant boat, too swiftly through the main—
Oh when shall I revisit thee, mine own green isle, again!

I go where Albion, proudly rich, majestically leads
Tall lines of waving trees around her broad and fertile meads,
To see the glory and the wealth, the splendour and increase
Of 'cities that with commerce shine,' of hamlets robed in peace.
Not such, thou torn and wearied one, alas! not such art thou,
Pain, poverty and shame have press'd their signet on thy brow:
Yet dearer to my bosom far than Albion's gayest smile,
Is the saddest sigh that breathes from thee, my own loved isle.

When shall the joy again be mine to labour up the step,
And from thy mountain's rugged crest look forth upon the deep:
Or inland turning number o'er full many a fairy lough,
Each gleaming from its dark recess, a diamond in the rock;
Tyrconnel's wilderness of crags spread broad beneath mine eye,
Rude spire and mimic battlement fantastic piled on high,

And the tall ridge that sternly smiles in purple heather drest;
And wooes a thousand rock-born flowers to sparkle on its breast.

While o'er the glen the plumy flax waves wild in lightsome grace,
And the coy streamlet half revealed pursues its playful race,
And Swilly with his hundred arms roams idly on the shore,
And Foyle his song o' th' olden time still murmurs by Culmore.
For he hath rolled his guardian wave round the grey rampart stone.
And laved the honoured feet of the maiden on her throne:
Oh when shall I again kneel down in Derry's hallowed pile,
That glory of thy thousand hills, my own bright isle!

The summer eve is closing—no more my tearful eye
Can trace the line of thy dear shore beneath the western sky;
Save where the mighty scalps of Mourne in towering grandeur swell,
And Donard smiles across the wave a tender kind farewell,
And let the waves bring back to thee, as peacefully they roll,
The fondest greeting of my lip, the blessing of my soul.
I cannot stay the rapid keel that bears me on the while,
It does not bear my heart from thee, my own sweet isle.

The moon walks forth in splendour now, and brightly o'er the deep,
Rays of revolving beacon fires in changeful beauty sweep.
And yonder comes the home-bound ship, I see her signal light,
Oh for that rocket's spring, to bound athwart the brow of night.
Right joyously I'd cleave the air, with her retrace my way,
And augh to greet the laughing morn, on Antrim's headlands gray,
And nerve my very eye to brook the blaze of solar fire,
Might but that glory flash on me from Derry's sun-lit spire.

Ah, vain as fond, I shall not find beneath to-morrow's ray,
Aught half so radiant as the looks that shone on me to-day.

Through hours of toilsome weariness, long tedious hours and lone,
I'll turn to the remember'd light that cheered me and is gone.
Light of the hearts that love me well, beamed from the speaking
eye,
Alike in welcome's glowing smile, and mid the parting sigh.
But mute be the repining thought, and hushed the bosom's swell,
My own loved isle, my Inisfail, vein of my heart—farewell!

APPENDIX.

A. Page 47.

THE subsequent publication of minutes of evidence before the Committees of the House of Lords on the subject of this national system of education has spared me the task of adducing proofs from private information which are there brought forward on oath. Whosoever will take the trouble of even cursorily perusing those two folios, must rise from them with a conviction on his mind that the charges,—I. of mutilated unfaithful extracts—II. of the suppression as far as possible even of these —III. of the substitution of most debasingly superstitious and indecent publications—and IV. of the scandalous characters retained in the capacity of masters, are all substantiated. To save any sceptical reader the trouble of searching them out, by giving references under these various heads, for charge I. see the evidence of the Rev. C. Boyton, page 1265 to 1268, that of the Dean of

Ardagh, page 843—5; for charge II. that of the Rev. A. B. Rowan, page 813; for charge III. that of the Rev. L. H. Robinson, p. 1135—95, and that of the Rev. G. Dwyer, page 1215—7; and for charge IV. as a single instance, to the case of O'Donnell, detailed from page 382 to 418. Mr. Colquhoun's work also, 'the System of National Education in Ireland; its principle and practice,' contains many startling facts.

B. Page 55.

The Rev. L. J. Nolan has recently published a pamphlet which lays open this scene of horror,—the frightful slavery of the Romish priesthood themselves to the system which they are sworn to uphold—in a manner calculated to rouse every compassionate feeling of the human heart on their behalf. He relates from his own experience two cases, in one of which an inoffensive man was marked for death, and he, though apprized of it in the confessional by the intended assassin, was withheld by those bonds of darkness from taking any step whatever to avert the crime, or to warn the victim, who was accordingly murdered. The other was a yet more awfully revolting case of premeditated parricide, also accomplished. Not only

is the woman of the Apocalypse herself "drunken with the blood of the saints, and with blood of the martyrs of Jesus," she makes those who willingly wear her chains also drunk "with the wine of the *wrath* of her fornication."

C.[1] Page 70.

It cannot surely be denounced as uncharitable for one party to allude to what the other is continually harping on: and I should feel less scruple in so doing at the present time than in July 1837. when it suited the purpose of the arch-agitator to assume an aspect of joyous contentment on the accession of our young Queen; and to talk as though halcyon days of peace were in store for his oppressed country. I trust in God they are: but not by means of O'Connell's devising or desiring. The continual defeat of his goodly plans for overthrowing the Protestant church and quietly re-establishing Popery on her usurped throne in Ireland, insures a constant repetition of his kind announcements respecting the rebellion with which he seeks to frighten us into greater concessions.

[1] This reference is accidentally omitted in the page itself: it should stand at line 13. By the same mistake E occurs twice.

Mr. O'Connell deprecates nothing more than such an event: he finds it profitable fishing while the waters are moderately troubled; but let an actual storm come, and he will gladly retreat with all his tackle into some sheltering nook. Many a true word, however, as the old adage declares, is spoken in jest: and Mr. O'Connell may find his manufactory of squibs a terrible subject for the sparks that he flings about at random. A third party uses him as a tool to ignite the fiery spirits whom they, not he, desire to see in the destructive attitude of 1798; and his vapouring menaces in the British senate tell with dreadful effect on those whose mouthpiece he pretends to be, while seeking only the accomplishment of his own sordid ends. It is not from the blusterings of Derrynane, but from the subtle craft and sterling gold of Italy that real danger is to be apprehended; though the former is made subservient to hasten the work to which the latter are applied. It is well to know from what quarter the danger really comes: Mr. O'Connell can no more retard the mischief than he can arrest a thunderbolt. He speaks truth, when he tells of plots and meditated insurrections; but his words are idle, worse than idle breath, when he would represent them as capable of being averted by conceding 'Repeal,' or any thing else, however abject the concession may be, so long as a

Protestant breathes unmolested the air of Ireland. The union existed not in 1798: can any rational being hesitate in drawing the inference? In fact it would seriously embarrass the plans of these men to lose the present co-operation of the government, and to be obliged to meet the oppressed Protestants on equal ground.

Let the records of the former rebellion, as recorded by Musgrave, once more become the study of English Protestants. It was the event, comparatively, of a former generation. Why should we refuse to profit by the lesson it conveys?

D. Page 112.

A few persons may yet be found hardy enough to question this fact. To them may be recommended a valuable little book, entitled, 'Primitive Christianity in Ireland: A Letter to Thomas Moore, Esq.' By Dr. Monck Mason. The Irish, even to the very humblest class, are passionately fond of antiquity, and pride themselves on an acquaintance with it, so far as regards their own race and country. It is therefore of importance to the cause of Popery that they should be possessed with the belief of its having, from the first introduction of Christianity, borne sway in Ire-

land; and he who should succeed in persuading a poor Irishman that St. Patrick was not a Romanist, would break the strongest link in his chain. No one, who desires to promote the welfare of the people, should continue ignorant on these points. They hold with most clinging tenacity what they believe to have been 'the faith of their fathers;' and if we believe it too, we are utterly unfit to enter the field against their darling delusions. What can be more touchingly encouraging to those who seek the salvation of the native race than to know that they are, generally, the descendants of true believers—members, at least, of a true scriptural Church, planted in the apostolic age—and that our work is not to rear a new edifice, but to build up one which has been thrust down by the iron hand of Popery; not to kindle a light where none has yet dawned, but to uncover a lamp that her devices have prevailed to hide. The subject is not a speculative one; it is deeply and valuably practical.

E. Page 112.

Here is the infamous document of that unprincipled pontiff. He was an Englishman, formerly abbot of Langley, in Hertfordshire. I have slept

under the very roof where the cells of his monks are still preserved; and mourned to think that my countrymen—pope, king, and nobles—should have combined to lay these fetters of darkness on poor innocent Ireland. It behoves us the more to put forth every energy now in breaking the accursed bonds.

'ADRIAN, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his dearest son in Christ, the illustrious king of England, greeting, and apostolic benediction.

'Full laudably and profitably hath your magnificence conceived the design of propagating your glorious renown on earth, and completing your reward of eternal happiness in heaven; while, as a Catholic prince, you are intent on enlarging the borders of the Church, teaching the truth of the Christian faith to the ignorant and rude, exterminating the roots of vice from the field of the Lord, and for the more convenient execution of this purpose requiring the counsel and favour of the apostolic see. In which, the maturer your deliberation and the greater the discretion of your procedure, by so much the happier, we trust, will be your progress, with the assistance of the Lord; as all things are used to come to a prosperous end and issue, which take their beginning from the odour of faith and the love of religion.

'There is, indeed, no doubt but that Ireland, and all the islands on which Christ the Sun of righteousness hath shone, and which have received the doctrines of the Christian faith, do belong to the jurisdiction of St. Peter and of the holy Roman Church, as your excellency also doth acknowledge. And therefore we are the more solicitous to propagate the righteous plantation of faith, and the branch acceptable to God, as we have the secret conviction of conscience that this is more especially our bounden duty.

'You then, most dear son in Christ, have signified to us your desire to enter into the island of Ireland, in order to reduce the people to obedience unto laws, and to extirpate the plants of vice; and that you are willing to pay from each house a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter, and that you will preserve the rights of the churches of the land whole and inviolate. We therefore, with that grace and acceptance suited to your pious and laudable design, and favourably assenting to your petition, do hold it good and acceptable, that, for extending the borders of the Church, restraining the progress of vice, for the correction of manners, the planting of virtue, and the increase of religion, you enter this island and execute therein whatever shall pertain to the honour of God and welfare of the land; and that the people of this land

receive you honourably, and reverence you as their lord; the rights of their churches still remaining sacred and inviolate, and saving to St. Peter the annual pension of one penny from every house.

'If then you be resolved to carry the design you have conceived into effectual execution, study to form this nation to virtuous manners; and labour by yourself, and others whom you shall judge meet for this work, in faith, word, and life, that the church may be there adorned, that the religion of the Christian faith may be planted and grow up, and that all things pertaining to the honour of God, and the salvation of souls, be so ordered, that you may be entitled to the fulness of eternal reward from God, and obtain a glorious renown on earth throughout all ages.'

This atrocious Bull was accompanied with the gift of a ring, by way of investiture as Lord of Ireland; and that the king too faithfully executed his commission we have, alas! seven centuries of blood-stained evidence to prove. It is well to bear these things in mind; and to be enabled also to convince others that, view it how we will, England owes to Ireland a mighty debt of justice, which ought to burden her conscience no longer.

E. Page 202.

This is one of the most serious charges brought against the National Schools; an excuse may be found, or fancied, for the 'pious frauds' by which monks and nuns contrive to strengthen the children in what they conceive to be the true faith, by surreptitiously introducing their books on divinity; but that works of a politically seditious character, and others calculated to corrupt the morals of the poor little pupils, should be found in permitted use, defies the utmost stretch of liberalism to furnish even a palliation of the sin. At Erril school, a copy was actually set in the book, as a heading, which contained a lamentation for four criminals recently hanged at Maryborough, with their names: in another at Cork, a pamphlet was found, the style of which was in the highest degree inflammatory. One passage was, 'Let the motto of every county Cork man be, Don't give up the repeal, and we must conquer.' This also contained a list of Protestant gentry against whom the minds of the people were to be excited. The case of O'Donnell, already referred to, comes fairly under this head. With regard to the other point, two books are specified as being given to the children by their ecclesiastical teachers, male

and female, of which the language is so gross, that the clergymen and gentlemen examined before the committee of the Lords declined reading it, and begged leave to hand the books in for their Lordships' private examination. Mr. Colquhoun has treated with tremendous effect this part of the subject, in his valuable little volume.

F. Page 269.

Two years ago, the Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan published a pamphlet of great importance under the title 'Doctrines of the Church of Rome, and Disorders of Ireland.' He shewed by extracts from the printed minutes of Parliamentary Committees, and other documents, the progress of deception and perfidy, already in full march upon us. He also gave the subjects as appointed for discussion at the priestly 'conferences' of several preceding years; with the practical comment upon them afforded by succeeding events. The following summary which he gives towards the close of the work, is deserving of attention.

'1. In the second, or, perhaps, we should call it, the *summer* conference of 1830, a question respecting the right of the beneficed clergy was proposed.—In the *autumn* of the same year their

been discovered—when it is taken into account, that precisely at the time when Romish bishops thought England most insecure—when movements were progressing abroad, which increased the danger of domestic convulsion—when, by the contagion of example, Belgian revolt had wrought strongly on the passions of Irish agitators, the intolerant doctrine of a Belgian professor was declared the guide of the conferences of Irish priests—it cannot be denied that the coincidence is inauspicious; and, whatever may be the chronology of the secular and the spiritual demonstration—whether Dens called forth Repeal, or Repeal suggested that the days were at hand when Dens would be wanted,—it is impossible not to feel that the politics of Belgium, and its execrable theology, seen unexpectedly and in conjunction, impart, each to the other, a more menacing character, and cast a malign and threatening light over circumstances which, even when free from their influence, had been sufficiently portentous.

G.—Page 285.

Nothing could better prove the ludicrously sensitive state of certain personages, and their anxious casting about for a pretence of alarm, than the clamour raised by this little song. It was

written by a gentleman at or near Coleraine, in the month of November, previous to the disembodying of the Orangemen; and of such moment was it considered, that some noble Lord got up in his place, to question Lord Roden as to his connexion with the minstrel who thus 'for sorrow sang,' or rather with the obnoxious lay of the aforesaid minstrel, with which his Lordship had no more to do than any reader who may peruse these pages. The stanzas possess much beauty and feeling, and I might give them all here, if I could be guaranteed against an indictment for misprison of treason. The sentiments at first sight appear too warlike; but let it be remembered, that they were called forth by the repeated *menaces of an open insurrection,* while the numbers would be six to one against them, when, surely, the men who instrumentally saved the kingdom in 1798, might be permitted to look towards the very focus of loyal devotion, and to use such expressions as these:—

The power that nerved the stalwart arms of Gideon's chosen few,
The power that led great William, Boyne's red'ning torrent through,
In his protecting aid confide and every foe defy,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Already see the star of hope emit its orient blaze,
The cheering beacon of relief, it glimmers through the haze;
It tells of better days to come, it tells of succour nigh,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories spread,
But brightest beams its radiance from *Donard's* lofty head,
Clanbrassil's vales are kindling wide, and 'RODEN' is the cry,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

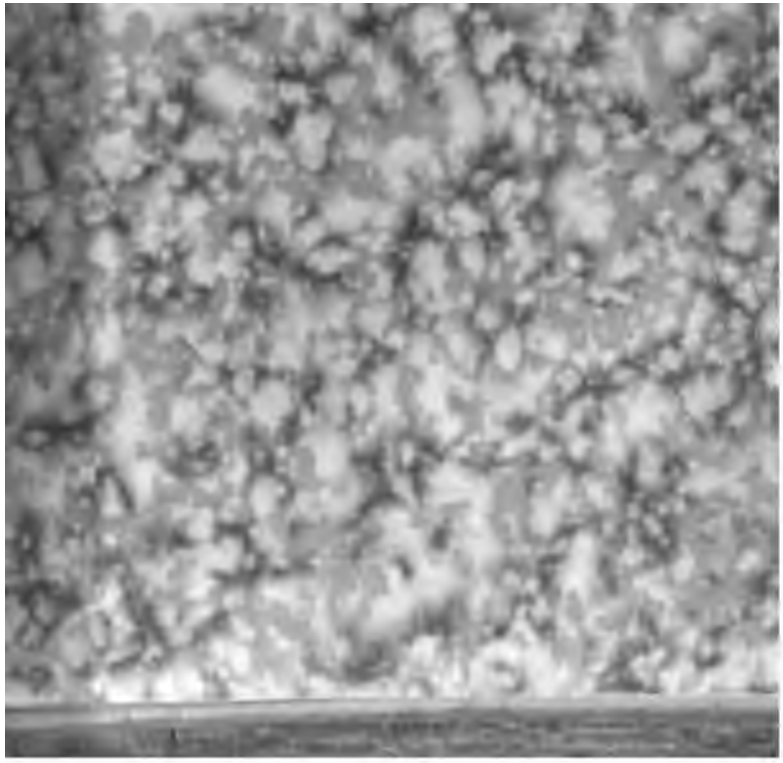
* * * * *

* * * * * *

For happy hours, for altars free, we grasp the ready sword,
For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutilated word,
These, *these* the war-cry of our march; our hope the Lord on high,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Whatever those in authority may be led to think by the designing men who mock their credulity, it would be an evil day for themselves, on which they should persuade the Protestants of Ireland to damp their powder. A front of quiet determination, with sufficient means at hand to repel an enemy, if called to act on the defensive, is the surest preventive of bloodshed in the absence of that fear of God and respect for the laws which are the only lasting foundations of public tranquillity. Rational precaution demands of the Irish loyalists that they keep their powder dry; and we may hope that, through the restraining mercy of Him who loves not to see his people wielding carnal weapons in the cause of truth, they will be permitted to keep it cool also.

THE END.



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